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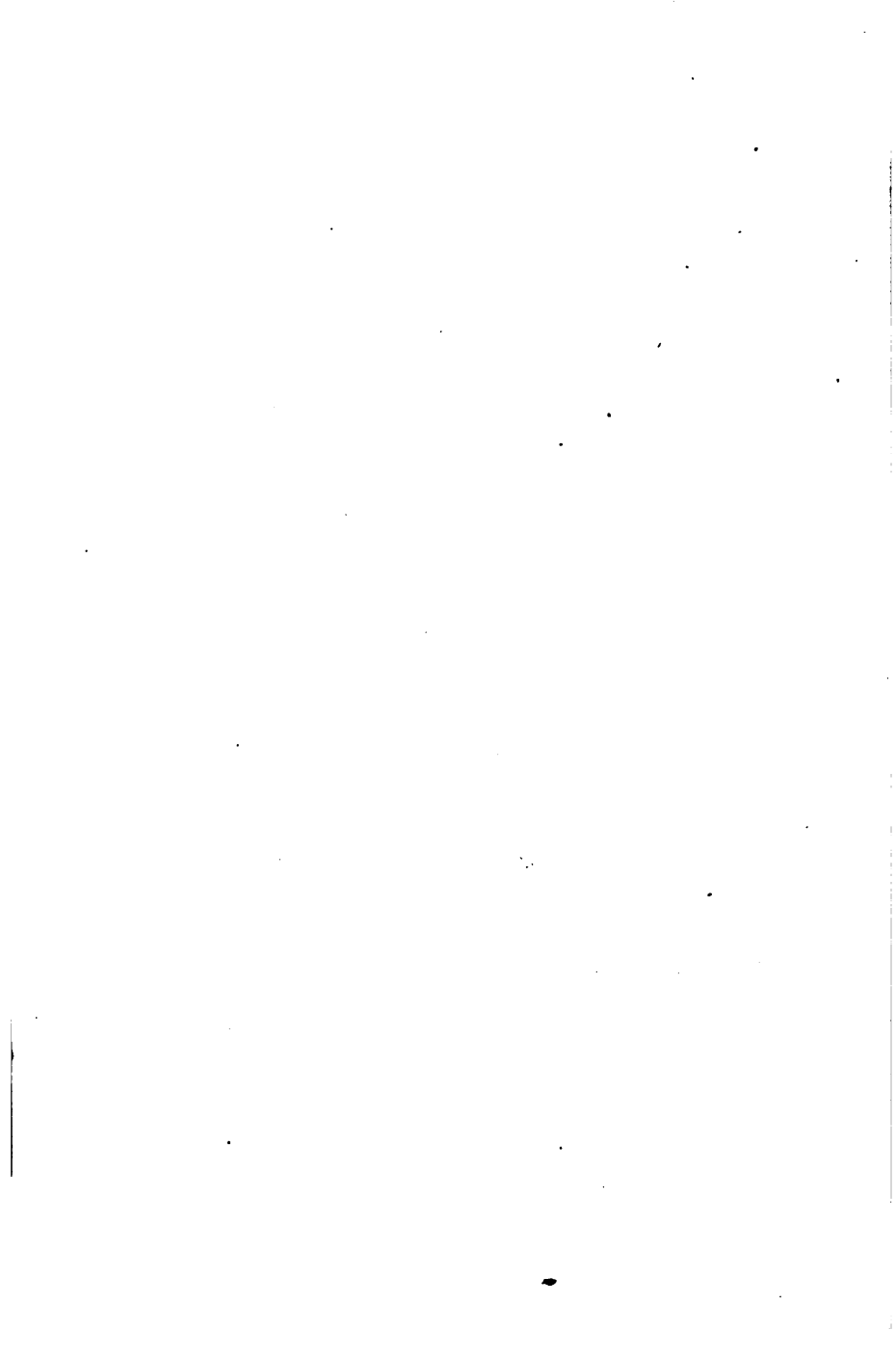
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RECORDS
OF
SERVICE AND CAMPAIGNING.

VOL. II.



RECORDS
OF
SERVICE AND CAMPAIGNING
IN MANY LANDS

BY
SURGEON-GENERAL MUNRO, M.D., C.B.

AUTHOR OF
"REMINISCENCES OF MILITARY SERVICE WITH
93^d SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS,"
ETC., ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

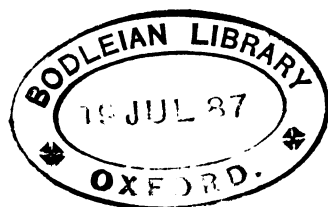
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RECORDS OF SERVICE AND CAMPAIGNING.

CHAPTER I.

Gazetted to 93rd—Sutherland Fencibles—Raising of 93rd Highlanders—Clan or Feudal Power—Countess of Sutherland—Enrolment of her Tenantry—Regiment Embodied—Companies Classified according to Parishes—Religious Character of Regiment—Service at the Cape—Service in America—Battle of New Orleans—Terrible Losses of Regiment—The Influence of Discipline—Second Battalion—The old 93rd Officer—The West Indies—The Duke of Wellington—Colonel McGregor—Service in Canada—Colonel Spark—Return to England.

The 93rd, to which I was about to be gazetted, has an interesting as well as a distinguished history. I shall therefore give a short summary of its records before continuing my own recollections as the Surgeon of the regiment during a period of thirteen years.

‘Prior to the year 1800, there had been *three* different regiments designated “Sutherland Fencibles”; the *first*, raised in 1759, and disbanded in 1763; the *second*, raised in 1779, and disbanded in 1783; and

the *third*, raised in 1793, and disbanded in 1797—the *first* and *second* raised by the Earl of Sutherland, and the *third* by Major-General Wemys, a connection of the Sutherland family.’

In the spring of 1800 this same General Wemys was granted ‘letters of service’ to raise a regiment of the Line, to be called the 93rd Highlanders, the strength of which was at first limited to six hundred men, but afterwards increased to one thousand rank and file, with the necessary proportion of officers.

In after-years Her Majesty the Queen was graciously pleased to direct that the regiment should be styled the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, in recognition of its distinguished services in the Crimea and in India.

This regiment ‘was not raised by the ordinary method of recruiting, but by a process of conscription which is quoted as the last instance of the exercise of clan or feudal power in the Highlands of Scotland; for with the permission, or by the desire, of the Countess of Sutherland, a census was taken of the surplus or disposable male population on the extensive family estates, to whom it was intimated that her ladyship was desirous that a proportion of the able-bodied men amongst her tenantry should join the ranks of the new regiment, as a test of their fealty to the head of the clan, and of loyalty to their king. This intimation of the countess’s desire appears to have been accepted by the tenantry only as

the exercise of a just claim to their military services which she possessed as head of the clan.'

'In this way four hundred and sixty men were obtained from the Sutherland tenantry, two hundred and forty from Rosshire, and the remainder from the regiment of Sutherland Fencibles, which had only a short time previously been disbanded, so that almost immediately the authorised establishment of the new corps was completed. The regiment was not embodied at the time, however, but the men who had been enrolled were dismissed, and allowed to return to their homes to continue their respective avocations, with the understanding that intimation would be sent to them when they were required.'

'Some months after enrolment, it was announced from the pulpits of their respective parish churches that they *were* required, and upon the day named, and at the place appointed, the six hundred enrolled men, without a single absentee, presented themselves, and were marched in a body to Inverness, where, in August, 1800, under the superintendence of Major-General Leith Hay, they were embodied as a regiment, and told off into companies, which were classified according to parishes, such arrangement having a tendency not only to stimulate to good behaviour, but to exercise a powerful influence in repressing crime; for whatever occurred in a company, good or bad, would be certain to be reported, and become known to every individual of the parish.'

‘It may have been owing to this classification of companies, and the moral influence of parish discipline, or to the respectability of the men themselves and the families to which they belonged, and also to the fact that the officers were all scions of the best houses in the north of Scotland, that for many years after the regiment was formed the Sutherland Highlanders were remarkable for their good conduct, for sobriety, piety, and charity. In Inverness, where the regiment was first quartered, there was no place of confinement, and no sentries were required to be posted as a precaution against irregularities.’

‘The same was the case in Guernsey, their first foreign station, as it may be called ; and in Ireland also, where, though required to assist in the suppression of insurrectionary movements, they did so effectually, but with kindness and forbearance.’

‘At the Cape of Good Hope, also, where the regiment was stationed for nine years, the men were so much under the influence of moral and religious feeling that crime was almost unknown amongst them, and, as a compliment to their good behaviour, the presence of the regiment at a parade for the infliction of corporal punishment upon any soldier of the garrison was always dispensed with, while all other corps were obliged to attend. But the most remarkable proof of the genuine religious feeling in the regiment was evidenced not only by regular meetings for Bible-reading and prayer, but by the

establishment of a regimental Church, by the engagement of a clergyman of the Church of Scotland to officiate as chaplain, and by the appointment of office-bearers in the church from amongst the non-commissioned officers and men ; all expenses, even the *stipend* of the clergyman, being defrayed by the regiment. In memory of these good old times, and of the pious fathers of the regiment (if I may so call them), and of the church of their own persuasion, established and maintained by themselves far away from their own home, the silver communion service which was used in their church when the sacrament of our Lord's Supper was administered, is even to this day kept in the sergeants' mess as a venerated relic. But, besides defraying all expenses incidental to the exercise of religious worship thus established amongst and by themselves, the men were in the habit of regularly remitting (from the Cape) considerable sums of money—as much as five hundred pounds at one time—to their poor relations in Sutherlandshire.'

I am not aware if the records of any other regiment in the service can show such a remarkable example of moral and religious conduct and Christian charity.

In September, 1800, the regiment was ordered to Guernsey, where it was for the first time armed and fully equipped. In 1803 the regiment was removed to Ireland, where it remained until 1805, when it formed part of the expedition dispatched from England, under Sir David Baird, for the capture of the

Cape of Good Hope. This was the second expedition for the capture of the Cape, the first, in which the 91st Regiment was employed, having been dispatched from England in 1795.

On landing at the Cape, thirty-seven men were drowned by the upsetting of a boat in the surf, and in the battle which ensued two men were killed, and six officers and fifty-three men wounded. The 93rd remained at the Cape, after it was taken, until the year 1814, when it was ordered home. But, within a few weeks after arrival in England, it was again detailed for foreign service, and sailed on the 16th of September for Jamaica, where it joined a force destined to operate against the Southern States of America. This force, amounting to five thousand four hundred men, under the command of Sir John Keane, landed on the 13th of December, 1814, in the neighbourhood of New Orleans, where it was almost immediately attacked by a large body of Americans, who, however, after a sharp contest, were repulsed with considerable loss.

On the 27th of December, Sir E. Pakenham, who had relieved Sir J. Keane in the command of the army, advanced against New Orleans, and took up a position about six miles from the city in front of the American lines, which were strong and well-chosen for the defence of the city. They were protected on the right by the broad expanse of the Mississippi, on the left by an extensive swamp and thick belt of

forest, and covered in front by a broad, deep ditch with high embankment, behind which heavy batteries were mounted, with a flanking battery on the extreme right.

On the 1st of January, 1815, the British Army, in close column of regiments, advanced to within a short distance of the enemy's lines, and there the infantry was ordered to lie down, while our batteries opened fire on the American works, with a view to silence their guns, preparatory to an assault. In this we failed, for our own guns were silenced and dismounted, and the infantry, which had been exposed during this artillery duel to a sharp rifle fire, to which they were not allowed to reply, were ordered to retire after suffering some loss in killed and wounded.

Again on the 8th of January, 1815, the infantry were ordered to advance towards the American lines for the purpose of assaulting the works, but again the great mistake was committed of advancing in close column of regiments, in broad daylight, against a line of works one thousand yards in length, protected by a broad ditch and high breastwork from behind which, and perfectly under cover, the American riflemen were able to keep up a destructive fire.

When the 93rd had got within eighty yards of the lines, they were ordered to halt, and there, still in close column, were kept standing exposed to a withering fire, and without permission even to reply to this fire, until, out of a strength of

eight hundred men, five hundred were killed and wounded before the regiment received an order to retire, of which extraordinary number of casualties the following is a summary :

KILLED :—6 officers, 4 sergeants, 1 drummer, 115 rank and file.
Total, 126.

WOUNDED :—13 officers, 17 sergeants, 3 drummers, 348 rank and file. Total, 381.

Total casualties, 507.

I believe there is no more remarkable example on record of the power of discipline, and it must be borne in mind that the 93rd Regiment was a young one, composed entirely of fiery Highlanders, a race whose blood is easily stirred into rapid motion in the moment of battle.

On this occasion the King's colour of the regiment was missing, and was never heard of again, though in a note to Captain Burgoyne's 'Historical Records of the 93rd Regiment' it is stated, on the authority, as I understand, of the gentleman who had been Surgeon of the regiment at the time, that when Lieutenant-Colonel Dale (who commanded the 93rd on that disastrous day) was mortally wounded, he asked (as his last request) that he might be buried with one of the colours wrapt round his body, and that his request was complied with—a glorious shroud for a brave commanding officer who had set an example of discipline to his regiment, and fell at its head in the execution of his duty.

A remnant of the regimental colour framed in a

glass-case now hangs in the ante-room of the officers' mess, a sad yet a glorious trophy to tell to the present and future generations of the courage, endurance, and discipline of the regiment in the first years of its existence.

I understand that the 93rd was to have stormed the American works, but that the party which was detailed to bring up the scaling ladders failed to do so.

For details of the military proceedings before New Orleans—in fact, of the early history of the 93rd Regiment, I beg to refer my readers to the historical records of the regiment compiled by Captain Burgoyne, formerly an officer of the regiment.

It does not appear that this terrible failure before New Orleans was ever made a subject of inquiry, and it is more than probable that the details were never made public, for the Press was in its infancy then, and the 'War Correspondent' was unknown.

Very shortly after this, peace between England and America was settled, and the 93rd returned to England and disembarked at Cork on the 8th of May, 1815, but in such a crippled condition as to be unfit to join the army under the Duke of Wellington which in June fought at Quatre Bras and Waterloo.

In 1813 a second battalion had been formed, which was to have joined the army in the Peninsula under the Duke of Wellington; but, owing to the peace of

1814, its destination was changed to Newfoundland, where it arrived in April, 1814, and from whence it returned to England in 1815, landing at Sunderland in October of that year.* There it was disbanded, after having completed the first battalion to its full strength.

From 1815 to 1823 the regiment was quartered in Ireland, where it was noted and highly esteemed for its discipline and good conduct. In November, 1823, it embarked at Cork and sailed for the West Indies, where it passed ten years of uneventful and monotonous service. In 1834 it returned to England, and on arrival was ordered to Canterbury. On landing, the strength of the head-quarters was only three hundred and seventy-one, having been reduced to

* Mr. Ommanney, resident in Stoke, near Plymouth, has in his possession—I have seen them—a pair of colours, Queen's and regimental, the latter yellow, with 93 worked in red in the centre. Lately I have been in communication with Mr. Ommanney, and asked if he could give me the history of these colours, and tell me how they came into his possession. In reply he states that they (so he has been informed) were worked by the ladies of Truro (Nova Scotia), and presented by them to Colonel (afterwards General) McCormick, a relative of his own, on the return of this officer to Nova Scotia from Newfoundland, where he was governor at the conclusion of the Anglo-French war in 1814. There are no existing records of the second battalion of the 93rd Regiment, and no list of its officers; but we know that the battalion was in Newfoundland in 1814, and that it returned to England to be disbanded in 1815. Is it possible that the colours alluded to above were those of the second battalion of the 93rd Regiment, and came into General McCormick's possession either as colonel of the battalion or as governor of our settlements in Newfoundland?

CAPTAIN HECTOR McLEAN.

this small number by deaths, transfers to other regiments before leaving the West Indies, and by discharge of invalids on arrival in England, It is on record that during the ten years' service in the tropics, the proportion of sickness and death in the 93rd was considerably below that of other regiments owing to the sobriety and steady conduct of the men composing it.

One of the first events I can remember was a military funeral at which the 93rd in full dress was present. That was in the island of Antigua in the year 1827, when I was about four years old.

In after years, when I was a boy at school in Scotland, I knew very intimately an old officer, Captain Hector McLean, who had been at the battle of New Orleans with the 93rd. He had a slight halt in his walk, and an inclination of the head to one side; the former owing to an injury to his thigh by round shot, and the latter to the presence of a bullet which entered at his mouth, and remained imbedded in the muscles at the back of his neck. Both wounds had been received at the battle of New Orleans. His son and I were in the habit of playing at soldiers, dressed up in his father's feather bonnet and claymore. How little I thought at the time that in after years I should wear the uniform of the regiment in actual war, and on many a field of battle.

When the regiment left the West Indies, the inten-

tion of the authorities was to send it to Scotland, but, in consequence of the discontented condition and threatening conduct of the populace in and around the metropolis, it was ordered to Canterbury instead. There the regiment appears to have attracted the notice of the Duke of Wellington, who consented to present it with new colours. On this occasion the great soldier and disciplinarian alluded to the past history and services of the regiment, and spoke in high terms of praise of its appearance in a body on parade, and of the soldier-like bearing and good conduct of the men ; and pointed out to both officers and privates the value of discipline in maintaining efficiency, and that, without it, personal valour was of no avail.

Lieutenant-Colonel McGregor commanded the regiment at the time, himself a great disciplinarian, but who ruled with such a blending of firmness and gentleness that he was not only respected (perhaps feared) as a commanding officer, but popular and beloved as a man.

He was the first to compile a code of standing orders for the regiment, and this not only embraced the minutest details connected with discipline generally, but also contained much good advice expressed in words remarkable as evidence of the great interest he took in the character and dignity of the regiment, and in the welfare, spiritual as well as temporal, of every individual belonging to it. He was a man of

great piety, and a good soldier and excellent administrator. Colonel McGregor had not risen in the regiment to the command of it. He was the same officer who, as Major McGregor, had been with the 31st Regiment on board the hired transport *Kent* when that ship had been destroyed by fire in mid-ocean, and to whose calmness in the midst of the terrible conflagration, and strict maintenance of discipline amongst the troops on board, it was owing that not a single life was lost on the occasion.

He joined the 93rd as lieutenant-colonel in 1826 in the West Indies, and remained in command of the regiment until December, 1838, when, on being promoted to the rank of colonel, he retired, leaving as a legacy to the regiment a system of order, regularity, and discipline which is even now as scrupulously maintained as his memory is revered.

Not long after he retired from the command of the 93rd, he was appointed Inspector-General of the Irish Constabulary and created K.C.B. In his old age he retired from active life and took up his abode at Blackheath.

In the autumn of 1874 the 93rd was quartered at Woolwich under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel W. McBean, V.C., who had served in the regiment as a private soldier under Sir Duncan, and who, in compliment to his old commanding officer, wrote to say that, with Sir Duncan's permission, he would march the regiment past his house,

and thus give the venerable general an opportunity once more of seeing his old, well-beloved regiment which he had commanded so long and with such honour and success. It was a very touching compliment on the part of McBean, and, as I heard afterwards, was fully appreciated by Sir Duncan, to whom that was the last military display; for, not long after, he passed away to his rest, full of years and honours, and strong in the faith and hope in which he had lived.

Shortly after Sir Duncan's death I was on my way to the Highlands, and had to stop a night at the hotel in Greenock. While at supper, a gentleman, who was seated opposite me at table, entered into conversation with me. From his language, I took him to be an English tourist, and asked him if it was his first visit to Scotland.

'No,' he said, 'I come up north very often, for I am a Scotchman. My name is McGregor, and I have travelled and do travel a good deal both at home and abroad.'

'Ah, then,' I remarked, 'perhaps I have the pleasure of speaking to "Canoe McGregor," owner of the *Rob Roy*, and son of the late Sir Duncan?'

'Yes, I am John McGregor.'

Then I told him how often I had heard old officers of the 93rd speak of his father, that I myself had been many years Surgeon of the regiment, and that my name, Munro, was as Highland as his own. We

exchanged cards, but I have never seen him since that night; even should this meet his eye, he may not remember our meeting.

In January, 1838, the 93rd left Cork for service in Canada, where it remained until August, 1848, in which year it returned to the United Kingdom, and was quartered in Stirling.

The ten years spent in Canada were not eventful as far as the regiment was concerned, if we except the short rebellion which occurred in 1838, and which was quickly quelled and without any great bloodshed; though at the expense of a great amount of exposure and fatigue to the troops in the pursuit of rebel parties. Only once was the 93rd actually engaged with the rebels, at the capture of the *Windmill*, near Prescott, where a party of rebels had entrenched themselves, or rather erected barricades, from which, however, they were easily driven, and without any casualties in the regiment.

At the close of the rebellion, the scattered companies of the 93rd were brought together at Toronto, where the whole battalion remained until June, 1844 (with the exception of a few months at Drummondsville, near Niagara), under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Spark, who had succeeded Colonel McGregor. During this time the 93rd kept up its character for sobriety and discipline, as was notified in a Horse Guards order dated December, 1842, to the following effect:

‘This fine regiment continues to maintain its character for *comparative* sobriety and good order, amidst the dissipation with which it appears to be surrounded, and is as remarkable for its splendid appearance in the field, and the correctness of its evolutions, as for the quiet and orderly habits of its men in their quarters.’

This is great though qualified praise, for there was evidently at that time a little falling away from that sobriety and pure morality which had characterised the original members of the regiment and their immediate successors. It had hitherto, in Guernsey, Ireland, at the Cape, and in the West Indies, been remarkable, even *in the midst of temptations*, for perfect sobriety, pure morality, high religious feeling and practice, and absence of crime; but as years rolled on perhaps temptations became stronger, especially for men who did not constitute one great brotherhood, but were probably drawn from different districts of the Highlands, and who had not the memory of parish discipline and regard for local opinion to restrain and guide them. Anyhow, this is the first time in the history of the regiment that we find the term ‘comparative’ applied to their conduct.

There must have been some unsteady characters (not altogether bad, as will appear), and some fiery-tempered men in the ranks at this time; some who could not resist the temptation of the grog bottle; and some proud haughty spirits who could not

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submit to what they considered insult to themselves individually, or to their regiment; as the following anecdotes, told me by one who was present will show : The barracks at Toronto were several miles distant from the city, and the thirsty souls who liked their grog found it difficult to procure their early morning dram, so they hit upon the following ingenious and extraordinary plan. Having made arrangements with a tavern-keeper in the city, they trained a dog (one of the wise Newfoundland breed) to go to the tavern early every morning with an empty bicker round his neck, and money in his mouth, and to bring back a supply. The sagacious animal continued to do this daily for a considerable time, but was at last discovered—caught in the act—and sentenced by the commanding officer to be shot. But the dog was a regimental pet, and the regiment in a body petitioned that he might be spared. The request was granted on the condition that he should not be employed again on such degrading work. A promise to that effect was given, and honourably kept even by the unsteady thirsty souls, who therefore with such a high sense of honour as to keep their word, even at the expense of the loss of their grog, could not have been altogether bad. The anecdote, however, shows that intemperance, even though it may have been to a limited extent compared with others, had crept into the regiment.

The following anecdote will explain how sensitive

the fiery spirits of the 93rd were under any interference on the part of the outsiders with what concerned the purely internal affairs of the regiment, and how men, hitherto known to be so orderly, well conducted, and peaceably inclined, could from a little injudicious management, or under personal ridicule in consequence of such injudicious management, or under insult to their regiment, set aside for a moment the restraint of discipline, assert their own position, and take the law into their own hands to resent insult and injury :

At the time to which I allude, the city of Quebec was garrisoned by the 93rd, and another regiment, each occupying a different barrack.

In the 93rd an order had been issued, or was supposed to have been issued,* that no private of the regiment was to be allowed to pass out at the city gate, except such as had a good conduct ring. It does not appear that any such order applied to the other regiment (which was a young reserve battalion raised by volunteers and transfers from other corps), the men of which presumed to twit (or chaff) those of the 93rd, for being like bad boys held under such unnecessarily strict discipline. To this the 93rd submitted patiently for some time, though it was galling to their proud fiery tempers. But matters at last came to a climax, for, on one occasion, two non-commissioned officers of the 93rd,

* I am informed that such order had really been issued.

who happened to be strolling quietly in the town, were laughed at, then hustled, and finally injured bodily by a party of men of the other regiment.

Next day the 93rd retaliated on some of the non-commissioned officers and men of the other regiment, on which the whole of the other regiment turned out in a body, and attacked the small party of the 93rd, who while defending themselves despatched one of their number to the barracks for assistance.

In a moment, on the messenger telling his tale, the 93rd rose up in great indignation, poured out of their barrack-rooms, and, having disarmed the sentry at the gate, contemptuously thrust him into the guard-room, and locked the door; and then rushed wrathfully down the hill to support their comrades, and uphold the honour of their regiment.

Then commenced a regular hand-to-hand fight, for the combatants on both sides armed with sticks and broken rails, and every weapon they could lay their hands on, closed on each other and fought with such fury that the inhabitants of the town had to take shelter in their houses, put up their shutters, and close their doors; and from their upper windows look down upon the raging tumult below.

But gradually the Highlanders, men of great stature and tremendous power, swept the other regiment before them from street to street, thrashing and

mauling them unmercifully until they finally expelled them from the city ; and then they returned quietly to their barracks carrying their bruised and wounded with them.

The officers of both regiments were on the ground, but were quite unable to put a stop to the fight, for the men's blood was on fire, and the 93rd were so completely under the influence of wrathful indignation as to be deaf to all orders, regardless of all discipline, and determined to inflict a punishment on those who had insulted themselves and their regiment which they should remember for the future.

Colonel Spark of the 93rd, a powerful man himself, laid his grasp upon a grenadier, but the young giant quietly took the colonel's hand and pressed it with the power of a vice until the colonel was obliged to relax his hold ; and then the grenadier, drawing himself up to his full height (even at such a moment the influence of discipline asserted itself), stood at attention, saluted, and plunged into the fight again.

The adjutant too, in his zeal, collected the tailors, shoemakers, and fatigue-men, who were not aware of what was going on, and marched them down to endeavour to restore order, but the moment these men came in sight of the battle, with a shout they broke away and rushed to the support of their comrades.

Naturally the affair made a disturbance, and the General himself came down from Montreal to inquire

into the matter, and after due investigation decided that the 93rd had received a certain amount of provocation and that no steps were to be taken to punish any man of the regiment, and that the other regiment had already received punishment enough.

But there must have been something defective in the management of the regiment while it was in Canada, and even for some time after its return to England. Hitherto, from the time of its formation up to the close of Colonel McGregor's command, the men had been remarkable for sobriety, docility, obedience to orders, and general good conduct; now they showed a restlessness, an irritability, a tendency to drunkenness, and an inclination to offer resistance to authority. Possibly they were curbed with too tight a hand, or irritated by too strict a surveillance, or not ruled by strict justice, or the fiery character of the Celtic temperament was not sufficiently considered, as evidenced by a threat to shoot a regimental pet; by the fact (if it was a fact, and it was supposed to have been the case) that only men who possessed good conduct rings were allowed to walk freely about outside of the city; that promotion amongst non-commissioned officers was not supposed to be given according to merit. In fact, the men felt that they were living under a sort of tyranny, and were therefore (as they thought) driven into rebellion.

Another cause of irritation was an injudicious interference with their religious feelings, for an attempt

was made to force men, who had given in their adhesion to the Free Kirk, to attend the Established Kirk. This they flatly refused to do, and, on the matter being referred to the Horse Guards, a decision in favour of the men was given, and an order issued that they were to be allowed to attend the church of their choice.

Again, after the return of the regiment to England, frequent complaints of the men about their rations being of inferior quality met with no attention, until the General came to investigate the matter, and again a decision was given in favour of the men.

These anecdotes do not appear in the records of the 93rd, but they were told to me by one who was present with it at the time. My old brother-officer Lieutenant-Colonel Joyner, who served in the 93rd for forty years—and to whom I must express my gratitude for having placed at my disposal copious notes from a journal kept by himself during his long service—informs me that when the regiment embarked for Canada it was armed with the old smooth-bore 'Brown Bess,' with flint locks; that the grenadiers carried a musket three inches longer in the barrel than 'Bess,' and a bayonet with a spring in the handle; and that many of the rear rank men were armed with *Brunswick* rifles (whatever they were). He also tells me that, when the regiment arrived in Turkey in 1854, he was surprised to find some of the Turkish police armed with a musket and

bayonet exactly similar to those carried by the grenadiers of the 93rd Regiment in 1840.

Not until 1844 was the 93rd, and indeed the army generally, supplied with muskets fitted with percussion locks. My readers may remember that in a former chapter I described the 27th Regiment as being armed with the old flint-lock musket, during the the Kaffir war of 1846—47. The kilts and plaids at that time were made of hard tartan,* and continued to be made of the same material until somewhere about the year 1860, when Her Majesty directed that soft tartan should be used in making up the clothing of all the Highland regiments. The feather bonnets were then of magnificent proportions, fifteen inches high for grenadiers, fourteen for the light company, and twelve for all others; but just before the Crimean war the bonnets were considerably reduced in size. In full dress the officers and men wore buckle shoes, but these have been done away with for the men, and are now used by the officers for evening dress only.

Anecdotes sometimes reach me from old brother-officers after I have completed a chapter and numbered its pages, and, as I cannot afford time to rewrite the chapters, these anecdotes may appear to be rather out of their proper place, but still neither can I afford to omit them. The following have just come to hand, and I insert them here :

* The hose too were made of hard material that cut and galled the feet terribly during a march, but hose of soft woollen material were issued in 1849.

During the summer, in Canada, mosquitoes were a great source of worry to the men, for they bit their naked limbs terribly, and officers (who in those days did not wear the kilt as constantly as the men did) suffered greatly, and were often unsteady in the ranks in consequence of the attacks of these little pests. On the occasion of a field-day, the ensign who carried the regimental colour (he was a new arrival), and who was more than ordinarily sensitive to the bite of the enemy, kept stamping his feet to drive them off, but was at last obliged to stoop down and use his hand, when the colour-sergeant, shocked at an officer being unsteady in the ranks, said rather testily to him, 'Haud the colour straught, sir, an' never heed the flees; if ye drive a squad o' them awa', there's anither set o' the hungry deevils ready to be at ye.'

The next story shows the force of bad example, and the difficulty of giving universal satisfaction.

After church service the colonel invariably requested the major to march the regiment to barracks, but, as soon as the colonel's back was turned, the major delegated his authority to the captain, who at the next corner handed over the command to the next senior, and so on till the sergeant-major was left in command. After a time the colonel found out the irregularity, was angry, of course, though he himself had set the example, and issued an order prohibiting such graduated delegation of authority in future, for which he was grumbled at and abused.

But colonels in those days were often grumbled at and abused *behind their backs*, though sometimes a side wind blew grumbles and abuse to their ears. I once heard a colonel of the 93rd Regiment, who knew that he did not give universal satisfaction, say, 'If an angel from heaven were to come down and take command of this regiment, he would not please everybody.' I daresay he was right.

Another little irregularity which crept into the regiment was as follows: The captain and subaltern of the day got into the habit of visiting the sentries on horseback. The colonel, hearing of this, issued an order that these officers should do their duty on foot. One of the officers owned a pony which he trained to gallop up to about thirty yards from the sentry, stop, and stand still in the same spot till his master came back to him. This very soon became a confirmed habit in the pony, and he was often borrowed by the officers on duty; but one day the major just arrived from home, borrowed the pony to go his rounds. No sooner was he in the saddle than off went the animal at a gallop, and as usual, when about the required distance from the sentry, he stopped dead, shooting the field-officer, who was quite unprepared for the trick, over his head, head foremost into a bank of snow, nothing visible, as the story goes, but his boots and spurs.

On two occasions while the regiment remained in Stirling, after its return from Canada, it had the

honour of furnishing guards of honour for Her Majesty the Queen : one at Ballater during the summer of 1849, and one in Glasgow when Her Majesty paid a visit to that city in August of the same year.

From Stirling the regiment was removed to Edinburgh, from whence it again sent a guard of honour to Ballater, and furnished the guard at Holyrood during Her Majesty's residence in the historical old palace there.

From April, 1851, to February, 1852, the regiment was quartered in Glasgow, from whence it was removed to Weedon, and from thence to Portsmouth. In June, 1853, it formed part of the division encamped on Chobham Common, from whence it proceeded to Plymouth, where it remained until the spring of 1854, when it embarked and sailed for Malta.

CHAPTER II.

Malta, 1854—Declaration of War with Russia—Sail for Turkey—Gallipoli—Line of Entrenchments at Bullair—Sail for Scutari on the Bosphorus—Highland Brigade—Sir Colin Campbell—Varna—First Difficulties—Sickness—My own Orders—Sir G. Cathcart and Staff of Fourth Division—The Great Fleet—Land in Crimea—I join the 93rd same Night—Great Storm—Army without Tents—Reception by my Regiment.

THE 93rd arrived in Malta early in March, 1854, the strength being *thirty* officers and *nine hundred* and fifty rank and file. About the same time, or very shortly after, three battalions of the Guards, the 3rd Buffs, the 33rd and 50th Regiments, with a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, arrived at Malta also, and there the French Generals, who were on their way to the East, first had an opportunity of seeing British troops, and were, as I have heard, very much pleased and surprised at the appearance of the Highlanders.

The battalions which I have just named may be looked upon as having been the 'advance guard' of the army, which ere long was assembled in and around Varna, and from thence dispatched to the Crimea.

On the 4th of April, 1854, the declaration of war with Russia was received in Malta, and on the 6th of the month the 93rd embarked on board the steam-ship *Kangaroo*, and sailed for Gallipoli, preceded by some, and followed by others, of the regiments stationed at Malta. The *Kangaroo* arrived at Gallipoli on the 11th, and the 93rd landed the same day, and encamped in a *graveyard* about half-a-mile from the little town.

On the 12th the camp was moved to a distance of two miles from the town, and to a more suitable position from a sanitary point of view; and on the 19th a brigade, composed of the 50th, Rifle Brigade, and 93rd, with a few sappers, marched to Bullair, about ten miles from Gallipoli, where, assisted by some French troops, they commenced to throw up a line of entrenchments extending from the head of the gulf of Saros, across the narrow isthmus of Gallipoli, to the Sea of Marmora. This was a work considered necessary, or advisable, by military scientists, but one of great and unprofitable labour as events proved, and prejudicial to the health of the troops employed; for labouring under a hot sun by day, and sleeping (in the same clothes in which they had toiled all day) on the bare ground when the temperature was not much above freezing point, added to very insufficient food, lowered the vitality of the men, and were the first of a series of causes which induced disease that proved fatal to many a soldier of the Crimean army.

To expect men who had been accustomed to good food, and to comfortable beds in warm rooms, to work hard during the day, and to lie down at night on the bare ground in clothes damp with profuse perspiration, and crowded together in a bell tent, was unreasonable; but that they should have been required to do so on food not only insufficient in quality but which contained less nourishment than the food they had been supplied with when they were living in barracks and not undergoing exposure and fatigue, was worse than unreasonable. Hard dry biscuit (which only those with the very best teeth could eat), without tea or coffee or sugar, was a miserable breakfast; and the same dry biscuit with a morsel of meat, generally salt beef or pork, was a very insufficient dinner for men who were called upon suddenly to undergo fatigue, exposure, and discomfort, and who had hitherto been accustomed to good food, comparative comfort, and a life without labour.

At Gallipoli, at Scutari, and in Bulgaria, we mismanaged our soldiers, frittered away their health and strength by overwork, exposure, and starvation, so that afterwards when we landed in the Crimea there were very few in the ranks who were really in good health. Incessant inspections and reviews, brigade and division drills, rifle practice and fatigues, were no doubt necessary as the different regiments came together, because for forty years we had been allowing our army to rust, and only once at Chobham,

during that long period, had we collected even ten thousand for a holiday field-day, and to teach a few of our regiments to work together.

It was a very rare occurrence, thirty or forty years ago, to see several regiments and the different arms of the service manœuvring together, and the most brilliant manœuvre was generally the 'march past.'

I repeat that the duties I have enumerated were doubtless necessary for the purpose of welding our brigades and divisions together, and preparing our army to take the field, and would not probably have been destructive to health if we had fed our men liberally; but starvation and incessant worry took the life out of them.

On the 6th of May, the brigade (50th, 93rd, and Rifle Brigade) marched at daybreak from Bullair for Gallipoli, there to embark for Scutari. When half-way, they met another brigade that was going to relieve them at the entrenchments. But instead of their being allowed to continue their march, the one to the place of embarkation, the other to its camp at Bullair, both were halted, formed into a division, and made to go through a field-day in the presence of several French Generals, and then allowed to continue their march. The 93rd, on arrival at Gallipoli, embarked on board the steam-ship *Andes*, and sailed the same night for Scutari.

Now this was just an example of unnecessary

worry, for here (speaking of the 93rd) was a regiment which had been under arms at daybreak, marched five miles, went through a harrassing field-day, *in heavy marching order*, after which it marched another distance of five miles, and on the same evening embarked on board ship, to be exposed on the deck of the vessel during the whole night to the cold sea air, and without the possibility of changing their underclothing, which they had worn during a hot march and fatiguing field-day, and as they had been under arms for twelve hours, the men had been without food all the time.

Surely such treatment was unnecessary; at all events it was not judicious. Of course I speak as a medical officer, one who has spent the greater part of his life in close observation of the duties, the capabilities, and the health of soldiers; and I do not hesitate to say that we began by treating our army injudiciously, and continued to do so until, for a time, it was ruined.

After having been kept on board ship three nights and two days, the regiment disembarked (on the 9th) at Scutari, where a large portion of our army was assembled. Here commenced another series of reviews, and also brigade and division drills, and route marching with baggage packed on ponies. Here, however, the troops were better fed, and appeared to recover from the fatigue and exposure to which they had been subjected at Gallipoli and Bullair.

While at Scutari, the 42nd and 79th arrived to complete the Highland Brigade which Sir Colin Campbell had been appointed to command. Here, too, the Miniè rifle was served out to the army, so that we were about to begin a campaign with a new weapon of the use and capabilities of which the men were ignorant.

On the 13th of June, the 93rd embarked on board the *Melbourne* and sailed for Varna, where it landed on the 15th, and immediately encamped about two miles to the west of the town.

Here the brigade and division drills went on as formerly, and here great difficulty was experienced in feeding the troops—at least, from the notes before me, written at the time on the spot by one who was present, I read that ‘there was great difficulty in getting stores and supplies of any kind from the commissariat.’

We had not up to that moment learnt that if men are not well fed they should not be overworked; or, if not properly nourished, they cannot resist climatic influences. But in a very short time thereafter, the knowledge was to be forced on us, for early in July, while at Alydin, sickness appeared in the army, and men began to die. At first the sickness appeared in the form of fever and bowel complaint, and then in that of the terrible scourge, cholera. But still, heedless of the warning, we went on drilling, opening trenches, throwing up breastworks, and collecting

material to make gabions and fascines; and all this while the men were losing vitality and vigour from insufficient food and from the effects of climate.

Dry biscuit and salt meat without vegetables, daily exposure and labour under a hot sun, and sleeping on the bare ground, were certain auxiliaries to climatic influences, in impairing health, and rendering men liable to disease—in fact, in originating disease.

Great care of soldiers may not be necessary at the beginning of a campaign which we know will be short; but it is absolutely necessary at the commencement of one of which we cannot see the end.

‘It is easy to be wise after the event,’ but I am giving the result of long years of personal experience.

The sickness and mortality in the 93rd at this time were greater than in any other regiment with the army; for between the 1st of July and middle of August at the encampments of Alydin, Givrakla, and Galata four hundred and sixteen cases were admitted to hospital, and of these twenty-one died, besides one officer (Lieutenant Turner), who died of cholera. This was the first death from disease amongst the officers of the regiment. There had been a death previously, but from accident, Lieutenant McNish having been drowned at Scutari while attempting to cross a stream which, usually shallow, had suddenly become a deep and rapid torrent after a heavy downpour of rain. Lieutenant

Clayhills, who was with Lieutenant McNish, only saved himself by being a good swimmer.

Why the 93rd was so unhealthy, so much more so than other regiments in the division, I do not know, unless it was that the regiment left England before the others, and was the only regiment of the division that had been employed on the intrenchments between Bullair and Gallipoli.

Towards the middle of August, while the army was sickening, or rather had sickened, in camp in Bulgaria, the rumour of the intended invasion of the Crimea became known throughout the army; and the prospect thus afforded of getting away from the debilitating climate where health and strength were rapidly deteriorating, and of being actively employed in real warfare, was eagerly welcomed by all, and exercised a most beneficial effect on the spirits of the men; though, as I knew afterwards, many of the 93rd concealed the fact that they were ill at the time of embarkation for fear of being left behind at Varna, and of losing the opportunity of sharing in the first battle which they had been looking forward to for months.

I must here for a little interrupt the history of the regiment, and refer very briefly to my own movements, from the date of my return to England from Nova Scotia, until the day I landed in the Crimea and joined the 93rd; from which date and for the following thirteen years whatever I record

concerning the regiment will be with the authority of personal knowledge.

Within a few days after it was intimated to me that I was to be appointed to the 93rd, and before my name had appeared in the *Gazette*, I had my uniform and field-kit ready, and was all anxiety to start, lest I should be too late for the opening of the campaign; but day after day passed without any orders. I therefore paid another visit to the Army Medical Office.

Another week, however, passed, and still no communication reached me from the Adjutant General; so I went in person to the Horse Guards, at that time distinct from the War Office, and while inquiring for the Quartermaster General's office was accosted by Colonel Wyndham, who, as he told me, had just been appointed Deputy Quartermaster General to the Fourth Division, which was to be added to the army in the East, and to be commanded by Sir George Cathcart, then Adjutant General of the army at the Horse Guards. On telling Colonel Wyndham who I was and what I wanted, he took me into the Adjutant General's office and introduced me to Sir George himself, who at once desired Wyndham to see the Quartermaster General, and arrange that I should be granted a passage in the steam-ship *Harbinger*, the vessel in which Sir George and staff were to sail for Turkey within thirty-six hours; and early on the following morning I received my order to embark on the afternoon of the next day.

I had been just three weeks in England, after a tour of foreign service of nearly five years. On going on board at Southampton, I found already embarked Sir George Cathcart, General Torrens, Colonel Wyndham, Colonel C. Maitland (whom I had known in former years at the Cape), Colonel Seymour, Major Greville, Captain the Honourable G. Elliott, and Captain Smith, all belonging to the staff of the Fourth Division; also Lieutenant Dallas in command of a detachment of the 46th Regiment, which was proceeding to the East to join head-quarters of the corps. Just at that time a court-martial, which had been held on one or two of the officers of that regiment, was attracting public attention. The particulars of the case I forget, but remember this much that in the evidence some ludicrous examples of rough practical joking were made public.

As the detachment came on board the *Harbinger*, it struck me that everybody looked a little askance at the officer, but after a few days he proved himself to be a very good gentlemanly fellow, and uncommonly well informed. Afterwards during the Crimean war he became aide-de-camp to Sir Robert Garrett, who from the 46th Regiment succeeded to the command of a brigade. He also filled the same position to Sir Robert when the latter commanded the Sirhind Division in India. Since then I have lost sight of him, and do not even know if he still lives.

We sailed from Southampton about the middle of

August, and had a pleasant run as far as the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar, but there met a tremendous south-easter, against which our auxiliary engines were powerless, indeed under both steam and sail we could do nothing more than just hold our own, for three days and nights, by tacking and retacking across the entrance ; and not until the gale subsided were we able to pass through the narrow straits into the Mediterranean. This detention was annoying to all on board ; but more especially to Sir G. Cathcart, who plainly showed his anxiety to get on by physical restlessness and a little irritability of manner.

At last we passed Gibraltar, and in due time reached Malta, where we remained two days, and where we were joined by an Admiral, * who was on his way to join the Black Sea fleet, as captain of the fleet, an appointment, I believe, somewhat analagous to our chief of the staff. After leaving Malta we had delightful weather, and made a good run to the Golden Horn, where our stay was short, and from whence we steamed on to Varna, and thence to Baltsik Bay, where we found the grand fleet nearly ready to sail for the Crimea.

At Varna I landed for a couple of hours in the hope of seeing Dr. Hall, the principal medical officer of the army, under whom I had served at the Cape, to report my arrival and to request that he would arrange for me to join my regiment, as Sir G. Cathcart had

* I cannot remember the Admiral's name.

told me during the voyage out that he intended to keep me attached to the Fourth Division and to himself, although I pointed out to him that I was a regimental officer, and told him distinctly that I did not wish to serve on the staff in any capacity.

I failed to see Dr. Hall, as he had already embarked, but found out from the medical officer in charge of the general hospital, the name of the ship on board of which he was. I asked for this information as I was resolved to make every effort to communicate with him so that I might be allowed to join my regiment.

On arrival in Baltsik Bay, I asked Sir George to allow me to go and see or to communicate with the principal medical officer, but he refused, remarking at the same time, 'I intend to keep you with myself, and you must not again speak to me on the subject.' This silenced me, and, though I was quite aware that he could not detain me long, I was afraid that he might keep me just long enough to prevent my being with my regiment at the first engagement or battle. I never could understand why he wanted to keep me. I may have flattered myself that he had got to like me, for he often noticed me during the voyage, and, on hearing that I had served at the Cape, was very pleasant and communicative, but became less so when he saw my disinclination to remain with him.

In Baltsik Bay the Honourable A. Cathcart (captain in the 93rd) joined his uncle Sir George as aide-de-camp; and Lieutenant Torrens, of the 23rd

Fusiliers, also joined his uncle General Torrens as aide-de-camp.

From Baltsik Bay the British fleet of war-ships and transports, the latter filled with troops, sailed on the morning of the 7th September. The French fleet had already sailed. Having already attempted, in my 'Reminiscences of Military Service with the 93rd Highlanders,' to describe the wonderful spectacle afforded by this mighty armament, this vast crowd of shipping, which covered the sea as far as the eye could reach, and which moved in the most perfect order, I do not repeat it now. The only approach that has been made to it was during the late Egyptian campaign, when the fleet of ironclads and transport steamers entered the Suez Canal with the army under Sir Garnet Wolseley, and which was in some respects a grander sight than even the great Black Sea fleet. In the one there may have been a larger show of vessels, covering a greater space, but there were no ironclads amongst them, and the great majority of the transports were sailing vessels towed by steamers; while in the other there was a display of irresistible power such as the world never saw before.

In the middle of the Black Sea the fleet came to anchor—Mr. Kinglake has explained why, but we, who were only like pawns on the board, thought at the time that it meant either a change in our destination, or a complete cessation of hostilities, or rather a collapse of the intended invasion of the Crimea.

On the afternoon of that day, a small rowing-boat passed under the stern of the *Harbinger*, in which were two officers of the 93rd, whom I hailed and invited on board. They were Captain Ewart (now General Ewart, C.B.) and Lieutenant and Adjutant Dawson (whom I had met at the Cape an ensign in the 45th Regiment). I was very glad to meet them, explained how I was situated, and asked Dawson (as adjutant) to inform the Colonel of the regiment of my presence, and get him to apply officially for me. Before leaving our vessel, they pointed out to me the ship on board of which the principal medical officer was, and which happened to be lying within a quarter-of-a-mile of us.

While I stood there, wondering how I could communicate with the principal medical officer, I overheard several of my fellow-passengers trying to make up a party to man the captain's gig, and pay a visit to some of their friends in a neighbouring ship. Fortunately for me, they wanted one to make up a crew, so I offered to pull an oar with them, if they would get Sir George Cathcart's permission for me to leave the ship. This they got, so I took my seat as stroke, and away we went. Having paid their visit and seen their friends, I asked them to row to a certain ship which I pointed out, as there was a friend of mine on board whom I was anxious to see. This they agreed to, and I thus obtained the interview with the principal medical officer which I sought, and

received from him a promise that he would arrange for me to join my regiment on the day we landed in the Crimea. I would have visited my own commanding officer, but the ship in which the head-quarters of the 93rd were lay too far off; and besides, I felt doubtful if Wyndham would have consented, for he knew Sir George's intention with regard to me.

That same night I had another row, but not one of pleasure. Just as it was getting dark, several artillery officers came on board, to report that cholera had broken out on board their ship (which was one of the sailing vessels which had been towed by the *Harbinger*), and that there was no medical officer on board. I was accordingly ordered to visit the sick. It was then beginning to blow, and there was a considerable *jabble* of a sea, which made rowing in a small open boat rather risky. But I got on board, did what I could for the sick, remained with them till late at night, and then returned to my own ship, not without difficulty, for it had by that time come on to blow fresh, there was a rough tumbling sea, and the night was pitch-dark.

There must have been some want of arrangement at the time of embarkation in the distribution of medical officers, or there must have been a paucity of them, for here was a battery of artillery, with other troops, on board a vessel for an uncertain time (it might have been five, ten, or twenty days) without a medical officer, and at a time when cholera was

known to have been prevalent even up to the very day of embarkation. Most probably it was owing to a paucity of medical officers, for there was not a large number of staff officers with the army, and regiments and corps were divided in so many ships that the regimental surgeons did not suffice to provide one for each ship. My own regiment (the 93rd), for instance, was distributed in seven ships, and, as there were only three assistant-surgeons present with it (I, the surgeon, being absent), four of the detachments were without a medical officer.

The embarkation of the army commenced on the 31st of August (the 93rd embarked on that day), and was not completed until the evening of the 6th or morning of the 7th September, on which latter day the fleet put to sea, and, as the troops did not disembark until the 14th, many of them were fourteen days and nights on board the transports, and during those fourteen days and nights there were many deaths from cholera, some on almost every ship. With any experience of the disease, and keeping in mind that it had been prevalent in the army for weeks before, and even up to the very day of embarkation, its appearance may have been looked upon as a certainty, amongst men crowded together on board ship, and therefore every effort should have been made so to distribute the medical officers that each party of troops, or at least each ship, should have had one. Cholera, when you have ample means

of taking care of those struck down by it, and unlimited space over which to fly from it, is bad enough; but on board a crowded transport where you have no means of treating it, and from which there is no escape, it is truly a terrible visitation.

On the morning of the 14th of September, the whole fleet lay at anchor in Eupatoria Bay. The day dawned bright and beautiful, the sea was at rest, without even a ripple on its broad expanse, and no surf beat fretfully on the long stretch of sandy beach selected for our landing. Early in the forenoon signs of activity became apparent, and a busy and exciting scene soon followed, for numbers of boats full of soldiers were seen hurrying to the shore impelled by strong and willing hands.

‘It was a dread yet spirit-stirring sight,
The billows foamed beneath a thousand oars,
Fast as they land, the Red Cross ranks unite,
Legions on legions brightening all the shores.’

I watched the troops eagerly as they landed, until I saw the Guards with their tall bearskins, and my own people (the Highlanders) with their waving plumes and dark tartans, form up, and move off to the high ground above and to the south of the landing-place.

Then a feeling of anxiety came over me, for it appeared as if a greater distance between my regiment and myself, as if further difficulty were being thrown in the way of my joining it; and I began also to fear that I might be forgotten altogether in the pressure and excitement of disembarkation and

in the preparations for advance; and that a battle might be fought before I could assume medical charge, and be useful in my proper place and position; for (I may as well tell it now) I had made up my mind from the moment I was gazetted, to hold on to the 93rd Regiment through sunshine or storm, peace or war, and had resolved, if it were possible, to win the confidence of every officer and man in the regiment, and I was afraid to lose any opportunity of a beginning. It will be seen by-and-by if I succeeded.

The fourth division was the last to land, and it was late in the afternoon before Sir George Cathcart and staff (myself included) left our ship for the shore. But, not long after we had landed, the weather, which had been so bright and fair and calm, began to look threatening. Heavy clouds were rolling up from the west; the wind, which at first came in fitful gusts, soon increased in force until it swept moaning over the surface of the sea, troubling its waters, raising them into great rolling waves which broke heavily on the bare, open shore, and sounding dismally to us who stood there without any shelter; then the lightning flashed around us, followed quickly by the angry roll of thunder, and torrents of rain came down and drenched us to the skin. But even in this storm and rage of elements we could rest and even sleep, though our sleep was short and broken and unrefreshing.

Towards morning of the 15th the storm passed off, and the sun shone out bright and warmed us who were shivering in our clothes; but the wind still

blew hard, and this and the heavy surf interrupted for a time further landing of troops and stores.

The soldiers, bivouacked on the heights above the landing-place, suffered terribly during the night, and, as they said themselves, were as wet as if they had slept in the sea, the consequence being some fatal cases of cholera, and the re-embarkation of a number of men suffering from fever and bowel complaint.

Early on the forenoon of the 15th, Staff-Surgeon Young presented himself with orders to relieve me, so, taking leave of Sir George Cathcart, who even then did not seem inclined to let me go, I started off on foot (for I had no horse at the time) to join my regiment, but before I had gone one-third of the distance to their bivouac I met my senior-assistant (Mr. Sinclair), who, with an orderly, had come down to look for and help me.

The Highland Brigade was bivouacked in regimental squares, the 93rd being in the middle. Within the square I found the officers lying down in little groups behind their respective companies. On entering the square I at once reported my arrival to the Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel Ainslie, who received me civilly, but not very warmly; then I walked round and introduced myself to the majors, Majors Banner and Leith Hay, and to each group of officers, but cannot say that any of them received me with much show of cordiality—not one of them, except Captain Ewart, even got up from the ground to shake me by the hand. Well, I

did not blame hem, for they were wet and weary, and some of them not in very good health ; and besides they were mostly Scotchmen, and we Scots, as a rule, are slow to accept friendship or give confidence. I felt this treatment a little, and could not help contrasting the reception given me by my own people, with the kindly greeting of the 42nd ; but then I had known the officers of the 'Black Watch' intimately in Nova Scotia ; those of the 93rd I was resolved to know in time. Of all my brother-officers the three who made the most decided advance were Captain Ewart, Captain Ross, and Lieutenant Dawson. Two of these lived to command the regiment, but it is many years now since both passed away to the 'last great muster.' My friend General Ewart is still alive, and I have the pleasure of occasionally meeting him.

My three assistants, in the order of seniority, were Sinclair, Menzies, and Pollard ; the first Scotch, the second Irish, and the third English. They were all young officers, without any experience of active service, and were therefore glad of the arrival of a Surgeon who had seen service, and who would relieve them of all responsibility ; and I think the two juniors were pleased to be released from the control of the senior, who was too near themselves in age and standing to exercise authority over them, though, as I found, he had done so, during the short time he had been in charge, in a very modest and unpretending manner.

CHAPTER III.

Introduction to Sir Colin—His Advice to Me—Field Equipment—Great Deficiency of Medical Equipment—Advance on 19th September—Battle of the Alma, 20th September—Advance of Highland Brigade—Retreat of Russian Army—The Wounded—Comfortable Hospital—My Superior Officers—Mr. Kinglake's Description of 93rd—Not quite Correct—Gaelic Language universally Spoken by Men of 93rd.

ON the day that I joined the regiment, I was introduced to Sir Colin Campbell by Colonel Cameron, of the 42nd Regiment. He (Sir Colin) shook hands with me very kindly, and remarked: 'Go and look well after your men, for they require all your care and attention.'

On taking over charge, my first duty was to inquire into the health of the regiment; my second to examine the medical and surgical field-equipment, and ascertain what arrangements for field service had been made for the men.

With regard to the first inquiry, I found that it was not satisfactory, for, while in Bulgaria and up to the day of embarkation (as stated in the last chapter), there had been a great amount of sickness amongst both officers and men, and a good many deaths from disease (especially cholera) amongst the latter; and that even during the voyage there had been sickness

and several deaths; and also that the men had not yet recovered from the depression caused by climate and disease.

With regard to the second points of inquiry, I found that the medical and surgical equipment was on the most limited scale, consisting of a pair of panniers, number one containing a small supply of medicines, a few tins of essence of beef, some arrowroot and sugar, and a quart of brandy; also a small supply of field-dressings and a small case of surgical instruments. A large, capital case of surgical instruments I had brought with me, it being my private property, for in those days the regulations required the Surgeon of a regiment to supply, at his own expense, a case of surgical instruments (price twenty-five pounds) for the public service. Number two pannier contained the medical and surgical records of the regiment and a small supply of writing materials. For the carriage of these two panniers there was a Government pony, a poor, wretched animal, very much out of condition, and which was under the charge of one of the men of the regiment. For the conveyance of sick and wounded there were ten hand-stretchers under the charge of the bandsmen, who were required to act as bearers; and there was *one bell-tent* allowed for hospital purposes, but not carried by the regiment, as there was no regimental transport. The hospital attendants were one sergeant and two orderlies, besides the horse-keeper.

Every regiment had exactly similar equipment—nothing more and nothing less—and such were the medical arrangements for the British army which had landed in an enemy's country, and was about to commence a campaign of which no one could predict the success or see the end. There were no ambulances or field hospitals; no bearer-companies; and no ships fitted up for the reception of sick and wounded. There were a few ambulance wagons (vehicles which I learned afterwards it was almost impossible to move), and a score or two of old pensioners who had been formed into a medical staff corps; but wagons and corps had been left behind at Varna, whether purposely or accidentally I do not know. At present I am writing only of what came under my own observation, but should I ever write the history of the Army Medical Department, which I propose to do, I shall speak fully on this and many other matters.

The following was the strength of the regiment present with the colours on the day that I joined: twenty-nine officers and eight hundred and fifty-nine non-commissioned officers and privates. These were all tall, big-boned, large-framed men, and when on parade formed as imposing-looking a regiment as I ever had seen, or ever have seen since.

On the 16th, that is the second day after landing, tents were issued to the troops; one for every fifteen men, one for the three officers of each company, one for the commanding officer, one for the two majors,

one for medical officers, and one for the quartermaster. The arrangements for field service for the regiment were as follows, viz. : The knapsacks were left on board ship, and the men landed with the following field-kit : great-coat and blanket rolled up flat, in which were packed a pair of shoes, a pair of socks, and a forage-cap. The great-coat and blanket thus arranged was carried like a knapsack, with the little tin canteen strapped to it. On the right side, slung across from the left shoulder, each man carried a flat, wooden water-barrel, and on the left, slung across from the right shoulder, a linen haversack in which were rations (biscuit and salt pork) for three days—officers carried the same. The regiment was in full dress, and this, with the articles enumerated, and with rifle, bayonet, ammunition, and belts, was as much as the men could have been expected to carry.

I do not know if this was the equipment detailed in general orders for the army, or if it was only a regimental arrangement. The 42nd was the only regiment which I saw (in the brigade, at least) that had their knapsacks. These they carried during the march, and I am not aware that the men found any inconvenience from them.

In the 93rd, every *fifth* man carried a camp-kettle and bill-hook. These were of no use to the men, but rather an incumbrance. I borrowed several of the kettles to make soup for the wounded in the evening after the battle of the Alma. For-

tunately fresh mutton was issued that evening to the army, otherwise the wounded would not have had any nourishment at all.

We retained our tents until the afternoon of the 18th, when they were struck and packed to be sent on board ship again. The French and Turks landed with tents; the former with tents *d'abris*, the latter with the ordinary Turkish field-tent; and never were without the shelter of their tents; while the British army lay out in the open air, with the exception of two nights, until the middle of October.

On the 19th, the army was under arms soon after day-break, and, after sending on board ship a few men who were ill and unfit for duty, the army moved off, but the first division which was on the extreme left did not move until about nine o'clock. The French army, with the Turkish division, kept close to the sea, and the British army marched on their left, our exposed left flank protected by a portion of the Rifle Brigade, and of our Light Cavalry in extended order; with the former, in command of a company, I found my old Halifax friend Captain Inglis, son of the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia.

The principal medical officer of the division, was Dr. Linton a Deputy Inspector-General of hospital; and of the Highland Brigade, First-class Staff-Surgeon Dr. Gibson; but we of the Highland Brigade did not see much of either, as the former attached himself chiefly to the Guards, and the latter to H.R.H. the

Duke of Cambridge in the capacity of personal medical attendant. I never saw either of them until the morning of the 20th, just before the battle of the Alma.

The 19th was a beautiful day, the sun shone in a clear unclouded sky, his hot rays tempered by a gentle breeze from the sea; and as the undulating country over which we moved was firm under foot, and covered with crisp dry grass, we were not distressed with dust. It would have been a pleasant and exhilarating march had it not been for the numbers of the men of the different regiments of the division, but especially of my own (the 93rd), who fell out of the ranks frequently, suffering from the distressing and exhausting complaint contracted in Bulgaria by exposure, overwork, and inferior and insufficient food; the mismanagement to which I have already alluded. It was a matter of great anxiety to me, and painful evidence that there were many men in the ranks who were fitter for hospital than for the exposure and fatigue of a campaign.

Towards the afternoon we began to descend into a wide open valley along the bottom of which flowed the little stream called the Bulganak. By this time the men were suffering much from thirst, their miserable wooden bickers having been emptied early in the day, for a breakfast of biscuit and salt pork created intense thirst which was aggravated by marching in column.

At sight of the water a number of the men of the brigade broke from the ranks, and began running

in a crowd down towards the stream, but old Sir Colin stopped them instantly, rated them soundly, and ordered them back to their places, and then made arrangements whereby without confusion they got a supply of purer water than they would have got if they had all rushed in a crowd down to the stream. Sir Colin, at all times a disciplinarian, exacted at that moment the most perfect discipline. Probably he knew, which we did not, that the enemy was in front of us, for as we were approaching the bottom of the valley, indeed just as we had reached the bank of the stream and were quenching our thirst, we were wakened up by the sound of artillery firing in front. As it continued, an order came for the first division to cross the stream, and hasten up the opposite slope, on reaching the crest of which we formed up into line.

From thence we looked down upon an extensive plain, away out on which our Horse Artillery supported by cavalry were exchanging shots with the Russian artillery, also supported by cavalry, and, as we afterwards learned, by infantry, though we did not see them as they did not come out into the plain.

We were in time only to see two or three rounds fired, when both sides commenced to retire slowly. A few of our cavalry were wounded, I saw them pass, and one I noticed particularly—an 8th Hussar—whose foot had been shattered by a round shot ; but I do not think any of our men were killed, at least I saw none.

Towards sunset we fell back to the little river, and

bivouacked for the night on its southern bank. It was a lovely night, calm and warm, and as the ground was dry and clean it made a fairly comfortable couch. Even now, memory carries me back over the long years that have passed since then, and the magnificent sight appears, clear and distinct to me, of the great bivouac of that mighty sleeping host, sweeping crescent-shaped from where the first division lay on the left away round to the west and north-west, and, though the night was dark, thousands of bright stars and constellations shone down on us from the great vault of heaven above, apparently to us with even a brighter light than usual; while hundreds of little flickering fires lit up the ground, and brought out in relief the dark figures sitting and lying round them, or moving slowly to and fro. But gradually these fires disappeared, and the men, exhausted by the heat, and by the labour and excitement of the day, wrapped their blankets round them, stretched their weary limbs on the bare ground, and, with heads pillowed on their feather bonnets, soon sank into sleep, a restless and disturbed sleep, and the last for many a brave man there. I myself, being young, strong, and in perfect health, did not feel fatigued by the day's work, as others did, who had already been months in the field, so I sat up thinking over my responsibilities, of what the morrow might bring forth, and if I should be enabled to perform my duty; and, as I looked round on my sleep-

ing comrades, what a weird extraordinary picture it was to see so many pale faces upturned to heaven, and which in the dim uncertain light appeared more like the faces of the dead than of the living. I knew from the experience of the last few days that many of those resting round me were not really in good health, and feared lest the pestilence, which had already carried off so many, might again lay its deadly touch upon us at any moment, and, if so, what should we be able to do for the sufferers, for we had no means of carrying or caring for them, and were in the presence of a human enemy who would most likely prove enough for us to deal with at a time. However, I had learned by experience also that the excitement caused by the presence of an enemy, by a successful attack, or spirited pursuit—in fact, by the presence of any danger which required the exercise of moral or physical courage are preservatives against disease, and therefore hoped that they might prove so under the circumstances in which we were placed.

I was up before daybreak on the following morning, refreshed by sleep and ready for the day's work, while those round me were still asleep. My great-coat, the only covering I had, was quite wet, for a heavy dew had fallen during the night; and, as the men began to waken up, I observed that they had to shake and even to wring the moisture out of their blankets before packing them for the day.

Near the spot where I had slept, lay, still soundly sleeping, my old friend, Dr. Wood, Surgeon of the 42nd. He was stretched flat upon his back, well covered up with a large waterproof sheet, from which the moisture was trickling slowly. Nothing but his face was visible, and that was so pinched and pale and damp from the dew which had settled on it that at the first glance it appeared as if he were sleeping the last long sleep. I knew that he was suffering from sickness and anxiety, and as he stirred and woke, complaining of a feeling of lassitude and weariness, I could not but perceive that he was really ill and not in a fit state for campaigning. Poor Wood! once afterwards when in a state of despondency owing to protracted suffering and oppressed with the thought that he might die, he confided to me a last loving message which I was to deliver, with a ring which he wore, to one at home. He served through the campaign, however, for he was promoted, and had less to do in his higher rank; but died some years after from disease which had been contracted in Bulgaria and the Crimea.

On that morning of the 20th of September there was no bugle call, no warning bagpipe, no beat of drum to rouse the sleeping soldier, but orderly sergeants went round and gave verbal orders to be up and get ready to fall in. But, although we were so early astir, some hours of weary waiting under arms elapsed before the advance of the First Division com-

menced. This was trying to the strength of the men, and rather ruffled their tempers, but they recovered good humour as we marched slowly but steadily up a long but very gradual ascent, on the crest of which we were halted. From thence the ground sloped very gradually down into a valley through which, at a distance of between two and three miles from where we stood, flowed the river Alma, screened from our sight, who were on the northern side of the stream, by a belt of trees, and by extensive vineyards, among which stood conspicuous a village and a few scattered farmhouses. On the south side of the river, the ground appeared rough and broken, overlooked by a chain of low rugged hills separated from each other by shallow ravines or depressions; and along the sloping sides of these hills we saw, though not distinctly, the Russian army in position, formed up in great squares or masses extending from near the heights above the sea on the west, to a distance of several miles inland on the east, and parallel with the river.

At last then what our army had been waiting for, hoping for, during more than six long weary months, months of toil and exposure, suffering and sickness, was before them, an enemy against whom to try their strength and courage; and whether it was from surprise at the suddenness of the sight, or from a feeling of awe which I know by experience is felt by all men before a battle; or whether it was that our men were weary, and wished to rest and husband their strength,

I do not know ;—but whatever was the cause they were wonderfully quiet and silent ; they did not speak, or if they did it was in a low tone ; they did not even require to quench their thirst ; but lay there on the ground gazing on the opposite heights, perhaps measuring the distance, or calculating the strength of the enemy, or speculating as to what part of the position they themselves would be required to attack.

It was without doubt the grandest sight that I had ever beheld, or have ever beheld since. Away on the right, keeping close inshore, was a line of war-vessels steaming slowly ahead ; down by the sea were the dense dark masses of the French, and on their left, on the crest of the slope, but at a higher elevation, and further from the river, stood the bright columns of the British with cavalry and infantry extended on their left flank ; opposite and at a distance of between three or four miles from the crest on which *we* stood was the Russian army, extending along the face of the low range of hills, expectant of attack ; while in the space between were peaceful villages and farmhouses nestling amongst trees and rich extensive vineyards.

Altogether about one hundred thousand armed men were collected there within a space of less than four square miles, all visible to the naked eye, one side ready waiting for the order to attack, the other standing on the defensive in a naturally strong position, rendered stronger, as we soon discovered, by batteries and redoubts placed so as to command the approaches

to the heights on which they stood, and thus both sides remained silently looking on each other during the space of little more than an hour. At last I saw the warships open fire on the heights occupied by the Russian left; then the French move forward, cross the river, begin to ascend and swarm, skirmishing, up the rough and broken ground on the south side, and followed by dense columns. This was the commencement of the great battle of the Alma, the first that the British army had fought, in Europe at least, for a period of forty years, and, strange to say, in alliance with the very army against which they had proved their prowess at Waterloo.

I was not aware at the time, so intent was I in looking on, how long the fight upon the right had lasted before our army received an order to advance, and oh! it was a grand, a noble sight when the great divisions rose from the ground, and, with a murmur of warlike satisfaction swelling up from rank to rank, commenced to move slowly and majestically down the long descent, at first in columns of divisions, but opening out, as they approached the vineyards, into their long fighting lines of bright scarlet tipped with burnished steel which flashed and glittered in the sunshine.

Our army was a small one numerically, but was composed of the best soldiers that I ever saw, men of grand physique, eager for the fight, and so conscious of their power that they looked on victory as

certain, and I do not think there was a single man in the ranks who ever for a moment thought of the possibility of failure or defeat.

The Light, Second, and Third Divisions were soon under a heavy fire from the Russian batteries, but passing round and through the blazing villages, which had been set on fire by the Russians, they got across the river, and engaged, as we could see from where we were, in a terrible struggle with the enemy, far up on the side of the opposite hill to our right front (the great redoubt, as we afterwards knew). We could see the flash and hear the roar of guns, and the constant rattle of musketry, and occasionally, as the dense cloud of smoke was blown aside, could see our men advancing; and several times we heard a British cheer rise clear and distinct above the din of battle—a sound a Briton can distinguish anywhere, for there is no other sound like it; with it he gives a welcome or a kindly greeting, with it he bids defiance to his enemies, with it proclaims success.

While this storm of battle was raging close to us, the Guards and Highlanders were lying down in line to escape the Russian round shot which came ploughing up the ground in front and rear of us.

I did not, at the time, observe how long we lay there exposed to artillery fire, but at last the order arrived for the first division to advance. Then the men were on their feet in a moment, and, taking time just to dress their ranks, away went the Guards in

splendid array down the hill, followed close by the Highland Brigade on their left.

There was a difficulty in keeping in line as we passed through the vineyards and orchards, for the men stumbled amongst the shallow pits in which the vines were planted; and had to open out as they made their way amongst the trees, and got mixed up and into a little confusion in wading through the river. The 42nd on the right were the first across, and, dressing their line as they reached the southern bank, moved straight up the hill, passing the Guards already engaged on their right.

The 93rd, as soon as they got through the river, took some little time to re-form and dress their line; but, this accomplished, the regiment advanced straight up-hill, behind and on the left of the 42nd, and past the 77th and 88th Regiments, the one behind the other in square. They covered the ground at a tremendous pace, with a fierce impetuosity, eager to get into action, burning with desire to close with the enemy. Perhaps, in consequence of this impetuosity, this eagerness to fight, and also owing to the irregularity of the ground, the men did not keep in perfect line, for the line bulged and opened here and there; but still on they went, increasing their pace at every stride, and gradually getting into order as they moved on, though under a heavy fire which, for the most part, swept harmless overhead, owing probably to the rapidity with which they

moved. Still some bullets took effect, for in this part of the advance young Abercrombie fell, shot through the heart, and three or four men were killed, and twenty men wounded.

Behind and to the left of the 93rd came on the 79th, at first in column of companies, but opening into line as the regiment advanced up-hill. In this formation the three Highland regiments moved up the long and steep incline, rapidly but silently, to engage the Russian columns, which I could see drawn up on the higher ground above them.

After this I saw nothing more of the battle, for I was busy with the wounded, who, as they were attended to, were sent down to a farm-house on the north bank of the river, which I had taken possession of. Though occasionally I cast a hurried glance upwards to where I knew my regiment was, I could see nothing distinctly, for they had commenced to use their rifles, and a heavy cloud of smoke hung round them; but the constant rattle of musketry, and the dull sound of volley-firing, and the smoke gradually curling up the hill told me that the Highlanders were at last in action, and that they were still advancing, and then after a time, when the sound of loud and joyous cheering came rolling down the hill, I knew that they were conquerors, and, when another score of wounded men were brought to me, I heard from them, as I also heard from my brother-officers and

others, how magnificently the Highland Brigade had gone into action, how well the three regiments had behaved under fire, but also how disappointed they were that old Sir Colin would not allow them to charge, and complete the rout of the enemy with the bayonet.

Before the brigade went into action, Dr. Gibson had desired me to form my field hospital on the north side of the river, but I thought it would be too far in rear, and therefore, as soon as he left me, I followed the regiment down to the vineyards, in which I noticed several dead men of the 88th Regiment, and, as we were passing through them, our first casualties occurred: one man was killed, and another badly wounded in the chest. At the moment we were close to one of the farm-houses, which I at once took possession of, and, leaving my wounded man there in charge of an orderly, went on with the regiment, and with my three assistant-surgeons attended to the wounded as they fell, and, after applying first dressings, sent them back to the farm-house, to which I repaired myself with one assistant, after giving orders to the other two to go on with the regiment, one with each wing.

The farm-house was a large one, and, though the windows and doors were all completely smashed, and the walls loopholed in many places—for it had been occupied by the enemy—the floors and roof were uninjured; and in the yard were several stacks of straw, and a heap of firewood, so that I soon had all

the wounded, forty in number, on comfortable beds of straw, a couple of good fires blazing, and arrangements made for the different operations that were necessary, and which *should* have been performed without delay, but that I had received orders from the Principal Medical Officers of the division and brigade not to perform any capital operations until they were able to be present. They did not make their appearance until after sunset, so that I had to perform several amputations by the light of candles. My able superiors, however, only remained to see me perform one operation (Syme's amputation at the ankle-joint, the first time that it ever was performed on the field of battle). I may mention that it was perfectly successful, that the man was sent home to be invalided, and, as I was afterwards told, was particularly noticed by the Queen when she visited the Crimean wounded at Chatham, and that, though Her Majesty asked the man several questions about his wound and about the operation, she never, unfortunately for me, asked the name of the operator.

Satisfied, I presume, that I was capable of judging when and knew how to operate, Doctors Linton and Gibson went away desiring me to go on with the other operations, and in future always to act on my own judgment in serious cases in their absence, and even without waiting for their sanction or approval.

By midnight I had all my operations performed, all my wounded dressed, and fed, and then, weary with

the excitement and labour of a long day, lay down to rest myself.

Mr. Kinglake, in his history of the Crimean war, speaks of the 93rd as 'the *hot* and *fiery* 93rd, coming up wild and raging in its exceeding ardour for the fight,' and further says that 'the 93rd in the Crimea was never quite like other regiments, for it chanced that it had received into its ranks a large proportion of those men of eager spirit, who had petitioned to be exchanged from regiments left at home to regiments engaged in the war.'

Well, I had an experience of thirteen years with the 93rd, commencing from the very time of which Mr. Kinglake writes, and during that period I served with it through two long and one short campaign, and should therefore be able to express an opinion as to the character of the regiment. I acknowledge that it was a *hot, impetuous* regiment, easy to lead, difficult to restrain, impatient if kept standing under fire, ready and eager to close with an enemy, confident in its own power, and with a supreme contempt of danger. I have seen the regiment both standing and lying down, under a fire of round shot, quietly, though not patiently; I have seen it advancing in majestic and unbroken line under a storm of round and grape shot; I have seen it twice assault fortified positions, and seen it fighting in a hand-to-hand struggle; and once I have seen it when threatened by advancing cavalry bring its line of

bayonets to the charge, and show an eager desire to meet the charging squadrons. So far, therefore, my experience is in support of Mr. Kinglake; but I cannot allow that the character of the 93rd was altered or affected by volunteers from other regiments. Before leaving England in the early part of 1854, the 93rd had received from the 42nd and 79th Regiments one hundred and seventy volunteers, which number raised the strength of the service companies to nine hundred and fifty men—that was the strength of head-quarters on arrival at Malta. It is therefore not quite fair to suppose or to state that, by the addition of one hundred and seventy men from two other corps, the character of a regiment could be changed or much influenced, which had in its ranks *seven hundred* and ninety of its *own* old soldiers, and particularly a regiment which had shown an individuality of character from its earliest history.

The fact is that the 93rd at that time was composed chiefly—and to a far greater extent than the other Highland regiments—of Gaelic speaking Highlanders—Celts, a race, as we know, noted for impatience under restraint, and for impetuosity in battle. During the six days between the landing in the Crimea and the battle of the Alma, the men of the 93rd were very silent, and appeared to me to be weary in mind and body, but the battle had an extraordinary effect upon their spirits; and it

was a subject on which they became eloquent; for round their bivouac fires during many nights after it there was a great amount of conversation and argument, maintained almost entirely in Gaelic; and the regiment retained this national constitution, this preponderance of Highlanders for years afterwards, and, even when I left the corps in 1867, many of the men and even of the non-commissioned officers could speak Gaelic. In 1850—51 there were so many Highlanders in the ranks who could not speak, and did not understand English, that the Secretary of State for War sanctioned fourpence a day as extra pay to four corporals to drill these men, and explain to them in Gaelic the English words of command.

CHAPTER IV.

Night of the 20th of September, 1854—Bivouac on the Battle-field—The Surgeons' Duties—The Cholera—Burial of the Dead—93rd Hospital—The Duke of Cambridge—Wounded Sent on Board Ship—French Ambulance Employed—The Advance to Katcha on the 23rd—Advance to Bilbec on the 24th—The Flank March on the 25th—Russian Rear-guard—A Dying Comrade—Reach the Valley of the Tchernaya—Take Balaklava on the 26th—Armies March to Heights above Sebastopol—The 93rd left at Balaklava—Bivouac amongst Vineyards—The Church as a Hospital—Major Banner—17th of October, First Bombardment—A Failure—Battle of Balaklava.

ON the night of the 20th the army bivouacked on the battle-field, many of the regiments surrounded by, or at least in close proximity to their own dead and wounded comrades. The Highland Brigade was fortunate in their bivouac, for the ground was comparatively clear and clean, and none of their dead or wounded were near them: the former had already been buried, and the wounded, numbering about one hundred, removed and comfortably provided for in the farm-houses down by the river. There were Russian dead lying out in front, and a few in rear of their bivouac, but the proximity of an enemy's dead does not disquiet you so much, as that of your own dead comrades, friends with whom you had lived in

fellowship, nay brotherhood, for years, and with whom you had been standing 'shoulder to shoulder' in battle only a few hours before, and who perhaps had fallen dead before or beside you without even a parting word.

During the sudden calm which follows the storm of battle, the ground on which it has been fought presents an appalling spectacle, and especially if witnessed for the first time. There appears to be such wreck and ruin on every side; rifles, equipment, head-gear, clothing, lie scattered all about; *here* the dead killed by bullet lie singly, or in twos and threes near each other; *there* they lie piled in heaps, mangled and torn by round shot and shell; *here* lies one who died in pain and agony, the eyes wide open, the teeth firmly clenched with lips drawn tightly over them; and near by, stretched upon his back, with placid expression on the pale face, and eyes closed as if in sleep, rests one whose death had been instantaneous and painless. 'Tis something terrible to look on, but the Surgeon is compelled to see and become acquainted with all this in searching for the wounded; he must look at everybody, even in a crowd of dead, for the least sign of animation: and thus he comes to understand whether or not death has been preceded by pain or suffering.

The whole night was spent by some Surgeons in seeking for, and attending to, the wounded of their regiments, but in the 93rd and other Highland regi-

ments, as our casualties were not so many as in others, the bands, working hard and fearlessly, were able to remove all the dead and wounded, while the fighting was going on, although three of their number were badly wounded while so employed.

Besides the discomfort and distress caused by being bivouacked in the midst of dead and wounded, the dreaded cholera appeared during the night in many regiments of the Light, Second, and Third Divisions. In the Highland Brigade, however, we had not a single case.

The 21st and 22nd were devoted to the burial of the dead, and to the removal of the wounded and sick. During both days, our hospital was visited by the officers of the regiment, and it was a satisfaction to me to observe their surprise, and hear their remarks on the comfortable shelter enjoyed by our wounded compared with other regiments, whose wounded were lying out on the bare hill-side; and my vanity may be forgiven when I say that it was a further satisfaction to me to feel that I had made a step towards gaining the confidence of officers and men, which, as I said before, I had resolved to do.

On the afternoon of the 22nd, as I was standing at the entrance to my hospital, having first paid a visit to my patients, to ascertain if they had all been fed, a body of staff-officers trotted into the enclosure, and amongst them was Dr. Gibson, who, calling me up to him, introduced me to the Duke of Cambridge, whom

I had not seen before. His Royal Highness asked several questions about our wounded. How many there were? How many would require to be carried on stretchers? How many could sit on mules? How many could walk? Having given him the necessary information, he desired me to have them ready to be moved, as conveyance would be sent for them later on in the afternoon. About an hour before sunset, a string of mules, with litters and cacolets, led by French soldiers (a portion of the French ambulance corps), arrived, and within half-an-hour our forty wounded men were on their way to be embarked on board ship.

On the 23rd, the allied armies moved on to the valley of the Katcha, and bivouacked for the night on the banks of the river, amidst orchards and extensive vineyards, the vines in which were drooping under the weight of splendid bunches of ripe grapes. On that day's march, and in our bivouac during the night, many cases of cholera occurred, but still we had none in the 93rd, and the men were in good spirits, if one might judge from the animated conversation kept up *in Gaelic* for hours round the bivouac fires. Here the Scots Greys joined the army, and as they rode past the Highland regiments there was an interchange of kindly national greeting.

On the morning of the 24th, just before resuming our march, a few sick were sent down to the mouth of the river, to be conveyed on board ship. Towards

the afternoon of this day, we reached the river Bilbec, where, again amongst orchards and vineyards, we bivouacked for the night. There cholera again visited us, but there was no case in the 93rd.

On the next day, the 25th, we made the celebrated flank-march, regiment following regiment in long, slender columns. It was a most harassing march; for, with great labour, we toiled up-hill, through forest and dense undergrowth, along a narrow path, in many places scarce discernible. We regimental officers had no knowledge as to whither we were going, or what we were going to do. We had heard of a star fort and other defensive works on the north side of Sebastopol harbour, and expected at every moment, and at every temporary halt, to receive orders to prepare for attack or assault. We had no idea that we were moving away from them in another direction, and with another object in view. During this march, we suffered terribly from the labour of pushing through the forest, from the overpowering heat—for not a breath of air penetrated the dense wood and undergrowth—and from want of water, for our little barrels were soon emptied, and we did not find a drop of water along our route, to replenish them with, or to quench our intolerable thirst. But I did not hear a word of complaint, except when one of our men fell down in the agonies of cholera, calling painfully and faintly for water, of which not one of us had a drop to give him.

We carried the poor fellow with us on a stretcher, but with the greatest difficulty, for it was as much as each man could do to push his own way along. Fortunately for the poor sufferer, and for those who had to carry him, he did not long survive, and we laid him to rest in a hastily-dug grave by the side of the path. This was the first case of cholera that had occurred since I joined the regiment, and we had no others until the 6th of October.

After toiling painfully upwards for several hours, we were roused into something like vigour by the sudden roar of several guns, and by a rattle of musketry at some distance in front of us. This proved to be a short affair between our leading battery of Horse Artillery, a party of the Rifle Brigade, and the rear and baggage-guards of the Russian Army retiring from Sebastopol. This occurred at or near MacKenzie's farm, on the great road leading from Sebastopol into the interior of the Crimea. From thence we descended by a long winding road down into the valley of the Tchernaya, and late at night bivouacked somewhere in the vicinity of the river; the 93rd on the summit of a hill, which I never could identify afterwards, but believe it was one of the Fedioukine hills. So tired and exhausted were the men that they threw themselves on the ground and refused to eat or drink, even to take their rum, an example of self-denial unusual amongst soldiers, no matter how tired or exhausted they may

be. I have made many a march, and some longer ones with the 93rd, but never saw the men so completely done as they were at the end of the famous flank march.

On the 26th we took possession of the town and harbour of Balaklava, after a show of resistance from an old fort on the height above and to the east of the town.

On the 27th, the army moved on to the heights above Sebastopol; the 93rd with several Turkish battalions, being left behind for the protection of the harbour of Balaklava and of the shipping. I have heard that the regiment was not specially detailed for this duty, but that Sir Colin having been ordered to detail *one* of the regiments of his brigade, had, in his desire to appear impartial and not to affront any one of the three corps, decided the matter by causing the commanding officers to draw lots, and that the lot fell to the 93rd to remain. This was naturally a great disappointment to the regiment, for, as all supposed we were going to take Sebastopol at once, *we* felt that having been one of the very first regiments despatched from England, and having borne the whole heat and burden of the campaign from the very commencement, it was hardly fair that we should be left behind and deprived of the crowning honour of being present at the capture of the great fortress.

As soon as we had taken possession of Balaklava

our ships entered the harbour; and a battalion of marines was landed to assist in the defence of the position. They, with two companies of the 93rd Regiment, under Brevet-Major Gordon, occupied the heights above the town, and overlooking a deep ravine on the east. The main body of the 93rd was bivouacked on the southern slope of a little eminence to the north of the village of Kadikoi, about half-a-mile from the head of the harbour, commanding the road from Balaklava to Sebastopol, and overlooking the plain of Balaklava; beyond which was a chain of low hills about one and a half or two miles distant from our position extending from our right front and sweeping in the form of an irregular semi-circle round to our left front. On this chain of hills, at various distances from each other, the Turks, under the directions of one of our engineer officers, commenced at once to throw up redoubts, three of which (those to our right front) being armed with guns. Our cavalry took up their position on the plain rather in advance and about three-quarters-of-a-mile to our left.

For the first ten days we were bivouacked in the open air on the hill-side, but as soon as the store ships could enter the harbour our tents and personal baggage and the men's packs were landed. The tents were acceptable, for the nights were beginning to be chilly, and clean clothes were fully appreciated, for we had not changed our underclothing from the

day we landed. Our rations continued to be insufficient, not perhaps as far as quantity, but certainly as far as nourishment was concerned. Many of the men, unable to eat the salt pork, lived on biscuit alone, which they soaked in water so as to soften it. At first we got no tea, coffee, rice, or sugar, and when these articles were supplied we had to find our own firewood, easy enough on our first arrival, but afterwards next to impossible ; for either we were not allowed, or thought we were not allowed, to cut down trees, or destroy buildings for the sake of the woodwork. The French were less scrupulous than we, for they cut down trees, rooted up vines, and carried off everything that could make a fire ; and many a time have I seen them cutting down trees while we stood looking on ; they understood campaigning, knew how to forage, how to cook, and how to make the most of scanty supplies, while we, who had not been instructed in the science and art of 'self help,' who believed that the only duty of a soldier was to fight, let many opportunities of improving our circumstances slip, which our wiser friends quickly took advantage of.

Fortunately, for the first ten days after we took up our position at Kadikoi, we were surrounded by vineyards, and as the vines were laden with grapes, our men ate abundantly of them, and were thus supplied with a vegetable diet of which they were so much in need. Many medical officers thought that the use of

the grape as food was injurious to the men, and was often followed by bowel complaint or cholera ; but I did not think so, and rather encouraged them (by precept and example) to eat, as, independently of their being good as food, the sweet juicy grapes were a pleasant addition to the dry biscuit. One thing never failed, and, except on the night after the flank march, never failed to be appreciated, and that was the ration of *rum* ; and our supply of water—clear, pure spring water—was always abundant.

The day after our arrival, I took possession of the church and priest's house at Kadikoi as a regimental hospital, and a house in the village, which I believe had been the resident of the major-commandant, as a hospital for officers. The church was locked, and I felt a little compunction in breaking it open, but the necessity of having a place of shelter for my sick was urgent. On entering, I saw several oil-paintings hanging on the eastern wall, and a small silver figure of the DEAD CHRIST in a glass frame above the altar. Pictures and figure were all taken care of, and removed some time afterwards by the Quartermaster-General's Department, and no doubt were eventually restored to the Russians.

The Provost-Marshal, who was an officer of the 93rd (rather, I thought, to the annoyance of Sir Colin), threatened to take both church and house from me because I had not obtained his permission to occupy them ; but, as I doubted the extent

of his authority, I went straight to Sir Colin, who gave me a written order to retain possession of both, and I did so, in spite of the Provost-Marshal, during the whole of the terrible winter of 1854—5. Many a life was thus saved. The majority of both officers and men of the regiment were suffering terribly at this time from bowel complaint and from skin eruptions, which were no doubt attributable to long-continued use of salt meat, want of vegetables, and sleeping on the bare ground; but the addition of grapes to their diet, and sleeping under the shelter of a roof, and on the dry wooden floors of the hospitals, was of benefit to the milder cases, though of little benefit to the more severe, many of which died eventually of scurvy and scorbutic dysentery, while the few that we were able to send away to Scutari and to England recovered, but never returned to the Crimea. For many weeks we had no hospital equipment, a very limited supply of medicines, and nothing but the ordinary ration to feed our sick on. However, I am rather anticipating events, and therefore will resume the record of my recollections from the commencement of October. During the first half of the month the weather was pleasant; bright, warm sunshine during the day was followed by a low temperature at night, accompanied by heavy dews, and, though the sudden alternations of temperature were not felt by and did not affect the few still strong and healthy, they were death to the weakly and suffering.

Knowing how advisable it was to give the men some protection from the damp and chilly night air, and calling to remembrance my Cape experiences, I proposed that the men should be encouraged to make little shelter-huts for themselves with the tendrils of the vines, or, failing this, that every two men should make a small tent with one blanket, a couch of vine-leaves underneath it, and use the other blanket and their great-coats as covering; but my suggestion was not acted on for several reasons, viz., it was thought that tents might be issued at any moment, and further, it was expected or hoped that our stay in the Crimea might be very short. This constant exposure and want of some protection from the night air cost poor Major Banner (93rd) his life. He had been ailing for some time, and should not have been allowed to accompany the expedition, but either the medical officer who was in charge of the regiment at the time of embarkation (Assistant-Surgeon Sinclair) was not fully aware of the state he was in, or he himself concealed the extent of his illness and suffering, lest it might have been decided that he should remain behind at Varna. On the morning of the 6th October, while I was standing beside and conversing with him, he was struck down by cholera. Fortunately, the single tent which we had as a hospital was available, and to this I had him carried. There we laid him, dressed in his uniform, upon a bed of straw, and, after several hours of great

suffering, he died. I remained with him during the whole time, and as I nursed and tended him he repeatedly, during the intervals of suffering, expressed his gratitude for my attention, and with his last breath prayed God to bless me. This was the second case of cholera that had occurred in the regiment since the date of landing, but it was followed by several others, which all proved fatal, except in the case of Lieutenant Clayhills, who, on his recovery, was sent home to England.

During the first half of the month of October some portion of the regiment was employed every day in landing stores at Balaklava. We had no military duty, except to furnish a picket at night. While we were so employed, the Turks were busy at work constructing and arming the redoubts on the chain of hills on the north side of the plain, and the artillery and sailors of the fleet were moving guns and ammunition past our position up to the heights above Sebastopol. This state of idleness or inactivity we varied by visits to Balaklava, where I endeavoured to make friends with the Commissariat, with a view to obtaining anything in the shape of fresh food for my sick, and of foraging on my own account.

On the 17th of October the first bombardment of Sebastopol commenced, and those of us who had ponies, and could get leave, rode up to see it, fully expecting the place would be in our possession before the close of the day—indeed, I myself was rather in

a hurry to start, fearing that all might be over before I reached the ground overlooking the city.

I arrived about three p.m. on the high ground behind our right attack, from whence I could see distinctly the whole of the British batteries on the right, and of the French on the left (the two armies had changed positions), and the combined fleets also, all pouring destruction, as I thought, on the devoted city and forts. But I was a little disappointed and surprised to see that the Russian batteries and forts kept up a steady fire in reply. I did not expect this, indeed thought that there was no doubt but that the allied batteries and fleets would sweep every obstacle before them, and speedily and surely crush all opposition. I saw several explosions take place in the French batteries, and two in the Russian works opposite ours, at which our gunners cheered so lustily that I believed the end had come. But still the roar of guns continued, and, before I left my point of observation towards sunset, I observed that the French batteries had ceased firing, as had the Russian batteries opposed to ours, and saw that the ships were gradually hauling out of action. I was a little bewildered, and began to understand that for that day at least the bombardment was not a success.

However, it never occurred to me that it was to be a failure altogether, and I returned day after day in the hope of being present to witness the assault or the surrender, until at last it came to be generally

suspected that a further bombardment, perhaps a prolonged investment, would be necessary, and that we should winter in the Crimea.

About the 10th of October, our tents were issued, and we formed our camp on the southern slope of the little hill on which we had bivouacked at first, and where we were destined to remain until the beginning of the following summer.

Nothing exciting occurred in our neighbourhood at Balaklava while the bombardment was going on, and it was not generally known to us that the enemy were assembled in force in the vicinity. But early on the morning of the 25th of October, just as the 93rd stood to their arms, as was usual, we heard the boom of a gun away to our right, quickly followed by the reports of others, and by wreaths of white smoke curling upwards in the still air of the grey dawn from No. 1 redoubt, and from the valley beyond it. This was the opening scene of the battle of Balaklava. I was standing with the regiment at the time, and remained with it to witness the battle from the firing of the first gun to the charge of the Heavy Cavalry Brigade.

After the first exchange of shots, the artillery fire became more rapid, and from a number of guns, under cover of which masses of Russian infantry advanced upon the redoubt from the hills and broken ground to the east, throwing out a cloud of skirmishers as they approached it, and while the guns in the redoubt

kept up a steady fire. But this did not arrest the Russians, who advanced quickly, swarmed round the base of the hill, ascended its sloping side, and threw themselves over the little earthwork into the redoubt. The Turks met them boldly, but, overwhelmed by numbers, were driven out of the work, not, however, until they had lost heavily in killed and wounded.

When the Turks were driven out of No. 1 redoubt, those holding Nos. 2, 3, and 4 retired also, and all, to the number of about a thousand, came streaming across the plain, pursued by Russian cavalry, in the direction of the 93rd, which was drawn up in line on the crest of the hill and above the regimental camp. With the 93rd there stood a small detachment of the Rifle Brigade, and of invalids sent up from Balaklava under Captain Inglis of the Rifle Brigade, and on either flank of this small British line was a battalion of Turks.* I do not remember, however, if the Turks, who had retired from the redoubts, stopped to form up with us, or continued their retreat to Balaklava, but rather think they continued their flight.

As soon as the Turks had abandoned the redoubts, a large body of Russian infantry appeared between Nos. 2 and 3, accompanied by artillery, which immediately opened fire upon our line, causing several casualties amongst us. Two men in the centre com-

* There was a detachment of the Guards in the line, but I did not see them.

pany of the 93rd were wounded; one of them, Charles McKay, had his foot and ankle shattered by a round shot, the other, whose name I have forgotten, was wounded on the knee by a fragment of shell. Several of the Turks also were wounded. Sir Colin, observing these casualties, ordered the line to retire a few paces and lie down under shelter of the hill. This movement was executed quickly, with a little noise and laughter amongst the men of the 93rd, and it appeared to me that this was the first thing that startled and shook the Turks, who formed part of the line. Possibly they had not heard the order to retire and lie down, or, if they had, did not understand it; but it appeared to me that they were taken by surprise when they saw the 93rd move quickly from the crest of the hill. They may have thought that it was a movement *en retraite*, as it was performed so suddenly and quickly. I acknowledge that I was a little surprised myself, for, though standing behind and close to the line, I never heard the order to retire.

While we lay under the crest of the hill, Captain Barker's battery on our left, and two guns on the high ground above and behind us, under the command of Lieutenant Wolf, Royal Artillery (an old Halifax friend of mine) kept up a fire on the Russian column, and I saw two of Wolf's shells burst beautifully, close over the very centre of the column, which, with their artillery, immediately retired to the north side of the

redoubts out of range of our guns and out of our sight.

As the infantry retired, a great body of Russian cavalry came into view (that is, into our view, for those on the high ground behind us and on the Chersonese heights must have seen them all the morning) and rode slowly down towards the plain. As it did so a regiment detached itself from the main body, and rode down into the plain in our direction at a brisk pace which soon increased to a gallop. But it did not strike me that they were advancing in any great haste, at such a pace as to disorder their ranks, or with such an impetus as would render it difficult to halt easily or incline to one side or the other. It was not like the grand, headlong charge of our own Heavy Brigade which we were to witness shortly after.

When it became quite certain that they were riding down straight in our direction, Sir Colin ordered the 93rd, the Turks, and detachments to re-form line on the crest of the hill, and, just as we had done so, the two companies of the regiment which had been detached to the heights under Brevet-Major Gordon arrived and took up their position in the line. I think Sir Colin had sent to recall these two companies, and the messenger was a Pole, an officer in the Turkish army, who was attached to us in some capacity—interpreter probably,—and, if I remember rightly, he seemed to me to go on this duty very unwillingly, as he was afraid of losing an opportunity of killing a Russian by going on foot (for his horse had

been killed) up to the top of the heights. He went, however, and returned in time to take his place in the line with his double-barrelled gun, and to do his best to kill one or more of his deadly foes, and I believe he succeeded.

Having formed line, the 93rd stood quite steady and silent, looking intently to their front, their eyes riveted on the approaching cavalry, and (as far as I could ever understand from the men afterwards) with a certain feeling of doubt as to what the Russian horsemen meant to do, what the real object of their advance was. Their rapid approach did not disturb our men in the least, but it had the effect on the Turks of making them unsteady, and this unsteadiness increased until at last, after they had fired a volley, they turned, broke from their ranks, disappeared from the crest of the hill, and bolted through our camp down into the vineyards towards Balaklava. What befel them in their flight, how they were most ignominiously beaten by Kokana (Mrs.) Smith of the 93rd, I have told in my '*Reminiscences of Service with the 93rd Highlanders.*' Kokana is still alive, and was seen not ong ago by Colonel Joyner, late of the 93rd.

As the Turks disappeared from our flanks, Sir Colin rode along our front and said, 'Steady 93rd, for, if necessary, every man of you must die where he stands;' and the universal and cheery 'Ay, ay, Sir Colin, we'll do that,' must have told the old chief that he might place every confidence in the regiment.

It was a noble sight, that thin, red line of Highlanders, standing 'shoulder to shoulder,' prominent before three armies, silent, watchful, and confident in themselves. They were in excellent spirits, cheerful, perfectly free from all anxiety, all thought as to their isolated and critical position, and seemed rather pleased that they were alone, and that everything depended on themselves. I do not think there was a single man in the ranks that ever once thought of yielding a foot of ground, that felt, even for a moment, the least inclination to flinch, to turn aside before the charge of the rapidly-advancing cavalry ; on the contrary, they seemed to have settled themselves firmly on the spot with a stern resolve to receive the shock of the coming charge, and to accept a hand-to-hand struggle. They stood (as I have said) steady and silent, their hearts still beating quietly, for nothing had yet occurred to set their blood in rapid motion. But when Sir Colin thought that our Minie rifles might reach the dense, advancing mass, he ordered the line to fire a volley, and in a moment the bayonets flashed in the sunlight as the rifles were brought to the present, and a crashing volley delivered. But when the smoke had cleared away and we saw the cavalry still advancing, and faster too, a second volley rang forth, and, when the smoke caused by it blew aside, we observed that there was a little hesitation, a little unsteadiness in the enemy's ranks, and that they were inclining, at first slightly, then more decidedly to our right, as if to

avoid the fire of the whole line, or recoil from the attack. Then burst from the line a cheer, the pulse began to beat fast, and the impetuous nature of the regiment showed itself, for the rifles were brought down to the charge with a ring, and the men made a step forward as if they would meet the enemy with the bayonet; but again old Sir Colin rode to the front and called out, in his short, decided manner, 'Come, come, 93rd, none of that; d—n all such eagerness,' and the men were quiet and steady in a moment. Meantime the cavalry had swerved away to their own left, and it appeared as if they meant to ride round our right flank and get behind us; but the Grenadiers, under Captain Ross, brought their left shoulders forward, showed a front to the enemy, and poured a volley into their right flank. This caused them to wheel round by their left and ride off the field, followed by a wild burst of cheering from the 93rd, which from that day has been spoken of as the 'Thin Red Line.'

While this combat was going on, the main body of Russian cavalry had been moving westward down towards the plain, in the direction of our cavalry division, and, at the same time, our First and Fourth Divisions could be seen moving down to the plain from the Chersonese heights. .

The splendid and victorious charge of our Heavy Brigade is almost forgotten now, and as I endeavoured to describe it, as seen from where the 93rd stood, in my former book, and further as it

forms no part of the history of the 93rd Regiment, and is not directly connected with my own personal service, I do not introduce a description of it here.

It is sufficient to say that we watched the headlong charge of the Greys and Inniskillings, and the apparently unequal combat, intently; and when we saw the Russian cavalry retiring, and our red-coats riding behind and round them in pursuit, the 93rd became as joyous and excited as when they had repulsed the cavalry charge against themselves, and sent a cheer across the plain in greeting to their gallant countrymen.

About an hour after this event, the brilliant and famous charge of the Light Brigade took place, but that we could not see from where we stood, as it was in the valley on the north side of the ridge of heights on which the Turkish redoubts stood.

The battle of Balaklava was over by the afternoon; the Russians were driven back, or rather their advance was arrested, a portion of their cavalry had been repulsed by infantry, and the main body of it defeated by our Heavy Brigade; but they had destroyed our Light Brigade, and retained possession of the redoubts Nos. 1, 2, and 3, with the guns which were mounted in them.

CHAPTER V.

Wounded of the Light and Heavy Cavalry—Administrative Medical Officers—Position of Highland Brigade—Plan—Battle of Inkerman—Our Sufferings begin—Extreme discomfort in Tents—Starvation—Clad in Rags—Scurvy—Constant Storms—Supplies Arrive in January and February, 1855—Two Royal Commissions—The Sanitary Commissioner—Things on the Mend—The Reconnaissance—Men again Appear in Kilts—Taken ill Myself in March.

DURING and after the battle of Balaklava the many wounded of both the Heavy and Light Cavalry (and there were a number of terribly wounded) were brought down to Kadikoi, and attended to by their regimental surgeons, in the presence, and assisted by the advice of Dr. Macdonnel, the able Principal Medical Officer of the cavalry division; occasionally interrupted, and a little impeded in their work by the interference of another officer of administrative rank who came amongst us without any authority that we were aware of, for he was not attached to either the cavalry or first division, and who, dressed in spotless frock-coat, and well-kept cocked hat, and sword tucked under his arm, strutted about with pompous and conceited air, from one scene of operation to another, expressing his opinion, giving advice, indeed occasionally giving orders. Those who were only

looking on, and those even who were busy and saw him only for a moment, could not repress a smile. He stood over me, not rendering any assistance though, while I amputated a leg; and as I finished patted me patronisingly on the back, saying at the same time, 'Well behaved, sir, very well behaved,' just as an admiring looker-on in the hunting-field would call out to a fellow who stuck to a bucking horse, or who had taken a fence well, or to one who had performed some great physical feat.

It is a difficult thing to fill well the position of a Principal Medical Officer, and, though I have served under and known some excellent ones, I have also found it not uncommon for officers in that position to forget that one of their chief duties is to help, not hinder medical officers serving under them; to encourage and assist them with kindly advice, and not to exercise their authority over them in a harsh offensive manner. The great majority of the Principal Medical Officers in the Crimea had never seen a gunshot wound before the battle of the Alma; had never performed a capital operation, and yet they exercised supervision over, and gave directions to those who had seen wounds in previous campaigns, and performed the gravest operations.

If Principal Medical Officers are well up in their profession, and thoroughly conversant with military departmental details, they have constant opportunities of imparting their knowledge to those serving under

them, and should do so in a courteous manner; and at the same time it would be well for them not to ignore the possibility that amongst those serving under them there may be some able men, even perhaps abler than themselves.

The day before the battle of the Alma, a circular was issued by the Principal Medical Officer of the army cautioning regimental surgeons against the use of chloroform; the caution almost amounting to a prohibition of its use, at least no surgeon could have been blamed if, with that circular before him, he had declined to use chloroform. This certainly was a mistake, and an unnecessary interference with the regimental surgeons, who were, or should have been, men of experience, responsible for their acts, and for the treatment and management of their wounded. Indeed, it was unwise to issue any instructions which might have been accepted as a prohibition of the use of an anæsthetic which would alleviate the suffering of a wounded soldier who was to undergo amputation of a shattered limb, even though a little danger might attend its administration.

However, I do not know if any regimental surgeons were influenced by the circular, or deterred by it from using chloroform—I was *not*, but administered it in every case of operation after the battle, and in every operation I have performed since then (they were a good many), and never had a case in which chloroform proved in any way injurious; on the con-

trary, I always found it a blessing both to the man to be operated on, and to the operator.

The Principal Medical Officers who accompanied the army to the Crimea, with one or two exceptions, had not had any previous training on active service. They had, during the whole of their career until then, been engaged in office work, overlooking reports and checking expenditure, and the man who performed these duties satisfactorily was considered a good officer.

During the winter of 1854, regimental surgeons were often harassed with returns and reports called for; and those of us who had lost our hospital sergeants had to prepare them ourselves; and many a time had I to sit up, till after midnight, to make out some return which might, or might not have been necessary—might not, I thought—but which caused me labour and sorrow.

On one occasion an unnecessary return (proved to be so after), and a very troublesome one to compile, was called for by the Principal Medical Officer of the first division, a very kind, easy young man who lived to attain high rank in the department, and the honours of the Bath—I prepared this return myself with much midnight labour, and dispatched it without delay. But, after an interval of several days, I received a memorandum reminding me of the return, to which I replied that it had already been submitted to him. After another interval of days, I received a second

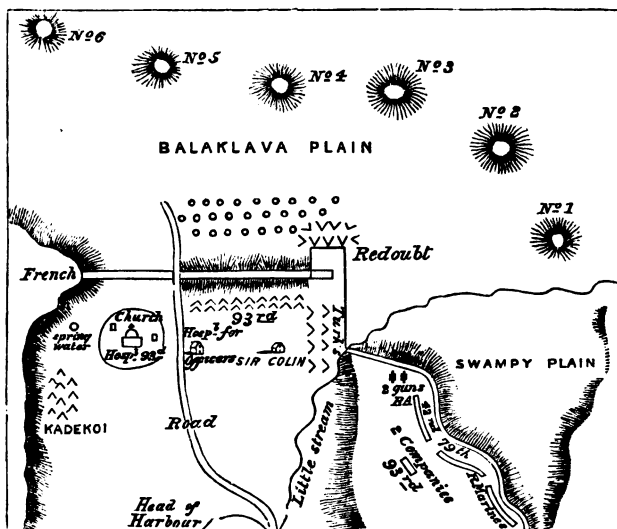
and more peremptory memorandum, which I answered as I had the first. After another interval of days the Principal Medical Officer appeared in person and insisted on my furnishing the return, as the copy *said to have been forwarded* had not reached him; but while he was speaking he took from the inner pocket of his coat a bundle of papers amongst which he said there was one that would interest me. There was indeed, for in the bundle was my missing return. He was in the habit of putting correspondence into his pocket and forgetting all about it, though he did not willingly acknowledge it. The same thing happened to me once in India, and on the occasion my name was mentioned in orders as the only medical officer with the army who had failed to comply with a general order. I was naturally much annoyed, and went down to the office tent of the Principal Medical Officer of my division, to whom I submitted the return for transmission to head-quarters, and there found my letter unopened, and at the same time learned that the Principal Medical Officer had been absent the previous day, and was absent then, amusing himself with Dr. Russell at Lucknow. I went straight to the Adjutant-General, and explained the matter to him, so as to exonerate myself. I mention these two circumstances just to show how regimental surgeons were, in those days, not only not assisted, but often hindered by Principal Medical Officers.

On the evening after the battle of Balaklava, the

42nd and 79th were again placed under Sir Colin Campbell's orders, and with the 93rd, a battalion of Marines, and a body of Turks formed the defensive force for Balaklava in front and along the heights on the east of the town, while General Vinoy with a French division formed the defensive force on the west, and connected our position with the army on the Chersonese heights.

The 93rd remained on their old ground (Highlander's Hill) the most advanced position of our line of defence, and I suppose the key of the whole position, round the town and harbour of Balaklava. Next to the 93rd down in a hollow were the Turks; higher up on the hill were artillery and the 42nd, higher up still the 79th, and on the topmost heights the Marines. Extending from the road (leading from Balaklava to the front) which passed by the left shoulder of Highlander's Hill, on the southern slope of which stood the 93rd camp, right up along the eastern face of the heights, a trench was cut, and a parapet thrown up, as a defensive work. On the right shoulder of the hill, that sloped abruptly down to a swampy plain through which flowed a stream, a redoubt or fort was formed in which guns were mounted, and which was protected in front by a strong abattis and by Trous-de-Coups. The accompanying plan, drawn from memory, while giving some idea of our position and lines of defence, is intended chiefly to show the position held by the 93rd, the

church and house which we used as hospital, and the cottage in which Sir Colin lived.



The four corps occupied these relative positions during the winter of 1854—5. At first all were in tents, but, early in 1855, occupied wooden huts erected by themselves out of material which had been collected on the Bosphorus by Lord Raglan's order, or with material sent from home. The Turks remained under canvas in the low ground below the 93rd during the first part of the winter, but were removed in the early spring, whither I know not.

On the 5th of November was fought the great battle of Inkerman. We heard the roar of artillery and saw part of Prince Gortsachoff's army corps in

the valley under the Inkerman heights, and were ourselves under arms during the day ; but we did not know that a battle was being fought until the evening. The first I heard of it was from Major Greville, one of Sir George Cathcart's aides-de-camp.

Very soon after this, our sufferings commenced. We experienced frequent heavy rain with strong gales of wind. On the 11th, 12th, and 13th of November the wind blew in fitful gusts, increasing in force each day until the 14th, on the morning of which day it blew a hurricane, though fortunately the cold was not great. Our tents were thrown down and many of them rent in pieces ; kilts, blankets, and other articles were blown away and never recovered : the ships in the harbour, driven against each other, sustained much damage, and so tremendous was the force of the gale that steamers lying outside in the roadstead had to steam up to their anchors ; the *Prince*, a large sailing vessel, laden with clothing and other stores for the army, went down at her anchor ; others similarly freighted dragged their anchors or snapped their chains and were driven on shore to become total wrecks.

Our men were by this time almost in rags, for they had been ten months in the field under canvas. They had no change of clothes, and those who had lost their kilts made their appearance with blankets folded round their bodies ; their trews were worn out, and darned and patched in a dozen places ; their

shoes scarcely held together ; their socks were all in holes, and whatever underclothing they still had was filthy, and had to be carefully searched every day for vermin. The ground round and in our camp was a sea of mud, almost as bad under our tents as outside ; and on this the men had to lie down at night, shivering in their wet clothes, and with their dead-cold feet cramped and pained by their hard, wretched shoes. The food was execrable, consisting of hard biscuit and salt meat, often without tea or coffee or sugar or rice, and when these articles were issued no fuel to cook with was supplied, and it was almost impossible at this time for the men to procure fuel. Many of the men never tasted anything but biscuit and rum, and those who were not blessed with good teeth had to steep the biscuit in water before they could eat it. How so few died, or rather how so many lived, I cannot tell. At the same time they had to undergo great exposure and fatigue during the day, to help to unload ships in Balaklava, and to carry up shot and shell and biscuit for the troops before Sebastopol. This necessitated a walk of altogether ten or twelve miles through mud and soft clay ankle-deep : and this on empty stomachs, and with no prospect of finding anything to satisfy the cravings of their empty stomachs on return to camp ; and, if such was the case with us who were near the base of supplies, what must it have been with those who almost lived in the trenches before

Sebastopol? We too had our night duties, for we were always on the alert, and had to furnish strong outlying pickets at night, for the enemy was in force not far from us, and might attack at any moment.

I have now before me a letter and copious extracts from a journal kept by a non-commissioned officer (afterwards an officer) of the regiment, and copy the following short remarks—‘very cold’—‘hungry’—‘tired’—‘exhausted’—‘no tea, no coffee or sugar, nothing but hard biscuit and salt meat which we cannot eat’—‘work all day and constant night duties’—‘no sleep’—‘never dry.’ No wonder that early in December men presented themselves to me with signs of scurvy: tender, bleeding gums, spots of discolouration upon their limbs; and with scorbutic dysentery; while others were brought from camp, from guard, from night picket, wet, cold, benumbed, to be laid down on the floor of the church in their damp, miserable rags, and to die of cholera; others to linger for days with typhoid fever; and often men passed away from sheer exhaustion. I had no means of treating such cases, medicine was of no earthly use. What was wanted was food, nourishment, and stimulants; but I had none of these; nothing but the ordinary rations. And just thus at that time many a life was sacrificed, simply from starvation.

But when matters were at their very worst, when a gloom hung like a pall over the army famishing for want of food, and shivering in rags, while exposed

to all the fury of the elements, but struggling manfully and loyally to maintain the siege and without a thought of failure ; when sickness laid us low in thousands, and our hospitals were full to overcrowding ; when death stalked grimly through our ranks, and carried off his victims daily by the hundred—then there came a letter from the Queen, an extract of which was given me to read to the sick in the hospital. And, while I read the kindly message, there was a perfect silence round me. The sick and suffering ceased their moaning and sat up to listen ; even the dying feebly turned their heads, and for a moment a gleam of consciousness shone in their glazing eyes, as they heard and appreciated the words of sympathy and encouragement addressed to her soldiers by their Queen. They were welcome words as the first signs of sympathy that reached us in our sufferings, and told us that we were not forgotten.

My senior-assistant (Sinclair) was sent home ill, threatened with consumption, of which he eventually died. My second assistant (Menzies) had to go down to Scutari for rest, food, shelter, and warmth, for he was suffering terribly from dysentery, but he returned to duty, though scarcely fit for it. My third assistant (Pollard) was detached with two companies of the regiment to the heights. Three hospital sergeants in succession were invalided, quite broken down ; and a fourth, Sergeant Graham, a volunteer for the duty, was stricken down by fever. The orderlies sickened

one after another, some to die and others to be sent away from the Crimea, so that I had a constant change of these. With one hundred and fifty sick, often two hundred (cases of scurvy, dysentery, fever), crowded into the hospital, to watch and nurse and try to feed ; with frequent change of sergeants and orderlies, whom I had to teach their duties ; with returns and reports to prepare and a certain correspondence to keep up, I had more work than I could do. I had no time to sleep, and many a night I passed without closing my eyes. I did not feel the strain at first, for I was young, but I knew that I was too much in the hospital amongst the sick, breathing the impure air, handling the sick and dying, even examining the dead, to ascertain the *morbid appearances*, effects of disease ; and some remarkable effects I saw, which, however, are not fit to be told in a book like this.

Starved like all others, I knew that I should not be able to continue long to labour thus, but was resolved not to spare myself, to stick to my post as long as possible, to risk health, even life in the service of my regiment, for it was only my duty to do so.

I went to Sir Colin Campbell, and told him that the men were dying from starvation. He desired me to address him in writing. I did so, and he, taking my report with him, went up to head-quarters, but came back in very bad humour, sent for me, and told me that neither my report nor his own representation

met with much attention, because matters at the front were worse even than with us. 'But,' he said, 'there is every certainty of early improvement.'

In November and December, rain, sleet, and snow fell alternately, but, as the ground had not been previously hardened by frost, it was converted into liquid clay. During these months sick and wounded in great numbers were sent away from the Crimea, mournful processions of them, some on horseback, some in the French mule litters and cacolets, and some in our own huge ambulance wagons, passing by our camp nearly every day on their way to Balaklava, to be sent to Scutari. Some confusion occurred in these embarkations—whose fault it was, I do not know—but Lord Raglan, on the occasion of one of his visits to Balaklava, found a lot of sick waiting on the open exposed wharf, for whom apparently no arrangements had been made. He was very angry, and the weight of his displeasure fell on the Medical Department, although to it the blame could hardly have been imputed. That was the only time I ever saw Lord Raglan near. After that, strict orders were issued that sick or wounded should not be sent from camp without proper application made, and distinct instructions received as to day and hour of embarkation, before the men left their respective camps.

Very shortly after the appearance of this order, I had occasion to send away a number of sick, but asked for the necessary permission, and received the

order specifying the day and hour when the party was to arrive at Balaklava. Punctual to time I despatched my sick under the charge of a medical officer, and followed the party myself. But on arrival at Balaklava, the Principal Medical Officer was not to be found; there was no embarkation officer present, and no boats ready. Just at that moment Drs. Hall and Dumbreck made their appearance, and, seeing my men waiting on the wharf, the latter officer broke out on *me* in great wrath; but I produced my order, pointed out that I had more than obeyed instructions, for I had sent a medical officer with the party (which was not required by the instructions), and even came down myself. This exonerated me; but the Principal Medical Officer of Balaklava, who should have made the necessary arrangements and been present, when found had to bear the full blame. He was a very good fellow, and an excellent medical officer, but was fond of society and conversation, and of a glass of champagne too, and, forgetting my invalids, had gone off to a lunch-party on board of one of the ships in harbour.

Of the hospitals in Balaklava, on the heights above the town, and of those at Scutari and other places on the Bosphorus, I say nothing, as I had no personal knowledge or experience of them. Of all the regimental hospitals in the Crimea during the winter of 1854—5, the 93rd had the largest and the most comfortable. Others thought we were fortunate, and I acknowledged it, in having at

once after arrival taken possession of the church.

In January, 1855, things began to improve a little. Occasionally we had a couple of days' frost with sunshine, which hardened the ground and gave us time to dry our clothing and our boots and shoes. Warm clothing arrived both as public and private supply, better food, with compressed vegetables, was issued to the troops, and a supply of lime-juice was added to the ration. Wood was procured to erect huts, but the labour of bringing it up from Balaklava was so great that I think the men would have been contented to live in their tents, rather than bring it up to camp. Boards and trestles were supplied for hospitals, but without bedding, therefore not of much use to me, for the wooden floor of the church was as soft a couch as the boards supplied. At the same time, a Purveyor with *hospital comforts* for the sick arrived, and was ready to give these to any medical officer who would give a receipt, and take the things away himself, for he (the Purveyor) had no transport at his disposal to send his supplies to the different regimental hospitals. For my own part, having found a little two-wheeled Maltese cart by the roadside, I appropriated it, extemporised rope harness, and yoked one of my best ponies to the cart, and by this means brought up any supplies I could get, preserved soups and meats, tins of milk, of soft biscuits, pots of jam, bottles of jelly, etc., and firewood and charcoal; but the quantities of these things I was able to bring up

were altogether insufficient for the numbers of sick in my hospital. I continued to do this until my cart went to pieces and my pony was ruined.

In January the climate was very variable; at times we had rain, sleet, and heavy drizzling fogs, at other times the cold was intense, with high piercing wind. Sickness and mortality were on the increase. Deaths occurred every day from scurvy, and from typhoid fever, the latter caused by the filthy state of the ground in and around our camps, and by the number of dead men and animals that were lying on and close under the surface; and so ignorant were we at that time of the science of sanitation that few medical officers knew anything about it, and those who proposed anything in that way met with no support.

I am only, of course, writing of what came under my own observation, and of the doings and sufferings of my own regiment, but the sufferings of the 93rd and of the troops at Balaklava were, I am aware, infinitely less than those endured by the regiments encamped on the bare, exposed heights above Sebastopol; their exposure, their labour, their duties, their difficulties with regard to food, fuel, shelter, and clothing far exceeded ours, and their sickness and mortality were far greater, and yet what we suffered was bad enough. The three Highland regiments protecting Balaklava were never very seriously reduced in numbers, and were at all times fit for more serious duty than they had to perform. They were

near the base of supply, were better, or at least more regularly, fed than any other portion of the army, had no duty or fighting in the trenches, and had warm underclothing, warm coats, and extra blankets issued to them sooner than other regiments.

In December and January the cavalry horses and the transport animals showed evident signs of starvation, and numbers of the former died from absolute want of food, and of the latter from want of food and overwork; even while I saw with my own eyes trusses of compressed hay floating about in the harbour. The large horses of the heavy cavalry were just bags of bones, and the loss of the hair of mane and tail gave them a still more shadowy appearance. I do not know whether or not the cavalry might have shown a little more power of 'self-help,' or might not have brought sufficient hay up for themselves, as they were collected in the valley around Kadikoi, and not distant from the landing-place at Balaklava more than three-quarters-of-a-mile. I remember that the horses of Captain Barker's battery were not only kept in good condition, but under cover of sheds which I suppose the men of the battery had erected themselves. However, I shall say no more on this subject, as it is travelling within the sphere of matters of which I am supposed to have no knowledge.

Early in the winter Sir Colin endeavoured to provide underground accommodation for the 93rd by causing the men of the regiment to cut a deep

broad chamber on the south side of the hill, which was covered over with planks overlaid with a layer of earth a foot in depth. This proved a failure, though it might have proved a success, if more care had been bestowed on its construction. The men occupied it for a couple of nights, but were both blown out and flooded out. At the time I did not know the faults of construction, but afterwards, as I gained experience, came to understand them. They were as follows: The openings of entrance were too large, and faced to the north, the quarter whence wind, rain, and snow came, and, as these openings into this long vault could not be closed, indeed were not intended to be closed, so that the men might run out quickly on the least alarm, wind, rain, and snow had free access. The roof also was too flat, and the earth laid on the planks was not beaten down and plastered with clay, so as to make it water-tight. I do not wish to blame anybody for the failure, but I think that neither the officers nor the men of the regiment took sufficient interest in the work, and perhaps they really did not understand how to construct it. It was vacated, allowed to remain open and empty, and afforded the men an opportunity of grumbling at the loss of labour which it had cost them, and of irreverently speaking of it as 'Campbell's folly,' although it certainly was not Sir Colin's fault that it was a failure. Early in the winter a detachment of sailors had made a burrow for themselves

lower down on the side of the hill, in which they were warm, dry, and comfortable; but their entrance was on the south side, sheltered from wind and rain. If we had done the same, sloped our roof, and plastered it over, our larger burrow would have been habitable, and perhaps comfortable also.

In February, 1855, we were visited by two 'Royal Commissions,'—the first composed of Sir John McNeill and Colonel Tulloch, to inquire into our commissariat system, and to re-model our military hospitals. By Sir Colin's order, I waited on Sir John McNeill, told him what I knew of our regimental hospitals and of our field medical arrangements, and suggested for his consideration the advisability of collecting from all regimental surgeons information as to these arrangements, and especially with regard to hospital accommodation, transport for sick and wounded, supplies of nourishment, medical comforts and medicines. He followed my suggestion to some extent, sending out a list of questions to be answered by regimental medical officers.

Soon after came another Commission to inquire into the sanitary condition of our camps. With this Commission was Dr. Sutherland, from whom and from whose inspection of the camp of the 93rd I learned my first lesson in the science of sanitation, and which I was to find useful in after years.

By this time we had completed a metal road from Balaklava to Kadikoi, which, by the assistance of the

French, was extended to the foot of the Chersonese heights. This road proved of great use until a line of railway was completed some time in March or the beginning of April.

Towards the end of February there was a decided improvement in the health of the 93rd. The hospital was, indeed, full during the month of cases of scurvy and fever, but the numbers reported sick were fewer every day, and there were fewer deaths, and occasionally a jest and laugh might be heard in the camp. But though throughout the whole of that terrible winter (till the end of February) mirth and laughter were never heard, still complaints or grumbling were never heard, and the men not only bore their miseries patiently and silently, but never by word or sign allowed it to be thought that they were not determined to carry the siege and the war to a successful end. Never before or since have I seen men reduced to such straits as the British soldiers were, in the Crimea, but in spite of their rags, and their gaunt and wretched appearance, there was a majesty in their bearing which inspired respect, and a display of lofty courage and endurance which drew forth the admiration of all who witnessed it. It was wonderful, and if the people of England could only have seen their soldiers battling against the elements, against starvation, against the extremes of bodily discomfort and misery, and holding their ground, as if they were masters, against enormous odds, their compassion for

them, great as it was, would have been a thousand times greater, and their pride in their heroism and their gratitude for their noble devotion would have known no limit. Indeed, they did show their appreciation, for, independently of Government supplies, vast stores of warm clothing, food, wine, and even delicacies were sent out to us by the 'Crimean Army Fund.'

On the evening of February 19th, 1855, Sir Colin sent for me, and desired me to make what medical preparations I could, and be ready to accompany the regiment, as he intended to move out from our entrenchments with the Highland Brigade about ten o'clock p.m., possibly to fight. He said, 'I wish you to go yourself, and not to send an assistant only. You may take one, but I require you to be present with the regiment.'

I was ready before the hour named, and with Menzies (one of my assistants) and my stretcher-bearers (the band) moved up to the little redoubt or fort on the right front of our camp, behind which the regiment was to fall-in; but it was snowing so heavily at the time, and continued to snow so heavily for a couple of hours, that it was impossible to move, indeed to see. By midnight it had ceased to snow, and we started, led and piloted by a guide; but by that time a keen north wind had risen, and swept with bitter intensity over the plain, driving before it clouds of icy particles, which pricked our faces and hands like a shower of needles. But swiftly and

silently we moved on in the darkness, and, just as day began to break, found ourselves, with our battery of artillery, on some high ground overlooking the Russian position in and around the village of Tchorgoun, to attack which was the object of our midnight *reconnaissance*. The Russians were taken by surprise, for we could see them turning out of their huts and hurriedly forming up.

There we remained some time, each side watching the other, until Sir Colin gave the order to retire. The intention was that a British force consisting of the Highland Brigade, cavalry, and a battery of artillery, under Sir Colin, supported by (or accompanied by) a French force under General Vinoy, should have attacked the Russian position, but an order suspending the movement, in consequence of the weather, had reached General Vinoy, but not Sir Colin, who carried out his orders, expecting to be joined by the French at daylight on the appointed ground. When we were half way back to camp, we saw General Vinoy with his Division coming out to cover our retrograde movement.

I was very glad indeed that there was no fighting, for it was too cold to be wounded, and too cold to attend to wounded. On reaching camp I had to lie down and cover myself up for a couple of hours, in order to restore the circulation in my nearly frozen feet and limbs, for, having sprained my ankle in the dark, I was obliged to ride.

In March, our soldiers once more appeared in the familiar red coat, and the Highland regiments resumed the kilt and feather bonnet, and looked as grand and imposing as ever, and with an effective strength not much impaired, owing to the arrival of drafts from home during the winter and spring. In the 93rd, old soldiers were still in excess of young.

In December, 1854, a draft consisting of two officers (Lieutenants Ball and Kirby) and forty men from home, and one officer (Ensign McBean) and fifty men who had been left at Varna, joined head-quarters in the Crimea; and in February, 1855, another draft of fifty-four men under Lieutenant Grimston joined the regiment.

Of all the regiments that spent the first winter in the Crimea, the 93rd had the best hospital accommodation. The church and priest's house afforded room for two hundred sick, and in the latter there were three rooms which enabled me to separate the worst cases from the others.

Unfortunately I have not in my possession the necessary returns and reports to show the relative strength of fighting men and the proportion of sickness and mortality in different corps; but in the 93rd, from October, 1854, to the end of March, 1855, the average duty strength was nearly five hundred and sixty rank and file; and the total sickness and mortality during the same period was nine hundred and sixty-nine admissions to hospital and eighty-eight deaths.

Of the hospitals on the Bosphorus, and the sickness and mortality in them, I can say nothing on my personal authority; nor can I say anything of the lady-nurses. I only met Miss Nightingale once, and no lady-nurse was ever attached to the 93rd hospital. Perhaps they thought we were too comfortable to need their help.

On the 29th of March I rose from my blankets apparently in good health, and performed all my hospital and other duties, but by the evening I was lying on a cot in a small room in the priest's house ill with fever, and insensible. There I lay prostrate, weak, useless for five weeks, at one time, and nigh unto death. At the end of this time I was put on board ship and sent home, to my great disappointment and sorrow; and though I propose to continue without interruption the record of the regiment during my absence, I cannot do so on my own personal knowledge.

That period of five weeks was the only time during the thirteen years I served with the 93rd that I was not fit to do my duty to the regiment, and the only time—and I say it with thankfulness—that I was unfit to do my duty to the public during a total service of thirty-seven years.

CHAPTER VI.

First Expedition to Kertch—The Return to Balaklava—Second Expedition—Rendezvous in Kasatch Bay—Sebastopol by Moonlight—A Sortie—Expedition Sails—Capture of Kertch and Yenikale—Throw up New and Repair old Lines—Aspect of Country—Return to Balaklava—First Division before Sebastopol—18th of June—Guards and Highlanders in Reserve—Death of Lord Raglan—Macgowan, 93rd, Wounded and taken Prisoner—His Death—The Tchernaya—Highland Division, 42nd, 72nd, 79th, and 93rd—8th of September—Repulse at the Redan—Highlanders to the Front.

ON the 1st of May, 1855, the 93rd received orders to prepare for immediate embarkation, as part of a force to be composed of the 42nd, 71st, and 93rd, under Brigadier-General Cameron, and of two companies of the Rifle Brigade, and two batteries of Royal Artillery; the whole to be under the command of Major-General Sir G. Brown, K.C.B. This little contingent was to act in concert with a French division. *

* In 1855, a royal warrant was issued reducing service in the army to twelve years, with the option of re-engaging to complete twenty-one years for pension. This was the first step towards the short-service system. The dress of the army also underwent a great change. The tunic was introduced, instead of the coatee, and epaulettes and wings were abolished. The tunic was double-breasted, but in the following year it was altered to a single-breasted garment. In Highland regiments diamond-shaped buttons were worn with the double-breasted tunic of 1855; but the ordinary round button for the single-breasted one of 1856. In the space of three years, therefore, officers had to get as many new coats—at least I had—a considerable expense!!

On the 3rd of May the embarkation of the British contingent took place in Balaklava harbour, the 93rd being put on board the *Vesuvius*. The little fleet sailed at sunset, heading to the west and north-west, as if making for Eupatoria, but during the night changed its course, and on the following morning joined the French contingent opposite to the entrance to the Straits of Kertch; the combined fleet numbering about forty vessels, including war-ships and transports, and having on board altogether about ten thousand troops.

The fleet had scarcely reached the rendezvous when it was recalled. The British vessels and contingent returned to Balaklava. The troops landed on the 7th of May, and the Highland regiments re-occupied their old lines at Kadikoi, and on the heights above Balaklava, and resumed their former routine of duty.

On the 21st of May, orders were again received to prepare to proceed on a special duty, viz., as part of an expeditionary force for the capture of Kertch and Yenikale. This expedition was to be composed of contingents of British, French, and Turkish troops in the following proportions: three thousand eight hundred British, seven thousand five hundred French, and five thousand Turkish, respectively under Sir George Brown, General D'Autemarre, and Reschid Pasha; the whole force amounting to sixteen thousand men. The British contingent consisted of the 42nd, 71st, 79th, and 93rd Highlanders, a battalion of

Royal Marines, two batteries Royal Artillery, fifty men of the Royal Engineers, and fifty of the 8th Hussars. These troops embarked at Balaklava on the 22nd of May, and the little fleet sailed the same evening round to Kasatch Bay, near Sebastopol, the place appointed for the expedition to assemble. My friend General Burroughs (then captain in the 93rd) who was with the left wing of the regiment on board the *Stromboli*; remarks in his journal—extracts from which he has kindly sent me—that they had a good view of Sebastopol and its defences from the deck of the ship, and that in the bright moonlight they could distinctly see the Russians making a vigorous sortie. Before daybreak of the 23rd the expedition sailed, ran close along the magnificent southern coast of the Crimea, of which they had a perfect view, and on the morning of the 24th arrived at the entrance to the Straits of Kertch, close to the headland of Takli, in the immediate vicinity of which it was decided to attempt a landing.

This was accomplished early on the same day in the little sheltered harbour of Kamish, while the Allied gun-boats were engaging the Russian batteries which commanded the entrance of the straits. These batteries, and others at the entrance into the Sea of Asov, were blown up by the Russians, who retired as soon as they knew that the Allied force had effected a landing and was advancing on Kertch. On the 25th, the town of Kertch surrendered, and

was immediately occupied by the Allies, who then marched on to Yenikale, which they entered the same afternoon without opposition, as the enemy had retired after blowing up their magazine, but leaving behind a number of guns, as well as a large supply of warlike stores and military equipment, also vast stores of grain, wood, &c.

On the 26th, tents were landed and the troops encamped. Immediate steps were then taken to repair the fort and land defences of Yenikale on the west, while at the same time the sea batteries were dismantled, and a channel opened through the line of sunken vessels that blocked up the straits and roadstead.

The country in the neighbourhood of Yenikale is described by my friend General Burroughs as a great undulating plain, gradually rising towards the interior into steppes, and dotted over with little mounds and flat-topped eminences, and the landscape, though softened by the rich luxuriant verdure that clothed the surface at the time, appeared to him dreary and monotonous in consequence of the total absence of trees.

The object of the expedition having been attained, and the defences round Yenikale—consisting of three lines of earthworks, strengthened by several detached forts, altogether mounting some thirty or forty guns—completed, the force prepared to return to the neighbourhood of Balaklava and Sebastopol. Accordingly on the 12th of June the whole of the troops, with the exception of the 71st Highlanders,

which, with some Royal Artillery, was left to garrison Yenikale, re-embarked and sailed on the same day.

The British contingent reached Balaklava on the morning of the 14th, disembarked at once, each corps returning to its old position, the 93rd to their lines and huts in front of Kadikoi, which during their absence had been occupied by a battalion of the Guards.

On the 16th of June the First Division, three battalions of Guards, and four of Highlanders, the 42nd, 72nd, 79th, and 93rd, under the command of Sir Colin Campbell, moved up to the front, and encamped on the plateau in alignment with the other Divisions. On the 17th the third bombardment commenced, and a terrific fire (*feu d'enfer*, as the Russians called it) was kept up during that day and the following on the works and on the devoted city, preparatory to the assault, which took place on the 18th, the French attacking the Malakoff and the British the Redan. The British assaulting column consisted of the Light and Second Divisions, led by General Wyndham, while the Guards and Highlanders were held in reserve, and though not engaged in the struggle were under fire. The assault on both positions proved unsuccessful, and at the close of the day the Guards and Highlanders returned to their camp. At night they furnished all the duties of the right attack, and this was the first time that the 93rd was employed in the trenches before Sebastopol.

During the night the Russians, under cover of a

very heavy fire from their works, made a sortie in force, and the regiment which occupied the advanced trench in front of the 93rd, which held the second line, either was driven back, or acting under orders (I am not certain which) retired, while the 93rd quickly moved forward, occupied and held the advanced trench until the attacking Russians were driven back.

On the 28th of June, ten days after the unsuccessful assault on Sebastopol, the veteran Lord Raglan, worn out by care and anxiety, and probably depressed by the failure of the 18th, was attacked by cholera and died. I do not know what impression his death made upon the army generally, for he was not personally well known to the soldiers; but whatever impression was made quickly passed away amidst the renewed and determined efforts to prosecute the siege to a successful termination. He was soon forgotten, and he who had so ably commanded from the commencement of the war, who had performed the *sometimes* difficult task of maintaining the alliance with so much tact, wisdom, and dignity, who had laboured incessantly throughout a long public career for the honour of his country and for the welfare of the army, and especially of the Crimean army, died, not on the field of battle, which would have been a fitting death for so great a soldier, but on his sick-bed. He was succeeded in the command of the army by General Simpson, his Lordship's chief of the staff.

From the 18th of June until the 23rd of August,

the First, Second, and Light Divisions alternately furnished all the duties in the trenches of the right attack; and during this time the casualties in the 93rd were six men killed and fifty-seven wounded, several of the latter mortally.

In June, cholera again appeared amongst the troops, and Lieutenant Ball and several men of the 93rd died of it; and on the 20th of the month news reached the regiment of the death of Lieutenant Wemyss, which occurred on the 13th, while he was on his way home on sick leave. He died during the passage to Constantinople, and was buried in the Black Sea, in whose waters, alas! many a British soldier found his last resting-place.

On the night of the 6th of August, Brevet-Major MacGowan of the 93rd, whilst acting as field-officer of the trenches, and whilst visiting the sentries posted out in front of the advanced trench of the right attack, was wounded and taken prisoner.

We ascertained afterwards (in the spring of 1856) from the medical officer who attended him in Sebastopol, and who paid us a visit at Kamara, that poor MacGowan had been dangerously wounded, that he had been sent to the north side of the harbour, and from thence to Simpheropol, where he died on the 14th of August. He was an old and gallant officer, and had seen much service in India before he joined the 93rd, having been present at the battle of Maharajpore, and also in the battles of the Punjab campaign of

1848. He was a great favourite with both officers and men, and was deeply regretted.

On the 16th of August, the Russians made a determined effort to force the allied line along the Tchernaya, but after a desperate battle (the battle of the Tchernaya) were driven back with great loss by the French and Sardinians. On this occasion, the Highland Brigade was held in readiness to take part in the battle, if necessary; but their services were not required. I have heard from eye-witnesses that in this battle the French Zouaves behaved splendidly, charging the Russian columns with the bayonet and driving them back with great slaughter, also that the Sardinians behaved with great coolness and steadiness.

On the 23rd of August, the Highland regiments, under Sir Colin Campbell, moved from the Chersonese heights and encamped near the village of Kamara to be in readiness to support the Sardinians in the event of another attack by the Russians in that quarter. The Sardinian army of ten thousand men occupied a strong position on the extreme right of the allies, overlooking part of the valley of the Tchernaya and the village of Tchorgoun, from whence another Russian attack was expected.

Early on the morning of the 8th of September, the Highland Division (as the four Highland regiments were styled by General Simpson in his dispatch to the Secretary of State of the 28th August), composed of the 42nd, 72nd, 79th, and 93rd, under Sir Colin

Campbell, marched from Kamara to their old position before Sebastopol. Having deposited their knapsacks and feather bonnets in camp, the Division moved down to the second line of trenches of the right attack, and remained there while the assault on the Redan was made by the Second and Light Divisions, the same Divisions that had been employed in the assault of the 18th of June, and while at the same time the assault on the Malakoff was made by the French.

Why the Highlanders took no active part in the assault, which after a desperate and gallant struggle by the Second and Light Divisions again failed, I do not know. I never heard a reason given for their compulsory but unwilling inaction, but no doubt there was a reason. I often heard surprise expressed by military officers that the Second and Light Divisions should have been employed to assault the Redan on the 8th of September. These two Divisions had been repulsed in the assault of 18th of June after severe fighting and with great loss. They actually did force their way into the Redan, and it is supposed that on that occasion they might have taken and retained possession of it, if they had been supported; but no support was ordered up, although three battalions of the Guards and the four strong Highland regiments were in reserve, and ready and eager to advance. However, the assaulting Divisions were repulsed, and many of their old soldiers killed and wound-

ed, whose places were subsequently filled by young soldiers, many of them little more than recruits.

The military critics, to whom I have referred above, have said that it was a mistake to employ the same Divisions again on the 8th of September to assault the very position before which they had lost their best men and been repulsed at the previous assault of the 18th of June ; Divisions whose *morale* was possibly shaken, and whose physical might and power were certainly diminished by the numbers of young men and immature lads in their ranks. They further said that the assaulting column should have been composed of regiments whose ranks were filled by old soldiers, of regiments which had not suffered much comparatively during the campaign, and which had not experienced a repulse previously ; and that, therefore, the old First Division should have advanced to the assault, and that the Highlanders, numbering nearly four thousand veterans, should have led the way.

Had this been done, would the second assault (on the 8th of September) have been successful ? Perhaps it would ; at least there would have been a greater probability of success. It may have been considered advisable to give the two Divisions an opportunity of wiping out a sense of failure, especially as we believe that the British soldier is not depressed or unnerved by failure and repulse, but rather rendered more determined to attain success. This might have been the reason ; but, at the same time, it should have been

borne in mind that half, probably more than half, of the men who were about to assault were not suffering from a sense of previous failure; that, being young men and young soldiers, they lacked the experience and the weight and physical power of the old soldiers who had been killed and wounded in the previous assault and whose places they had taken.

At the close of the day, and after our two scattered Divisions had been recalled, the Highlanders were pushed forward to occupy the advanced trenches of the right attack, as the General Commanding had decided to assault the Redan again on the following morning, and to employ the four Highland regiments as the storming-party. But, during the night, the Russian fire gradually ceased, and there appeared to be such an unusual quiet and stillness in the enemy's lines in front of the trenches occupied by the Highlanders that Lieutenant McBean, adjutant of the 93rd, left the advanced trench where the regiment was, and approached close to the Redan without being fired at or even challenged, and without observing a movement or hearing a sound. He therefore came to the conclusion that the position had been abandoned, and returned to the trench to make his report. Having done so, he gallantly volunteered to lead a party into the enemy's works. Volunteers immediately stepped forward, and, with a party composed of ten men of the 93rd under Lieutenant Fenwick, and ten of the 72nd under Lieutenant Rice, he (McBean) led the way, ap-

proached the Russian lines and entered the Redan, to find that it *had* been abandoned ; nothing left within the rent and shattered work but the dead and wounded, all lying side by side just as they had fallen in the desperate fight.

It was found by the Russians, probably known to them from the first, that, if the Malakoff fell before the assault of the French, the Redan would become untenable ; if, therefore, when we knew that the French had succeeded in taking the Malakoff, we had only pushed forward our reserve of three battalions of Guards, and four strong and veteran battalions of Highlanders, in support of the Second and Light Divisions, and pressed the assault, the Russians would have been compelled to retire from the Redan. I have often heard it said that Sir Colin Campbell was opposed to any assault on the Redan, as, in the event of the Malakoff (the key of the enemy's position, and overlooking and commanding the Redan) being carried by the French, it would be impossible for the Russians to continue to hold the work ; and, further, that if we had succeeded in driving the Russians out of the Redan, we could not have held it if the French failed at the Malakoff.

Lieutenant McBean and his party, having ascertained that the Russians had retired from the Redan, returned to the advanced trench. Had they remained even a few minutes longer within the works they would have been blown up, for they had scarcely left it when

a tremendous explosion took place, the last effort of the garrison to inflict loss on the besiegers. Other explosions soon followed, and flames burst out in different quarters of the city, under cover of which the Russian army commenced to withdraw from all their works and retire to the north side of the roadstead.

Sebastopol, therefore, had fallen. The Great Fortress, after sustaining a siege of eleven months—a period of great suffering to the besiegers and of enormous losses to the besieged, but during which the most extraordinary heroism was displayed on both sides, was abandoned—not formally surrendered—as ‘a heap of blood-stained ruins’ no longer capable of defence.

I do not write any description of the final assault, or of the manner in which the Russians withdrew from their lines of defence and from the city, as I was not there in person. I might do so with the help of others, but would find it difficult even with the liberal assistance of brother-officers who were eye-witnesses to describe such great events, such magnificent scenes, with the accuracy and with the confidence that would satisfy myself, and therefore will not attempt it.

Almost immediately after the fall of Sebastopol, the four Highland regiments returned to Kamara, and the 92nd, having arrived from Gibraltar, a complete Highland Division was formed, under the command of Sir Colin Campbell, promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-general:

FIRST BRIGADE.

Two battalions 1st Royals.

The 72nd Highlanders.

The 71st, belonging to this brigade, was absent at Yenikale, where it remained until the Allied armies left the Crimea.

SECOND (Kilted) BRIGADE.

42nd Royal Highlanders.

79th Cameron Highlanders.

92nd Gordon Highlanders.

93rd Sutherland Highlanders.

This Brigade was really the most splendid body of troops I have ever seen, both in appearance and physique, and when advancing in line, with waving plumes and flowing tartans, was a sight to please the eye and excite the enthusiasm of the soldier. However, my readers may think that I was not an impartial observer; but what a pity it was that it never had the opportunity of showing its mettle on the field of battle, for, with the fall of Sebastopol, the war closed.

Very early in October, General Simpson resigned the command of the army and returned to England, and Sir William Codrington was selected to succeed him. This appointment was a surprise to many, for Sir William was not the senior General Officer in the Crimea, nor the one who had most experience of war.

I lost some kind old friends in the assaults of the 18th of June and the 8th of September, and amongst them the gallant Sir John Campbell, formerly colonel of the 38th, but at this period of the war a Major

General. Sir John's death was under the following circumstances: He was the General Officer in command of the trenches for the day, but happened to be on the ground where the Second Division, formed up for the assault on the 18th of June, was waiting for the officer who was to lead them. As this officer had not appeared at the moment when the advance was to have taken place, the men called out, 'Who is going to lead us?' and, this having been repeated, Sir John stepped forward and said, 'Come on, boys, I'll lead you.' The Division moved forward, Sir John in front, but he had scarcely gone one hundred yards, when he was struck on the throat by a grape-shot, and died in a few seconds. This has been told me by Dr. Foaker, the old surgeon of the 38th, and one of Sir John's most intimate friends.

Another friend amongst the killed on the 8th of September was Major Welsford of the 97th, as gentle and brave a man as ever lived. I believe he was killed within the Redan, or at least just as he was entering it, at the head of the storming-party.

CHAPTER VII.

A Friendly Scot—Highland Division—92nd—Four Kilted Regiments—Old and New Friends—Colonel Cameron, 42nd, in Command of Brigade—Leith Hay commands 93rd, vice Ainslie—Young Officers joined—Improvements in Balaklava—A Railway—Sir Colin Superseded—Goes home—His Farewell Address to the Highland Brigade—Winter Again—The Troops Huttet—The Honourable Adrian Hope joins—Changes in the Army—Regiments Augmented—New Dress—Sir Colin returns to the Crimea—Peace—Return to England—Encamped at Dover—The 91st.

In September, 1855, my health having been restored, I received orders to re-join my regiment, and was desired to embark at Deptford in the steam-ship *Prince Arthur*. Accordingly, on the day and at the hour specified, I embarked with my small field-kit. I found the naval officer who had charge of the sailing arrangements for hired transports on board, who told me that the ship would not leave the dock for twenty-four hours, and that if I wished to return to town I had his permission to do so (on embarkation I was under naval authority), provided I promised to be on board again by noon of the following day.

Deptford not being a very pleasant place to spend an afternoon in, I took advantage of this permission and returned to town. On the following morning I appeared at the dock an hour before the appointed

time, but to my dismay found that my ship was gone. At once I went in search of my friend the Naval Lieutenant, who, when he saw me, was as dismayed as myself, for he had quite forgotten me, and had given a rather sudden order for the vessel to sail several hours earlier than had been intended. However, he suggested that I should telegraph to the captain at Gravesend, tell him I was coming down by express, and that I had the lieutenant's authority to request him to wait for me.

The next two hours was anything but a pleasant time to me, for if my telegram should not be in time, or if the captain should ignore it, I should be in a pretty fix. It would be impossible for me to go back to town and report what had happened to the authorities, Medical or Military, only to get a wiggling; I therefore made up my mind to start on my own hook for Malta, via Marseilles, and catch the ship on her arrival at Malta.

On reaching Gravesend, I asked a nautical-looking man who was standing outside the railway-station if he knew whether the steam-ship *Prince Arthur* had passed. 'Yes,' was his reply, 'she passed this an hour ago, but you had better go down to the pier and inquire there.' In a very dejected state of mind, I got into a cab and drove down to the pier, and there asked the first waterman I met if my ship had passed down the river. 'Yes,' said he, 'she did go down the river an hour ago, but has put back, for

there she is close in and going at half-speed upstream again.' What a relief this was to me! I rushed down the pier and through a crowd of people, who must have thought me either mad or running away, the waterman to whom I had spoken in close pursuit of me, and shouting out, 'My boat is at the steps; jump in;' and I did jump in, without descending the steps, to the great danger of going through the bottom of the boat, and offered the man anything (he only asked five shillings) if he would put me on board. On getting on board, the captain received me civilly, and said, 'I received your telegram, but that did not make me wait or put back for you. Had I not seen from the name on your luggage that you are a Scotchman and belong to the 93rd, I should have gone on; but I am a Scotchman myself, and have often seen the 93rd, and the Glasgow folks and the people all down the Clyde are very proud of the regiment.' I need hardly say that at the moment I was very thankful that I was a Scotchman and that I belonged to the 93rd, and also very grateful to my countryman for his consideration, which I am happy to have this opportunity of acknowledging. Should Captain Rankin (that was the captain's name) be alive and read these pages, he will perceive that, after the lapse of more than a quarter-of-a-century, I still have a faithful recollection of his kindness. The fact of being a Scotchman has been of assistance to me in a good many difficulties.

We had a magnificent run down Channel, across the dreaded bay (which was calm and still as a mill-pond) and up the Mediterranean to Constantinople, where I was transferred to the steam-ship *Imperador*, and sent on to the Crimea.

During the voyage out, I was unfortunately attacked by arthritic rheumatism, and joined my regiment a cripple stumbling along with the aid of a couple of sticks. This rheumatic attack was no doubt a result of the fever which had prostrated me in the spring, for several others (amongst them my old friend Scot, of the 79th), who had had the same form of fever at the same time, suffered from acute rheumatism on their return to the Crimea. Fortunately we all recovered perfectly before the setting in of the severe weather in the winter of 1855.

I found the Highland Brigade encamped in the neighbourhood of the village of Kamara, amongst the hills to the east of Kadikoi, but employed clearing the ground in the sheltered valley of Vanutka still further to the east, and where huts for the Brigade were to be erected.

During my absence a Highland Division had been formed under the command of Sir Colin, one Brigade composed of four kilted regiments, the 42nd, 79th, 92nd, and 93rd, and a magnificent brigade it was; the other composed of two battalions of the 1st Royals, the 71st, and 72nd. The 71st, however, was not with the Brigade, it having been left to garrison

Kertch. The kilted Brigade was under the command of General Cameron (Colonel Cameron, 42nd), and the other under General Horne. Sir Colin had one or two additional staff-officers about him. Sterling, Shadwell, and Mansfield were still present, and Colonel Wetherall was Assistant Adjutant-General, and Major Crawford, 98th (formerly 93rd), was D.A.Q.M.G. General Cameron's staff consisted of Pitcairn and Montgomery of the 42nd, the former Brigade-major and the latter Aide-de-camp. Dr. Linton, P.M.O. of the old First Division, had been sent to Scutari, and my friend Dr. Logan (now Sir G. Logan) was P.M.O. of the Highland Division, under whom I had been serving in Bermuda just before the outbreak of the war. I do not remember if there was a P.M.O. of the brigade; if there was, I have forgotten who it was.

In my own regiment, there had been many changes during my absence. Colonel Ainslie had gone home to retire, and Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay was in command. The old Quarter-Master, Mr. Sinclair, had returned, and Mr. Joyner had succeeded him, and the following young officers had joined from Malta and from home, viz., Lieutenants Butter, Welch, Macpherson, Nightingale, Hyslop, Alexander, Tabuteau, E. S. Wood, Gooch, Losack, Greig, Goldsmith; Ensigns Sterling and Burgoyne; and Lieutenant Fenwick, promoted from the 1st Royals to the 93rd. The men were in excellent health, and all losses in the regi-

ment had been made up by drafts from Malta and the home Depot.

So many changes and improvements were visible all round me that I hardly knew I had come back to the Crimea. The old Balaklava lines were no longer occupied. A railway extended from the landing-place at Balaklava to the foot of the Chersonese, and the old narrow road was broad and well-metalled. Extensive stores, public and private, had been erected; fresh meat, (real) fresh vegetables, and wheaten bread baked every day in extensive commissariat ovens, were issued regularly as rations; and food, wine, and even delicacies could be bought in the private stores. Huts had been erected for the troops, and a regular system of sanitation introduced. A convalescent hospital had been established on the height above Balaklava; but hospitals had been erected for many regiments, and to those regiments which were still under canvas hospital marquees had been supplied, pending the erection of wooden huts. A land-transport corps was in complete working order, and new army service and ambulance wagons and carts were in constant use; and lastly the army, increased to upwards of fifty thousand men, appeared to be in magnificent order, fit for a protracted campaign, and ready and eager for more fighting. It was like a wonderful transformation-scene, for when I was struck down by the fever in March, though we were beginning to struggle out of our difficulties,

there was still a certain amount of gloom and uncertainty hanging over the condition and prospect of the besiegers; we were *then* just beginning to feel that we had survived the miseries and sufferings of a terrible winter; that strengthened and warmed by food and clothing, cheered by bright sunshine and genial weather, and encouraged by great additions to our numbers, the immediate future began to look somewhat more hopeful, even though the defences of Sebastopol were stronger than when we first commenced the siege, and though our enemies were gathered round, and hemmed us in by thousands. But now the great fortress was in our possession, yielded up to us after a heroic defence, its garrison driven to the north side of the roadstead, and the whole Russian army, after desperate but unsuccessful efforts to force the allied line in the valley of the Tchernaya, had been compelled to retire beyond the river. And now, too, the war-worn veterans of the Allied armies, who had served throughout the campaign; who had fought at the Alma, at Balaklava, at Inkerman, and on the Tchernaya; who had passed many a weary day in armed watchfulness, many a cheerless night in the cold damp trenches, in constant expectation of, and ready to repel, attack; who had lived through weeks, nay, months of starvation, shivering in rags, and with no shelter but that afforded by the frail bell-tent, pitched on the bleak hill-side of the Chersonese, exposed to all the storm and strife of the

elements—these men, now fed, clothed, and comfortably housed, had time to rest, leisure to think, and to look back upon the past with all its troubles and dangers, to feel that they had done their duty faithfully and without a murmur, and that so far their efforts had been crowned by success; and, confident in their power of endurance and in the practical knowledge they had gained of war, were ready for the future.

Not many days after I rejoined my regiment, we heard that Sir Colin had resigned his command and was going home immediately. He had not been well treated, and had resigned in consequence of his supersession by a junior. He (Sir Colin) one of the oldest, one of the most distinguished of the Generals of the British army, a man who had commenced his career as a soldier under Moore and Wellington, who had also fought in China, in India, and the Crimea, was put aside, was superseded, by a younger man, who had never seen service except in the Crimea, but who nevertheless was promoted over Sir Colin's head, and selected for the command of the army in preference to a man who had acquired skill and practical knowledge of war during a lifetime of active service in every quarter of the globe. No wonder that the old General felt and resented such treatment. I have heard two reasons given for this act of the Government—one that Sir Colin was supposed to be irritable and impetuous in manner, and therefore not likely to get on with the French Marshal—the other that he

could not speak French, and therefore would not be able to hold personal communication with the Allied Generals. From my own knowledge of Sir Colin, he had perfect control over his natural irritability and impetuosity, and his subsequent command in India proved that he was patient and cautious; and he spoke French fluently. No, the fact was that he was not known at the War Office or Horse Guards, for he had always been abroad, and having no interest he never had opportunity to get within the charmed circle of authority to make his character known.

A day or two before his departure, he ordered that the Highland Brigade should parade, in order that he might take leave of his old friends and comrades. Accordingly, the four kilted regiments (42nd, 79th, 92nd, and 93rd) were formed up in three sides of a square on an open space under the Kamara hills, and there stood ready to receive him. But when he rode on to the ground, and saw that the four regiments were present, he intimated to General Cameron that he wished to speak only to the three regiments which had formed the Brigade from the commencement of the campaign to the fall of Sebastopol. The 92nd was therefore marched back to their camp. This was a surprise to all of us, and a disappointment, something more than a disappointment, to the 92nd; indeed, we all thought that it was a mistake on the part of Sir Colin. Not that he meant to slight the regiment, but he might have allowed them to remain,

even though he did not include them in his speech. However, it was done, and there was no help for it. I do not suppose that there is any officer in the regiment now who was present on that occasion. As soon as the 92nd had marched off the ground, and the three regiments had closed up, Sir Colin addressed them in the following words:—

‘Soldiers of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd, old Highland Brigade, with whom I passed the early and perilous part of this war, I have now to take leave of you—in a few hours I shall be on board ship, never to see you again as a body—a long farewell. I am now old, and shall not be called to serve any more, and nothing will remain to me but the memory of my campaigns, and of the enduring, hardy, and generous soldiers with whom I have been associated, whose names and glory will long be kept alive in the hearts of our countrymen. When you go home, as you gradually fulfil your term of service, each to his family and his cottage, you will tell the story of your immortal advance in that victorious *echelon* up the heights of the Alma, and of the old Brigadier who led you, and who loved you so well. Your children and your children’s children will repeat the tale to other generations, when only a few lines of history will remain to record the discipline and enthusiasm which have borne you so stoutly to the end of this war. Our native land will never forget the name of the Highland Brigade, and in some future war the nation will

call for another equal to this, but which it can never surpass. Though I shall be gone, the thought of you will go with me wherever I may be, and cheer my old age with a glorious recollection of dangers confronted and hardships endured. A pipe will never sound near me without carrying me back to those bright days when I was at your head, and wore the bonnet you gained for me,* and the honourable distinctions on my breast, many of which I owe to your conduct. Brave soldiers and kind comrades, farewell.'

This speech was received with three prolonged cheers, while the old chief, touching his cap in acknowledgment, rode slowly away.

On the morning of the day on which he left the camp he sent Mansfield, his Aide-de-camp, twice to my tent with a message that he wished to see me. Unfortunately, I was in Balaklava at the time, not being aware that the dear old General was to take his departure that day; but as I was returning to camp I met him riding away accompanied by General Vinoy and surrounded by his staff. He saw me, beckoned to me, shook hands with me, and said, 'I sent to your tent for you to say good-bye.' On his arrival in England he did not forget me, but called on the Director-General and recommended me to his notice, and it was in consequence of this recommendation that I received the ORDER of the MEDJIDIE.

* After the battle of the Alma, Sir Colin and his staff were allowed to wear the feather bonnet instead of the cocked hat.

Early in November the Brigade was comfortably hutted, and regimental hospitals were erected. The officers remained in tents until the beginning of January 1856, when they also got into huts, but I found my room in one of these huts so cold that I asked and obtained permission to return to a tent, in which I lived until we left the Crimea.

In November, we had furious storms of wind and rain; in January and February periods of hard frost with occasional snow-storms; in March, uncertain boisterous weather; but April, May, and June were delightful months. The health of the army during our second winter (1855-56) was excellent; and in the 93rd, with the exception of seven sudden and fatal cases of cholera which occurred all within the space of thirty-six hours early in January, we had no sickness. One officer also, Lieutenant Clayhills, was seized with cholera, his second attack within fourteen months; but his attack was a slight one, and he recovered, though it was considered advisable to send him home to England.

In the early part of 1856, the Honourable Adrian Hope joined the regiment as second Lieutenant-Colonel, and in March, Captain Brown and Lieutenant S. E. Wood with a draft from Malta joined head-quarters.

Our occupations and amusements during the winter of 1855-56, and our visits to Baktschiserai and Simpheropol, and to the different places along the southern coast of the peninsula, have already been

described in my former book, so that I do not introduce these subjects here. I must not forget to mention, however, the frequent drills and field-days of the Highland Brigade (the kilted Brigade). It was really a pleasure to watch the four regiments manœuvring under General Cameron, who was a splendid drill, even though sometimes he was a little quick-tempered with the officers, but seldom with the men. I do not know if these field-days were much appreciated by anyone except the General himself.

In 1855, a number of changes occurred in the strength of regiments, and in the dress of the army. Corps serving in the Crimea were augmented to sixteen companies, with a strength of sixty-seven officers and two thousand one hundred and fifty rank and file; the companies to be distributed as follows :

ACTIVE SERVICE—Eight companies, with a strength of forty officers and one thousand and seventy-seven rank and file.

MALTA—Four companies, with a strength of nineteen officers and five hundred and thirty-six rank and file.

HOME—Four companies, with a strength of ten officers and five hundred and thirty-seven rank and file.

In the matter of dress the old swallow-tail coatee, with its epaulettes and gold lace and embroidery, was done away with, and a plain tunic, with very little lace or embroidery, and covering the loins, hips, and stomach, issued instead. In Highland regiments, the old jacket, with its ridiculous little tail about the size of a man's hand, was replaced by a double-breasted tunic, with deep lappets all round, and with

many diamond-shaped buttons. This particular Highland tunic was, within a year, replaced by a single-breasted one, with round buttons ; so that within two years I had the pleasure of supplying myself with three new full-dress coats or tunics, each of a different pattern.

I am not aware if any regiment of the Line ever mustered sixty-seven officers and two thousand one hundred and fifty rank and file. The greatest strength of the 93rd, after return from the Crimea, and the amalgamation of the Malta and Home Depôts, with head-quarters at Dover, was sixty officers and one thousand two hundred and twenty-seven rank and file, and we had not been long at home before the strength of the regiment was reduced below one thousand by invaliding, free discharge, and discharge by purchase.

In the spring of 1856, Sir Colin again made his appearance amongst us, receiving a hearty welcome. He had returned to the Crimea, as it was rumoured, at Her Majesty's desire, to take command of an independent Corps d'armée, of which the Highland Division was to form a part, and which, with a Turkish army under Omar Pasha, was to be employed in the district of the Caucasus in the event of the war being continued.

However, on the death of the Emperor Nicholas, an armistice was proclaimed, followed eventually by peace ; so that, Sir Colin's services not being required, he returned to England early in the summer. Before

his departure, he was entertained at a banquet by the Highland Division, and in his farewell speech to us he again referred to his retirement into peaceful life, little knowing what was in store for him in the immediate future.

After peace was proclaimed in the Crimea, there was an interchange of military courtesy between the Commanders of the different armies. First, the Russian army was reviewed in presence of the Allied Generals on the Mackenzie heights; then the British army on the plain of Balaklava; and, lastly, the French army on the plateau above Sebastopol; and, on the occasion of a visit of the Russian Generals to Sir W. Codrington, the kilted Highland Brigade was ordered up from Kamara, to line the road along which the Russian Generals approached the British head-quarters, and to furnish a guard of honour. I thought that the Generals and their staff appeared surprised at the picturesque dress and at the tall powerful figures of the men.

At the reviews one had an opportunity of comparing the different armies. The Russian army was solid in formation, sombre in appearance, and moved with slow, heavy, and formal step. It was extraordinary how like every Russian soldier was to another, like in dress, in figure, feature, and expression. Their features certainly were not handsome, and they lacked intelligence and cheerfulness. I never saw what could be called a good-looking Russian

soldier, and never saw one relax the muscles of his face by a smile. The French were not so solid in formation as the Russians, but in their blue-grey coats and red pantaloons were brighter in appearance. They were quick, rapid, nervous in their movements, though rather unsteady, not particular as to keeping step, and not always silent in the ranks. The Imperial Guard and the Zouaves, especially the latter, were splendid troops, but the physique of their regiments of the Line was poor. The features of the French soldiers generally, though small and sharp, were good and animated, and intelligence shone from their dark, restless, sparkling eyes. Our own army made a gallant show both in numbers and appearance in their blue and scarlet uniforms, and clean white belts. Fifty thousand men were on parade. One long thin red line of infantry stretched across the plain from side to side; and two divisions in columns of companies, with cavalry and artillery, formed a second line. What a noble sight it was! a living line, strong and steady as a wall. What splendid condition the men were in! Their well-built, upright, muscular figures showed that they *'were fet from fathers of war-proof.'* Their open, honest, kindly faces, bronzed by exposure, and many of them bearded, looked calm and still, and were lit up by clear open blue and grey eyes that had a *'noble lustre'* in them, and could look friend or foe steadily in the face; and yet in the moment of battle

I have often seen those kindly faces convulsed with 'hard favoured rage,' and the blue eyes flash fire.

Of course I think there is no soldier like our own. Is there any Englishman or Scotchman or Irishman that does not think as I do ?

In May, 1856, the Allied armies commenced to leave the Crimea, and in June the 93rd marched from Kamara to Kamiesch Bay, embarked on board Her Majesty's steamship *Sidon*, sailed the same evening, and after a pleasant voyage arrived in England in July. The regiment disembarked at Portsmouth, and on the same day proceeded by rail to Aldershot, where it was inspected by Her Majesty the Queen, and the Prince Consort. From Aldershot we proceeded to Dover, where, with the 42nd and 79th (the old Highland Brigade), it was encamped for the rest of the summer and autumn on the heights above the town. A few days after our arrival at Dover, the Depôts from Malta and Dundee, the former under Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, and the latter under Captain Middleton, joined head-quarters of the regiment.

Before leaving the Crimea we had seen, in the proposed distribution of the army, that the 93rd was detailed for India, but that the regiment was in the meantime to return to England, both because the season was not suitable for proceeding to the East, and to enable us to make the necessary preparations for service in that part of the world.

In October the regiment occupied the Castle and

Shaft barracks, and remained in Dover during the winter of 1856—7. The numbers killed, wounded, died of disease or accident, and invalided in the 93rd during the war were as follows—at least, as nearly as I can make them out :

KILLED—One officer and eleven men.

WOUNDED—One officer (taken prisoner and died of wound) and ninety-six men.

DIED OF DISEASE—Five officers and one hundred and twenty men.

ACCIDENT—One officer drowned.

INVALIDED—Four officers and one hundred and twenty-five men.

These four officers returned to the Crimea. The total casualties in the regiment, therefore (exclusive of these four officers), amounted to three hundred and sixty.

I will now glance back for a little to inquire what my old friends of the 91st had been doing, and where they had been stationed during the years 1855—6. We may remember that in December, 1854, the regiment had sailed for Malta, the strength at the time of the service companies being thirty officers and six hundred and forty-nine rank and file. Two months after arrival in Malta, the regiment was ordered to proceed to Greece, to relieve the Buffs sent on to the Crimea, and there to form with two battalions of French marine infantry and a few gendarmes, a small corps of occupation, which was placed under the command of the French Admiral Le Barbier de Tinan ; while Colonel Campbell of the 91st commanded the British portion of this mixed force, and Major Bertie Gordon assumed command of the regiment.

During the time the regiment remained in Greece,

there appears to have been the most cordial interchange of courtesy between the French and British officers both naval and military, and a remarkable reciprocity of good feeling between the non-commissioned officers of the 91st and the sous-officiers of the French battalions, manifested not only on duty, but by alternate invitations to social meetings. At one of these fêtes the French Minister and the French Vice-admiral made their appearance, and kindly addressed the assembled guests.

On three occasions the whole Allied force was reviewed together, and on these occasions the right of the line was given as a compliment to the 91st, and at the special review held on the 14th of September, 1855, to celebrate the fall of Sebastopol, the French battalions marched past the 91st, which remained standing in line with shouldered arms, each half-company of the French saluting the colours of the regiment with a cheer as it passed along in front of the line.

On the occasion of the third and last review of the Allied troops, the French Admiral addressed the regiment in the following words: 'Officers and soldiers of the 91st, the time is near when we must part, and I now offer you my sincere thanks for your admirable discipline, and for your hearty support. In Greece, just as in the Black Sea or before Sebastopol, the English and French troops have proved the firmness of the alliance, in the midst of circumstances of the gravest nature. A cheer, then, for the united troops, and for Old England.'

A few days thereafter a special parade was held by His Excellency Her Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary at Athens. In taking leave of the regiment, His Excellency congratulated them on their discipline, good conduct, and kindly bearing towards the people of Greece, and on the good feeling which had prevailed between them and our Allies; also for the several useful works they had accomplished in and around the Piræus.

On the 12th of June, 1856, the 91st lost one of its old officers, and one of the truest of its friends, by the accidental death of Captain Dalrymple, the Paymaster. During the season several shocks of earthquake had been felt, by one of which a number of houses in Piræus had been injured and some thrown down. Amongst the latter was that in which Captain Dalrymple lived, and, on removing the débris, he was found lying on his bed dead.

On hearing of his death, I was greatly troubled; for when I joined the 91st, little more than a boy, he took me under his protection at once, guided me by his advice, and was ever ready to help me when in circumstances of doubt and difficulty. His wise counsel, his sympathetic kindness, his true friendship, still dwell in my memory, and I feel now how fortunate it was for me that I had so good a friend in my youth when I first entered the Army.—Early in 1857, the 91st was ordered to the Ionian Islands, from whence, in September, 1858, it proceeded to India.

CHAPTER VIII.

Prepare for India—Sudden Orders for China—Presentation of Colours by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge—Proceed to Portsmouth—Hope, with Three Hundred Men, sails for China—Head-quarters Sail for China—Arrive at Cape of Good Hope—Ordered to India in consequence of Mutiny of Native Army—Mauritius—Calcutta—Sent up Country by Detachments—The Battle of Kujwa—Cawnpore—Arrival of Detachments of Regiment in Oude—Small Engagements—Sir Colin—Hope Grant.

IN November, 1856, the establishment of the regiment was fixed at twelve companies, with a strength of one thousand and eighty-seven non-commissioned officers and privates, and consequently one Lieutenant-Colonel (the Honourable Adrian Hope) and four Captains were placed on half-pay; but the Captains were almost immediately brought on full pay again, and appointed to other regiments. The supernumerary Lieutenants and Ensigns, however, were retained with the regiment with the view of being absorbed as vacancies should occur.

In January, 1857, an order was received to prepare for immediate embarkation for India, and, to raise the regiment to the Indian establishment, Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable Adrian Hope was brought on full pay again; a third assistant-surgeon (Dr. Bell,

formerly of the 79th) was gazetted to the regiment, and volunteers to the number of two hundred and one were received from other Highland regiments.

We were busy with our preparations when, on the 6th of March, a most unexpected Horse Guards' letter was received cancelling our embarkation for India, and directing that the regiment should be held in readiness to embark at short notice for China. It appeared that the authorities intended to send out an expedition to bring the Chinese to reason, and to compel them to observe faithfully the provisions of previous treaties, which hitherto they had failed to do.

We were not very much pleased with the prospect of a visit to the Celestial Empire, and of war service so soon after our Crimean experience ; and as days, and then weeks, passed without further orders, we began to hope that the original intention of sending the regiment to India might yet be carried out ; but when it became known that three other regiments, the 23rd, 82nd, and 90th, which had also been detailed for India, were under orders and getting ready for China, we made up our minds to the inevitable, with the hope that, having settled the Chinese, we should be brought back to India ; and such I believe was the intention of Government.

Early in April the regiment was inspected by Sir Frederic Love, K.C.B., commanding the Dover district, and our hospital and medical equipment were inspected by Dr. (Sir Galbraith) Logan ; and in May

new Colours were presented to the regiment by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Commanding-in-chief, to replace those which twenty years previously had been presented by His Grace the Duke of Wellington at Canterbury. The presentation by His Royal Highness was an imposing ceremony, and was witnessed by a large number of friends and visitors. The address of His Royal Highness was complimentary, and spoken in a frank, soldierly manner. He alluded to the services of the regiment under his own command in the Crimea, and said, 'I cannot refrain from saying that, as regards the credit and honour recently earned by the British army (in the Crimea), nothing could have been more creditable, noble, and gallant than the conduct of this regiment.'

Colonel Leith Hay's acknowledgment was excellent. On the evening before the presentation of the Colours, His Royal Highness and Staff dined at our mess, *possibly* for the purpose of ascertaining how we carried out a recently published order, to the effect that the expenses of regimental messes were to be curtailed, and that the price of the officer's dinner was not to exceed '*one shilling and sixpence.*'

On that occasion our good messman (Mr. States) gave us a splendid dinner *for the money*. His Royal Highness appeared to think so, for I heard him say, *with a very grave face*, 'I say, Hay, this is an excellent dinner for one-and-sixpence, nothing could be better, and I don't see what more anyone can want.'

Who proposed the one-and-sixpenny dinner I do not know, but whoever it was must have been humble in his tastes, or ignorant of household economy.

On the morning after the presentation of Colours (the 23rd of May) two companies, under Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable A. Hope, proceeded by rail to Portsmouth, and on the 25th the head-quarters of the regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay, followed: while Captain Brown, with two subalterns (Lieutenants Tabnteau and Fenwick) and seventy-eight men, remained at Dover, and eventually moved to Chatham to join the Depôt-battalion there.

On the 1st of June, three companies, Nos. 3, 7, 8, consisting of eighteen officers, nineteen non-commissioned officers, eighteen drummers, and two hundred and eighty-two privates, under Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable A. Hope, proceeded by sea to Plymouth, where they were transferred to H.M. ship *Belleisle*, and sailed on the 3rd of the month for China; and on the 16th of the month the head-quarters of the regiment, consisting of the grenadiers, Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, and Light Companies, and part of No. 5, making a total of thirty-four officers, forty sergeants, ten drummers, and six hundred and fifty rank and file, under Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay, embarked at the dockyard, Portsmouth, on board the hired steam-transport *Mauritius*, Commander D. Cruickshank, and sailed on the following morning for China. I accompanied the head-quarters. Two officers and fifty non-

commissioned officers and privates were to follow in another ship. The strength of the regiment embarked for China was fifty-four officers and one thousand and seventy non-commissioned officers and privates. The other regiments of the expedition had already sailed.

It was, as I have said, a disappointment to the regiment generally that we were destined for China, but to myself it was a bitter disappointment, for I had always looked forward to service in India; besides, I had to leave my very lately-married wife, whom I did not see again for nearly three years; but in the army one must be prepared for such separations, if he *will* marry. I also bade adieu to my old Father and Mother, and other relations, none of whom I ever saw again, for I did not return to England from the East for fifteen years. Even to this day the last painful parting with the '*old folks at home,*' and their last sorrowful words, '*We shall never meet again,*' are fresh in my memory.

During the short time the regiment remained in Portsmouth waiting for embarkation, several special duties devolved upon us. First we furnished a Guard of Honour at Osborne on the occasion of a visit to Her Majesty of one of the Russian Arch-dukes; afterwards we were inspected by the General Officer commanding the district; and lastly, which was considered by us a great honour, we were paraded by special order in the Clarence Yard Gosport, with closed doors, for Her Majesty's private inspection.

On the occasion the Queen with the Prince Consort walked down the ranks, made a minute inspection, spoke to many of the men, and was pleased to express approval at the appearance of the regiment, and wished us 'God's speed.' During the inspection I stood with one of my assistants (Menzies) on the right of the line, and thought that Her Majesty looked at us as if uncertain who or what we were. There was this difference between the medical and other officers in the 93rd, viz., *we* wore a black hackle in our feather bonnets, while *they* wore a white one, with the exception of the Light Company, which wore green. Medical officers never were considered by the service generally as ornamental appendages to regiments; they were only necessities in time of war, but to be kept out of sight as much as possible in peace; yet they were often very popular in their regiments, and, when they were not so, it was certainly their own faults. In ordinary regiments of the Line and on the staff they were known at once and at any distance by the funereal cocked hat. In Highland regiments the doctor was not so pronounced a figure, for he wore the head-dress of his regiment exactly like his brother-officers; only in the 93rd was any difference made between the surgeon and the other officers—the black hackle.

Early on the morning of June 17th, the *Mauritius* steamed out of Portsmouth Harbour to Spithead, from whence, after taking in powder and ammuni-

tion, she steamed out into the Channel, and proceeded on her voyage at such an early hour that few, if any, of us had an opportunity of taking a parting look at the dear old home, which very many on board were never to see again.

The *Mauritius* made a good run to St. Vincent, the principal island of the Cape de Verde group, where we called for a supply of coal ; for, being a full-rigged barque, with only auxiliary steam-power, she did not carry a larger supply than would admit of steam being used—at least, a full power of steam—for more than ten or twelve days. She was supposed to spread canvas when wind was favourable, and spare steam for calm weather ; but it so happened that the north-east Trades failed us altogether—probably we were too close to land—and even until we reached a parallel of latitude south of the Cape of Good Hope we had a calm sea and no wind. There, however, a strong south-easter, with a heavy head-sea, met us, and to bear up against both we had to use sail and steam together. In fact, we steamed the whole way from England to the end of our voyage.

I may here mention that from the day we sailed until we reached the Cape there was a very prevalent doubt amongst the officers as to our ever seeing China ; indeed, there was a singular belief that something or other would occur to send us on to India instead. Several bets were made on the subject, and I myself lost £5 to Blake, our paymaster, by backing

China, while he backed India. None of us could give any reason for the feeling of doubt, or for the positive belief, but they did exist from the first, and were strengthened by our meeting, when close to the Cape, a small brig, which ran down towards us, let fly her topsails, and dipped her ensign repeatedly. It appeared to us an unusual thing for one sailing merchant vessel to alter her course and approach another simply to salute, and we therefore concluded that something of importance had happened which her master knew of. The brig was not many hours out from the Cape, and her Master and crew must, before sailing thence, have heard of the mutiny of the Native Army in Bengal, and, seeing from the crowd upon our deck that we were a troopship, acted as they did to warn us to be prepared for startling news on arrival at Simon's Bay.

On the evening of August 8th we steamed into the bay, and had scarcely dropped anchor when a naval officer came on board and informed us of the mutiny of the Bengal Native Army, and that the 93rd and other China regiments were ordered to proceed to Calcutta with all possible despatch. He also told us that the *Belleisle* was at anchor in the bay, and was under orders to sail at once. On hearing that the *Belleisle* was in the bay, Colonel Hay ordered the regimental call to be sounded in greeting to our detachment. This was answered immediately, and very shortly after Colonel Hope and several of our

officers came on board the *Mauritius*, and confirmed the intelligence we had already received.

I cannot now distinctly call to memory what our feelings were on first hearing of the mutiny of our Indian Native Army—probably surprise, doubt, bewilderment, for it was so entirely unexpected; but when we read in the newspapers, sent on board to us, of the cruelties and atrocities committed by the faithless regiments, and by individual Sowars and Sepoys, a savage determination to be avenged arose in our hearts, and an overwhelming anxiety to push on to India to meet and punish the mutineers possessed us. For my own part, after the first surprise and shock were over, I felt more content to go to India, even to serve during a native military mutiny, than continue the voyage to China, where I did not know what was going to be done, or how long it might take to do. I think officers and men of the regiment preferred service in India under any circumstances to service in China.

On the morning of August 12th, the *Belleisle* sailed for Calcutta, and on the same day a number of us chartered a four-in-hand and started for Capetown, where we spent a couple of days pleasantly, returning to Simon's Bay on the 15th, to find our ship ready for sea. On the 16th, the *Mauritius* steamed out of Simon's Bay, and for the first three days encountered heavy weather. Fortunately the gale was favourable, and the heavy seas followed us; but the

tremendous pitching and rolling of the ship loosened one blade of the screw (which was a new patent, as I understood), and it dropped out and went to the bottom. This accident did not interfere with the action or propelling power of the remaining blade, however, for, strange to say, the ship went through the water as fast with the one blade as she had done before with two.

On the morning of the 29th of August we steamed into the harbour of Port Louis, in the island of Mauritius, for the double purpose of getting a new blade fitted to the screw, and to coal; but, as it was found to be impossible to repair the screw, we hurriedly took in a small supply of coal, resumed our voyage on the 1st of September, and, after a pleasant run, entered the Hooghly on the morning of the 20th of September, and by the afternoon of the same day anchored off Fort William. We had taken ninety-three days (the number of the regiment) to make the voyage from Spithead to Calcutta, and arrived on the 20th of September, the anniversary of the battle of the Alma.

On the following morning we were surprised by a visit from our old Crimean Brigadier, Sir Colin Campbell, who had been sent out to India as Commander-in-chief. He was received by the men with great enthusiasm, and tremendous cheering. He was, apparently, very pleased to see his old 93rd friends again, and no doubt very thankful for such an accession of strength. The 90th and 82nd had already arrived, and these two regiments, with the 93rd and 23rd

hourly expected, would place at his disposal a force in perfect order of at least four thousand men. Captain Peel, R.N., with his ship, the *Shannon*, had also arrived, and had organized his crew as a naval brigade, equipped with heavy guns.

On the morning of the 21st our heavy baggage was landed and stored, and on the evening of the same day a wing of the regiment was sent in small steamers up the river to Chinsurah. On the following day the head-quarters of the regiment was sent on to the same station, and on the 26th Lieutenant-Colonel Hope and his detachment also arrived, thus completing the battalion to one thousand and nineteen men. The two officers and fifty men who were left at Portsmouth to follow in another ship had not arrived, but eventually one thousand and sixty-nine men landed in India.

It is worthy of remark that, out of the one thousand and seventy men who sailed from England, only one died on the voyage. I knew that he was in bad health at the time of embarkation, but thought that the long voyage to China might help to cure him; besides, the poor fellow was so urgent in his entreaties to be allowed to accompany the regiment, that I found it impossible to refuse.

At that time there was no regiment in the army so exclusively national as the 93rd, and perhaps not one that was equal to it in physical development—certainly not one of the regiments that had been in the Crimea; and though the following details have—partly

at least—already been published in my ‘Reminiscences of Service with the 93rd Highlanders,’ this short record of the regiment would be incomplete without them.

The following numbers of officers and men embarked at Portsmouth in 1857 for foreign service: Fifty-four officers and one thousand and seventy men. Of the officers, thirty were Scotch, seventeen English, and seven Irish. Of the one thousand and seventy men, nine hundred and ninety-four were Scotch, twenty-five English, and fifty-one Irish. Of the nine hundred and ninety-four Scotch, four hundred and fifty spoke Gaelic fluently, two hundred and fifty spoke both Gaelic and English fluently—we may therefore presume that those seven hundred men were genuine Highlanders, as, besides speaking Gaelic, they came from the counties of Perth, Inverness, Sutherland, and Aberdeen; one hundred and fifty understood, but did not speak Gaelic, and one hundred and forty-four neither spoke nor understood Gaelic. We may therefore presume that these two hundred and ninety-four men were all Lowland Scotch from Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee.

As to the physique of the regiment, the average height, including boys, was five feet, seven-and-a-half inches; the average chest measurement thirty-seven inches, and the average age twenty-five years. Exclusive of boys, the average height was over five feet, eight inches, and chest measurement over thirty-eight

inches, and age a little over twenty-five years. Could the most ardent soldier ask for anything better?

I make these statements from notes taken at the time, and, in collecting the details, I was assisted by my excellent old hospital-sergeant and comrade, John Corbett, to whom, for his devotion and for his clerklly skill, I was much indebted during the many years I was the Surgeon of the 93rd.

Immediately after the arrival of Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable A. Hope's detachment at Chinsurah, arrangements were made to forward the regiment by rail to Raneegunge, and from thence by bullock train to Oude, the seat of active rebellion after Delhi had fallen, and to join a force which was being assembled to relieve the garrison in the Residency of Lucknow, which was besieged by a large rebel army.

The regiment was despatched from Chinsurah in small parties—twelve in all—the first starting on the 28th of September and the last on the 9th of October, on which latter date also Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay, Lieutenant and Adjutant McBean, Quartermaster Joyner, and the Surgeon (myself) started by horse dak for Allahabad. Here we came up with No. 7 Company and a subdivision of No. 5, with which, as head-quarters, we went on by rail to Lahunda, where we were joined by No. 6 Company, and a detachment of Peel's Naval Brigade, with four guns, under Lieutenant Vaughan, R.N.

From Lahunda this little force marched to Futteh-

pore, a station of considerable importance, where we found assembled Nos. 3, 8, and Light Companies of the regiment, two companies of the 53rd, and a detachment of the 5th Fusiliers. Lieutenant-Colonel Hope, with the Grenadiers and Nos. 1 and 2 Companies, had already pushed on to Cawnpore, which station he reached on the 27th of October, and was there joined by a detachment of the regiment (No. 4 Company) with which was Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart.

On the 28th of October these four companies of the 93rd were attached to the force assembled under the command of Brigadier Hope Grant. This force was composed of the Delhi column (so called because it had been dispatched from Delhi, after the fall of the city, under Brigadier Greathead to intercept the rebels who were endeavouring to escape, through Agra, into Oude to join the rebel army at Lucknow), and of detachments of other regiments. On the date to which I have just referred (28th October), Brigadier Hope Grant had the following troops, probably numbering two thousand of all arms :

Royal and Indian Artillery.

Engineers.

9th Lancers. Detachment of the 4th Native Cavalry Regiment.

H. M. 8th Regiment.

Detachments 5th Fusiliers and 53rd Regiments.

Four companies of the 93rd Highlanders.

2nd and 4th Punjab Native Infantry.

This force was temporarily formed into brigades, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hope of the 93rd was appointed an Acting Brigadier.

On the 30th of October this force crossed the Ganges at Cawnpore, and on the same day marched ten miles in the direction of Lucknow. It was impossible for it to move quickly, as it was hampered by a large train of bullock-carts containing equipment and supplies. On the 31st the force advanced a short distance, and on the afternoon of the same day, after arrival in camp, a party of the 93rd and Punjabees was sent to destroy a village in the vicinity of the camp supposed to be occupied by rebels. The duty was accomplished, and without any fighting. On November 1st the force again advanced. During the march, the roar of artillery was distinctly heard from the direction of Lucknow.

On the following morning (2nd of November) before day-break the advance was resumed, but the column had not proceeded far when it was *unexpectedly* assailed by a sharp artillery fire. At first there was a little confusion, for some baggage camels and bullock-carts had got a little way in front, and interfered with the movements of the troops, but having been safely brought back under cover of a party of skirmishers, and the front cleared, the following arrangements were made, viz.: Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart, with two companies of the 93rd (the Grenadiers and No. 1), was directed to move to the left of the road to attack the fortified village of Bunterah, occupied by a body of the enemy; while Acting-Brigadier Hope with Nos. 2 and 4 Companies of the 93rd, and one

company of the 53rd, should advance to the right and attack the enemy collected near Bunnee Bridge, Colonel Ewart led his party quickly forward, assaulted the village, drove the enemy out, and set fire to the village, with considerable loss to the rebels, and with a loss of one man killed and three wounded of the 93rd. At the same time Acting-Brigadier Hope dispersed the party against which he was sent, capturing one of their guns, and without any loss on our side.

While these attacks were being carried out, the main body of the column advanced unmolested with the impedimenta; but, as soon as it was apparent that Ewart and Hope had been successful, the artillery and cavalry were sent forward in pursuit of the routed rebels and quickly dispersed them. It was discovered, probably from prisoners taken (though I rather think it was not usual to trouble ourselves with prisoners), that on the night of the 1st of November, a large reconnoitering party had been sent out from Lucknow, who had been able to post guns so as to command the road, along which our column had to march, and to occupy the village and position from which they were driven by Ewart and Hope.

The column then encamped on the open ground to the west of the Alumbagh plain, there to await further reinforcements, and the arrival of the Commander-in-chief. On the 5th of November a small detachment of the 93rd was sent under Acting-Brigadier Hope to escort a large string of bullock-

carts containing provisions for a detachment of the 90th Light Infantry holding the Alumbagh fort, distant about nine miles from our camp and three from Lucknow. The duty was successfully performed, and though the rebel cavalry showed in great force, and hovered round the little column, they did not attempt to attack.

I must now return to the head-quarters of the regiment, and follow its movements. When I last mentioned it, I left it with Nos. 3, 6, 7, 8, and Light Companies, and part of No. 5 at Futtehpoore. Leaving Nos. 3, 8, and Light Companies there under Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, 93rd, to watch a rebel force which was known to be in the neighbourhood, Colonel Leith Hay with a force consisting of the head-quarters of the 93rd (Nos. 6 and 7, and part of No. 5), detachments of the 5th Fusiliers and 53rd, and the detachment of Peel's Naval Brigade, marched for Cawnpore, where it arrived on the 31st of October, and halted for a day to reorganize our transport, which at the time consisted of bullock-carts only.

During our short halt at Cawnpore, we visited the slaughter-house where the Nana Sahib had caused so many women and children to be murdered, and the well into which their bodies had been thrown; and also the lines within which General Wheeler had defended himself so gallantly and successfully until, in a moment of weakness, he trusted himself and little garrison to the plighted word of the rebel Nana.

Up to the date of our reaching Cawnpore, I do not

think the men of the 93rd quite understood what the mutiny of the Native Army really was. Of course they had heard and read of it in newspapers at the Cape, and after their arrival in Calcutta; but they had no knowledge of India, knew nothing of the numbers or appearance of the large and well-disciplined Native Army; and on the way up from Chinsurah, with the exception of one company, which had not yet rejoined head-quarters, had neither seen nor encountered a rebel force nor seen anything of the wreck and ruin they had wrought. But when they reached Cawnpore, and heard what had happened there, and when they visited the dreadful charnel-house, which they did in scores, whose floor and walls were even then stained and sprinkled over with the blood of murdered European women and children, their hearts were suddenly enflamed with wrath, and many a vow of vengeance breathed, which, as we shall see, were faithfully kept and fully accomplished; and we shall see, too, that for every innocent and helpless woman and child murdered at Cawnpore, at least one hundred rebels perished at Lucknow, including the relief of the Residency and the siege of the city, in both of which the 93rd enacted a prominent part.

On the 1st of November a column under the command of Colonel Powell, 53rd, of which No. 3 Company 93rd, under Captain Cornwall, formed a part, encountered a considerable body of mutineers at the village of Kajwa in the neighbourhood of Futtehpore.

This was a very sharp engagement in which the enemy, numbering four thousand, were defeated and dispersed. The casualties on our side were considerable. Colonel Powell was killed while leading a charge of the 53rd and 93rd against the enemy's guns, *seven officers* * and a number of men wounded, ninety-five as reported by Captain Peel, R.N., who, on the death of Colonel Powell, assumed the command of the column, an unusual arrangement, I believe, but which proved satisfactory on that occasion.

The detachment 93rd, consisting of five officers and one hundred men, formed the advanced guard of the column; one half company of fifty men under Lieutenant Losack, with Ensigns Robertson and Hastie, led the way in skirmishing order, supported by the other half company of fifty men under Captain Cornwall, with Ensign Dick-Cunningham.

The casualties in No. 3 Company 93rd, were severe, viz.: one officer, Ensign Dick-Cunningham, wounded, three men killed and fifteen wounded—nearly a fifth of their strength. Cunningham was severely wounded, shot through the leg, but on recovery he joined the head-quarters of the regiment and served through the remainder of the campaign. It was a long time, however, before he could march, and he was therefore allowed to act as extra Orderly-officer to Brigadier Hope, and afterwards to Colonel Leith Hay,

* One officer of Engineers, one of the Naval Brigade, one of the Royal Marines, one of the 93rd, and three of the 53rd.

who succeeded temporarily to the command of a Brigade on the death of poor Hope. One of the privates killed was George Feckney, who had been very severely wounded at the battle of the Alma, one bullet having passed through the upper part of both thighs and *otherwise* injured him seriously—that one bullet made no fewer than six wounds on his body.

On the 2nd of November head-quarters of the regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Hay, crossed the Ganges at Cawnpore, and on the 7th of the month joined Brigadier Hope Grant's column encamped near the Alumbagh plain in the vicinity of Lucknow. On the 10th of the month, Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, with No. 8 and Light Companies 93rd, and Peel's Naval Brigade, and two companies of the 53rd, arrived in camp also.

On the 13th, Captain Cromwell with No. 3 Company, which had been present at the engagement at Kujwa, joined the head-quarters of the regiment in camp; the whole regiment, therefore, with the exception of the sub-division of No. 5 Company under Captain Sprot, which had not arrived in India, was assembled with the Colours, and mustered nine hundred and thirty-four men. At the same time, with No. 3 Company of the 93rd, a party of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers joined the camp.

CHAPTER IX.

The little Army for Relief of Residency—The Fourth Brigade—Brigadier A. Hope—Hope Grant—Sir Colin in Command—Rebel Army in our Rear—Defence of Cawnpore—Parade of Army—Sir Colin's Address to 93rd—Extract from Queen's Letter—Advance on 14th of November—Capture of Dilkosha and Martinière—Splendid Advance of Fourth Brigade—Rush of the Light Company—Meet Sir Colin, who Visits our Wounded—The Rear-guard under Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart—Hospitals—Whole Regiment together on the Night of 15th of November.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL came into camp on the evening of the 9th of November, and immediately assumed command in the field. On his way up from Calcutta he had been at one moment in danger of being captured by a body of rebels. I had no knowledge of this at the time; indeed, did not hear of it till long afterwards.

On the arrival of the last company of the 93rd, a little army of about four thousand men, including the different arms of the service, was at the disposal of the Commander-in-chief for the relief of the garrison of the Residency of Lucknow, which it was understood had become a matter of urgency.

This little army was formed into brigades by Sir Colin, viz.: *one* of cavalry and *three* of infantry, which with Peel's Naval Brigade, and artillery and Engineers, made up the strength as given above.

The 53rd (a portion of the regiment, and I think it was the head-quarters), the 93rd, and the 4th Punjab Rifles formed the Fourth Brigade, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable Adrian Hope of the 93rd, whose appointment as Brigadier of the second-class was confirmed. The Third Brigade was under the command of Brigadier Greathead, and the fifth of Brigadier Russell. The European portion of this Brigade was made up of detachments of several regiments formed into a battalion.

Brigadier Crawford commanded the artillery, and Colonel Little, 9th Lancers, the cavalry. Who commanded the Engineers, I forget, if I ever knew; but those I have mentioned I knew personally. My friend Tod Brown was Commissary of Ordnance; Dr. Dickson, H.E.I.C.S., was Principal Medical Officer, or Superintending-Surgeon, as the appointment was styled in India; my friend Dr. Campbell Brown (now Sir John) was in medical charge of the artillery, and Dr. Wilkie was in charge of the field-hospital. Sir Colin was in supreme command, and Brigadier Hope Grant held immediate executive command of the force, which was styled in Sir Colin's despatch a '*Division.*'

If one were to judge by the numbers and designations of the regiments which composed the force, without knowing its strength, a false impression of the numerical strength would be the result. The full strength was four thousand two hundred, made up of

9th Lancers, 1st, 2nd, and 5th Punjab Cavalry and Hodson's Horse; of portions of the 5th, 23rd, and Madras Fusiliers; of portions of the 8th, 53rd, 75th, 82nd, 84th, and 90th Regiments; of a few of the 78th, and of nearly the whole strength of the 93rd. Indeed, including officers, the 93rd mustered one thousand men, nearly one-fourth of the army, and half of the infantry. There were also the 2nd and 4th Punjab Native Infantry; and ready to fight side by side for the first time were Royal, Bengal, and Madras Artillery, and, with artillery, Peel's Naval Brigade may be included.

With this little army so constituted, Sir Colin had determined to cut his way through a large rebel army, and relieve the garrison shut up within the Residency, although well aware there was another large and well-appointed rebel army of twenty-five thousand men, with forty guns, advancing on Cawnpore, and in his rear. To deal with this (the Gwalior contingent), however, and protect his rear, he had left a Brigade, consisting of portions of the 64th and 82nd, and of the 88th and Rifle Brigade, at Cawnpore under General Wyndham.

On the afternoon of the 11th of November, Sir Colin's little army paraded for his inspection. The brigades were drawn up in quarter-distance column facing Lucknow, the Fourth Brigade, with the 93rd (in full Highland dress) in the centre, being on the extreme left. Sir Colin rode along the front, commencing from

the right; and as he approached the 93rd—which looked an immense body compared with the rest of the army—he was received with a cheer by his old friends. ‘Acknowledging the greeting, he rode straight up to the regiment, and addressed us in the following words, which, as I stood near him, I heard distinctly, and which I wrote down immediately after the parade, and afterwards entered them in the official records, kept in the orderly-room of the regiment :

‘Ninety-Third,—We are about to advance to relieve our countrymen and countrywomen besieged by the rebel army, in the Residency of Lucknow. It will be a duty of danger and difficulty, *but I rely upon you.*’

This address was received with another burst of enthusiastic cheers, which was taken up by the whole line, hitherto silent. And, as the old chief rode away, he must have felt that ‘his soldiers hearts *were* in good trim,’ and that they were ready for the struggle, determined to succeed and confident of success under his leading.

Almost at this very time a letter was being written by Her Majesty the Queen to Lord Canning, from which I quote the following extract :

‘We are delighted to hear such good accounts of Sir Colin Campbell, to whom we ask Lord Canning to remember us kindly. We can well imagine his delight at seeing his gallant and splendid 93rd, whom we saw at Gosport in June last, just before they left.’

Sir Colin, I know, was glad to see the regiment,

and it was indeed a body of men that the Queen and the country might well be proud of.

On the evening of the 13th of November, I met my younger brother, whom I had not seen for years. He was then a Lieutenant in the 53rd. We did not recognise each other, for we were boys when we parted.

During the forenoon of the 13th, the sick, the tents, baggage, and all impedimenta were sent into the Alumbagh fort, and the 75th Regiment—which was very weak, owing to its losses at Delhi—was detailed to garrison the fort, relieving detachments of various regiments which joined the army. On the same day, a small column, under Brigadier the Honourable Adrian Hope, was sent to take possession of the fort of Jellalabad, at some little distance to the right from the Alumbagh, and which, if retained by the enemy, might impede our future movements. On approaching the fort Hope found it abandoned, and destroyed it.

In the evening, when the general orders appeared, we found that Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, 93rd, was appointed to take temporary command of the large detachment of the 53rd Regiment, which had no field-officer with it. This was a great compliment to Colonel Gordon, and well deserved. The details for the advance on the morrow also appeared in orders.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 14th of November, the little army was under arms, and advanced in the following order, for the purpose of relieving the Residency and withdrawing the beleaguered garrison ;

ADVANCE.

Four Field-guns.
 One Squadron 9th Lancers.
 Two ditto Native Cavalry.
 Two hundred Infantry of 3rd Brigade.
 One hundred Pioneers.

MAIN COLUMN.

1st Cavalry Brigade.
 3rd Infantry Brigade (Greathead).
 4th ditto ditto (The Honourable A. Hope).
 5th ditto ditto (Russell).
 Peel's Naval Brigade—24 Pounders.
 Engineer Park.
 Heavy Field Batteries, with detachments of Royal Artillery.

REAR GUARD.

(Under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart, 93rd.)
 One Troop Horse Artillery.
 One Squadron 9th Lancers.
 Two ditto Native Cavalry.
 Two hundred 93rd Highlanders (of 4th Brigade.)
 Two hundred of Russell's 5th Brigade.

The Army moved off from the Alumbagh to the right at nine o'clock, a.m., avoiding the Cawnpore road, which led straight to the city, and by which the rebels expected us to approach, and where they were prepared to meet us. After a time, bending round to our left, the advance approached the Dilkoosha without meeting with any opposition, for the enemy, taken by surprise by the flank movement, were not prepared to offer any resistance, although, in the uncertainty as to our intentions, small parties were seen endeavouring to cut up different roads and by-paths leading to the city, and throw up embankments across and along them, so as to dispute our advance by any or all of them. Scouts also could be seen perched upon trees watching our movements.

As the advance approached the Dilkoosha (Heart's delight), one of the summer palaces of the King of Oude, which was occupied by the enemy as an out-post, a sharp fire of musketry was opened on its left flank, but this was easily and quickly silenced by the light field-guns, and by the fire of the infantry with this portion of the column. But, as the leading Brigade of the main column approached the Dilkoosha, it encountered a considerable body of rebel infantry advancing through the woods in the park of the palace on their left. This body of infantry, however, was quickly driven back, expelled from the park, and pushed over the crest of the hill down to the shelter of the wooded and broken ground surrounding the Martinière College, a large pile of buildings situated near the canal which enclosed the city of Lucknow on that side; and, while the Brigade extended in skirmishing order was pressing the routed rebel infantry, the Fourth Brigade in open column appeared upon the crest of the high ground round the Dilkoosha, and immediately came under a heavy fire of artillery from the enemy's guns posted within the enclosure and in the broken ground surrounding the Martinière, by which *seven* men of the 93rd were wounded. To avoid this fire, and while our field and heavy guns were replying to and endeavouring to silence those of the enemy, the Fourth Brigade was formed up in quarter-distance column, under cover of some ruined mud buildings to the right of the Dilkoosha

palace. There, however, the enemy's round shot and shell reached us, killing one man and wounding four.

I had just completed my attendance on the wounded when the order came for the Fourth Brigade to advance and drive the enemy out of the Martinière grounds; their heavy guns having ceased firing, either disabled or withdrawn.

The 4th Punjab Rifles moved first in skirmishing order, the 93rd following in immediate support, with the 53rd still further back, while on the left the Naval Brigade kept up a heavy fire on the enemy to cover this advance, in spite of which, however, the rebels plied us well with round shot and shell from several light guns, and with musketry, as we commenced to move down towards their position. But, under our steady and rapid advance, the enemy withdrew their guns, retired from the ground in front of the Martinière to the woods behind, from which they were driven in confusion beyond the canal, there about two hundred yards from the rear of the Martinière enclosure, followed by the Brigade, the leading regiment of which (4th Punjab Rifles) passed rapidly through the enclosure, inclining to their right, crossed the canal, and occupied one end of a village, the other end of which the enemy clung to tenaciously, and retained until the evening of the following day. At the same time the 93rd, with the 53rd and Madras Fusiliers (which I think belonged to the *Third* Brigade) streamed into the enclosure, pushed the enemy

before them, and occupied the wood and grounds behind and to our left of the Martinière, exposed during their advance to a heavy musketry fire which wounded one officer and several men of the Fusiliers, and cut the foliage of the trees above our heads like a hail-storm.

This advance of the Fourth Brigade, led by Brigadier Adrian Hope, was made in beautiful style, and must have pleased the eye of any critical soldier looking on. I had a complete view of it as I followed close behind down the sloping hill. The line of skirmishers, conspicuous in their turbans (paghris) and dark uniform, moved quickly forward with faultless precision, followed by the stately column with its waving plumes and flowing tartans. The 4th Punjabees were all Sikhs, men of good physique and noble countenance; a brave race, always ready for war, fearless in battle, and who had fought through the siege of Delhi with distinction.

I watched their advance for a time, but of course my eyes were turned chiefly on my own men, partly in admiration of their magnificent appearance, and partly in watchfulness for the fall of wounded men. But there were no casualties at this time of the day, for the advance was so rapid and the enemy retired so hurriedly that their fire was wild and high, their shot passing over the skirmishers and column, and striking the ground far behind, and falling amongst those of us who were coming up in rear.

On clearing the enemy out of the Martinière

grounds, three companies of the 93rd, under Captain Cornwall, were sent out to the open ground on our left to cover and protect the Naval Brigade with their heavy guns, while at the same time three companies were advanced and extended behind a long low mud-bank which formed the boundary on that side of the Martinière enclosure, and the two remaining companies remained in rear amongst the trees in support of those in front.

How the rest of the force was distributed, I do not know ; I write only at present of what I do know, of what I saw. Towards sunset, and when we thought that fighting was over for the day, we, within the enclosure, were suddenly assailed by a heavy artillery and infantry fire from a strong body of rebels who, perhaps reassured by our not advancing further, had taken up a position along and behind the canal, and amongst some ruined houses and broken walls, from whence they opened and kept up a heavy fire, possibly preparatory to attack ; but two twenty-four pounders drawn by oxen were brought into the enclosure on the right of the 93rd, and, opening fire, checked the enemy's infantry, while Peel's guns on the left commenced a duel with those of the enemy, which, however, being well under cover behind a large building (Banks' bungalow), were not easily silenced. On the contrary, they continued to play upon our position until Sir Colin (losing patience, perhaps) rode up to the 93rd, and calling upon Colonel Leith Hay, desired him to take the Light Company (Captain Dalzell),

make a rush for Banks' bungalow, dislodge the enemy, and capture their guns, if possible.

Colonel Leith Hay, accordingly, led the company out of the enclosure, formed it up in extended order behind Peel's guns, which were about to deliver a salvo against the enemy's position. At the roar of the guns the men sprang forward at the double, but on reaching the canal, it was found to be too deep to ford. The rush, however, had the effect of making the enemy withdraw his guns. The Light Company was ordered to remain out there for the night, extended along and under cover of the bank of the canal; while Captain Cornwall, with the three companies which had been sent in the afternoon to protect Peel's guns, returned to the head-quarters of the regiment, and bivouacked for the night under the trees within the enclosure.

In the rush of the Light Company we had one man killed, under the following circumstances. When the salvo of Peel's guns was delivered, one of the guns hung fire, and did not go off until our men were well in front. Then it *did* go off, and the shot or the wadding must have grazed or struck the man alluded to. I saw him fall, and heard his cry of pain, and on going up to and examining him, found his back contused and his spine broken. Death followed almost immediately. I have mentioned this case more particularly in my former book.

Late in the evening, after I had performed my

operations, attended to and fed my wounded, I went off in search of some building or outhouse where they might be sheltered, for we had no tents, and the night air was chilly.

In my search I approached the Martinière, and, entering, met Sir Colin and his staff. He called me to him, spoke in praise of the regiment, asked for the wounded, and offered me anything from his private stores for them. I told him that we had all we required, except shelter for them during the night, which I was then in search of. He desired me to bring them into the Martinière, and put them into any room I found vacant, and, on my doing so, he came himself to see them, and spoke a few kindly words to them.

As I was moving away, Sir Colin called me back, and said, 'We are going to have some hard fighting to-morrow or next day, and your regiment will be with me at the front.' Then, after a moment's pause, he added, 'Remember, should anything happen to me, I'll send for you to attend me.' Fortunately he did not require my attendance, for, though struck by a bullet on the 16th, he was not wounded, as the bullet struck him on the buckle of his waist-belt.

We must now refer shortly to the rear-guard, under the command of Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart, of the 93rd. The strength of this portion of the column I have already detailed. The Grenadiers of the 93rd, under Captain Middleton, formed part of it, and during the day No. 1 Company of the regiment under

Captain Clarke also was attached to it in this way—as the main column was advancing on the Dilkoosha, this company, supported by a company of the 90th Light Infantry, under Captain Guise, was sent off to the left front to attack and drive a body of rebels out of a village, and to hold the village until the rear-guard had passed. Captain Clarke succeeded in driving the rebels out, and held the position as long as was necessary, and then joined and remained with the rear-guard.

Colonel Ewart was specially selected by Sir Colin, I believe, for the command of the rear-guard, as it was a duty of difficulty and great responsibility, for it had to protect a long train of impedimenta and of bullock-carts laden with supplies for the army and for the garrison and the women and children and native followers shut up within the Residency which we were going to relieve. But under his able management, and skilful handling and disposition of the little force under his command, Colonel Ewart, though attacked, beat off his assailants, and brought in his immense charge on the following morning without the loss of a man, or even of a cart or camel. When No. 1 Company, under Captain Clarke, returned to the head-quarters of the regiment, it was received with something like enthusiasm. It may be remembered that this company had been detached from the main column on the forenoon of the 14th, to attack and hold a village occupied by rebels, who, if allowed to remain there, might have impeded the

line of march, particularly if reinforced to any extent. Captain Clarke, with his company, having succeeded in taking the village without the loss of a man, held it as long as was necessary, and then, instead of returning to the main column, the position of which he did not know, joined the rear-guard, as I have already explained; and the men of the regiment, not aware of the fact, got it into their heads somehow that No. 1 had been destroyed—blown up in a body—in the attack on the village, and remained under this belief until they saw the company march in on the morning of the 15th.

During the advance of the 14th, the regimental hospitals kept on the right flank of the column, each as close to his own regiment as possible. The 93rd had a very large establishment, no fewer than one hundred dhoolies (covered stretchers) with six hundred bearers to carry them, and stores and equipment for one hundred sick and wounded. Other regiments and detachments had dhoolies and equipment according to their strength. The field-hospital which came on with the rear-guard, had an establishment for two hundred sick and wounded. Altogether, therefore, with the little army of four thousand two hundred men, we had the means of carrying and taking care of about six hundred sick and wounded—a very large proportion.

Wonderful fellows the dhoolie-bearers were, fearless in danger, always willing to go to the front, into the thick of the battle under the heaviest fire; I have seen some killed, and have seen some wounded, and do

not understand how any class of men could be found to expose themselves to danger and possible death for four rupees (eight shillings) a month, and no certainty of pension or gratuity for loss of limb or wounds. When severely wounded they submitted with the utmost patience, and showed great fortitude under suffering, and generally made a good and rapid recovery. To look at them—so small and spare—it was difficult to believe, until one saw them do it, how four of them could carry a dhooly with a big heavy wounded Highlander with arms and accoutrements in it. But they appeared to do it with the greatest ease, and at a sort of rapid running walk or shuffle.

The army spent the night of the 14th in the open air, 'one great outlying picket,' as Sir Colin described it. Officers and men, wrapped in their greatcoats *only*, lay upon the ground, with revolvers and rifles beside them, ready for any sudden emergency ; but the rebels were silent during the night, so that the weary soldiers were allowed to sleep without once being disturbed, and therefore rose on the following morning refreshed and ready and eager for action.

During the 15th, the force remained in the positions gained and occupied the night before ; the 93rd in extended order behind the bank facing the canal and Banks' bungalow. All day an intermittent musketry fire was kept up, but not by our men. The 4th Punjabees on our right, however, worried the enemy a good deal, and I believe killed a few of those who still held the other end of the village

where the Punjabees had established themselves.

The enemy in front of us, and concealed amongst the ruined buildings and in the enclosures and broken ground on the other side of the canal, occasionally reminded us that they knew where we were, and never allowed any man to show himself without taking a shot at him. Observing this, our men, partly to amuse themselves (for even out of such circumstances soldiers try to get amusement) and partly to induce the enemy to show himself in his eagerness to get a shot, and perhaps afford an opportunity for a shot in return, took to holding a feather bonnet, in different places along the line, just above the bank. Instantly a dozen bullets would whizz over the bank, but not a rebel would come out from his hiding-place.

Several times during the day I visited the companies lying under the bank, but was invariably fired at both in going forward and returning. I did not mind the possibility of being hit in *front*, but had a decided objection to being hit *behind*. However, when the colonel discovered that I was thus unnecessarily exposing myself, he requested me not to do it again. It sounded like a request, but I knew it to mean an order. Our casualties during this day were one man killed and two wounded.

Late in the evening the two companies, No. 8, under Williams, and the Light under Dalzell, which had been detached on the eve of the 14th and morning of the 15th, were called in, and the whole regiment bivouacked for the night close to the Martinière.

I must here put on record an act of bravery per-

formed by one of the privates of the regiment. On the 14th, while we were advancing on the Dilkoosha, the elephants with the hospital tents were carried off by a party of the enemy, and driven within a walled serai. The quartermaster (Mr. Joyner) having been informed of this, and the place where the elephants were pointed out to him, determined to recover them. He was accompanied by Private McDonald of the regiment. As they approached the enclosure the enemy (eight or ten in number) concealed themselves in a room near the gateway. Seeing no enemy, Mr. Joyner and the private entered the enclosure, and while making signs (they could not speak a word of Hindi) to the mahouts to take the elephants out, a flight of bullets whistled round them. While the elephants were passing out, Mr. Joyner desired McDonald to go out with them, and that when all had got out safely he himself would follow ready to defend himself with his revolver, but the man declined to go first or to leave the quartermaster for a moment, declaring, 'that it was not the custom in the regiment for a soldier to look after his own safety and leave an officer in danger.' Mr. Joyner then ordered him to go, but the man refused to obey, saying, 'I will leave this place with you, or stay and die with you.' Even after he was shot through the hand, and the stock of his rifle was broken, he refused to try to escape before his officer. Fortunately, just then a party of the 4th Punjab Rifles appeared, who burst open the door and made short work of the enemy.

CHAPTER X.

Preparing for the Advance—Sir Colin addresses the Regiment—
 First Shot—The Secunderbagh—Breaching the Wall—The
 93rd Assaults—Grand and Exciting Rush—A Disputed Point
 —Captain Burroughs—Lieutenant Cooper—Colonel Ewart—
 Entering the Breach—Bursting open Gate—Fighting Inside
 —Numbers of Enemy Killed—Hand-to-Hand fighting—93rd
 Losses—Capture of other Positions—Sir Colin again Calls on
 the 93rd—Storming and Capture of Shah Nujiff—The
 Hospitals—Burial of our Dead at Midnight—Communication
 with Residency Opened.

THE morning of the 16th of November, 1857, dawned cold and raw, and a thin vapour hung over the ground which, however, slowly disappeared as the sun rose above the eastern horizon like a great globe of a deep blood-red colour, 'The last sun,' as poor Lumsden (interpreter of the 93rd) remarked to me, 'that many of us standing round our little bivouac fires should see.' His remark was prophetic, for late that night he and Dalzell of the 93rd, who was standing near us when he (Lumsden) made the above remark, and many of the men who were around us quietly making their preparations for the day, were laid to rest in their graves.

Officers and men took a hurried breakfast at seven o'clock, and, just as we had finished, Sir Colin rode up to the regiment, and, as a group of officers and men

gathered round him, spoke to us in his quick emphatic manner. He explained what was to be done and how he wished the regiment to act during the day; and said, ‘The enemy you are going to meet will stand and fire at you as long as you stand to fire at them. I must have none of that; there must be no hesitation, no halting, but a steady and constant advance, and whenever you get within charging distance, *at* them with the bayonet, and they’ll never wait to meet you.’

The force of infantry and artillery, including Peel’s Naval Brigade, available for the fight that day was small; the former numbering a little over two thousand bayonets—the 93rd alone mustered nine hundred and ten—while the artillery and Peel’s brigade numbered a little over one thousand men. With a total strength, therefore, of about three thousand fighting men, Sir Colin was prepared to advance to attack fortified positions, cut his way through an army vastly superior in numbers to his own, and relieve and withdraw the garrison of the Residency.

The 8th regiment, a portion of the native infantry, and some guns were detailed to protect the Dilkoosha, where the field-hospital had been established, and the baggage and equipment collected; and the cavalry was employed to guard and keep open the line of communication between the advancing fighting column and its immediate base of operations.

About eight o’clock the force, consisting of artillery, sailors, and infantry, formed up on an open sandy space

near the canal, and, after a delay of about an hour, commenced to move slowly along the right bank of the river Goomtee, the Fourth Brigade leading, and the advance covered by the 53rd, under the command of Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, 93rd.

After marching about a couple of miles, and gradually inclining to our left, we came under a smart fire of musketry from a strip of wood which concealed a large village on our left front, but the enemy was quickly dislodged by the 53rd, and driven back on their supports in and in the rear of the village, through the narrow lanes and enclosures of which we had to fight our way, while the enemy plied us with round shot and musketry. But the 53rd skirmishers advanced steadily, and, supported by the 93rd, drove the enemy out of the village. While following them in rapid pursuit, the 93rd came unexpectedly out on to an open space, on the opposite side of which stood a large, square-turreted building with loopholed walls—the famous Secunderbagh—from which a tremendous, but not effective, musketry fire was poured on the regiment, as, on emerging from the village, it formed into line in the open. To avoid this storm of fire, and to be under cover until artillery could be brought up to breach the wall, Colonel Leith Hay was ordered to move the regiment to the shelter of a long low embankment which ran parallel to the south face of the building and at a distance of about one hundred yards from the wall. There,

under shelter, the regiment remained until two of Travers' heavy guns having been brought up—a nine-pounder having proved useless—succeeded in breaching the tower at the south-west corner of the building, while our men by a steady rifle fire kept back the enemy from their loopholes, and from showing themselves above the parapet on the top of the walls. One of these heavy guns was dragged into position by the Light Company of the regiment, under Sir Colin's own directions; and 'willingly and gallantly was the dangerous duty performed' under a 'withering but ill-directed fire from the Secunderbagh.'

While the two heavy guns were battering the base of the tower, Colonel Leith Hay, with two companies of the regiment, drove the enemy out of a large square enclosure (the Serai) opposite the western face of the Secunderbagh; and Captains Cornwall and Stewart, with Nos. 2 and 3 companies, a section of the Grenadiers, also of No. 4, under Captain Macdonald, and of No. 8, under Lieutenant Fullarton, were sent out to the left front to keep down a flank fire from two guns which the enemy had brought forward, and with which they were raking the road leading from the Secunderbagh to the barracks, and interfering with the breaching operations. But Stewart, perceiving the annoyance which these two guns were causing, and the injury that they might still cause, called upon his company, and at the head of it, increased in weight and numbers by a few men

of the other companies, and of the 53rd, who had joined our men, dashed forward in the most gallant style, captured the guns at the point of the bayonet, turned them on the flying rebels, and then, pushing forward at the double, while Captain Cornwall, with his company and the men of other companies, followed in support, assaulted the large pile of building called the barracks, situated on the left front of the Secunderbagh, drove the enemy out, and established themselves in it; and thus by the capture of these two positions (the Serai and the barracks), the breaching guns, and the 93rd and 4th Punjab Rifles preparing to assault the Secunderbagh, were secured from attack on the left, while on the right they were protected by the Fifth Brigade.

As soon as the breach was considered practicable, Sir Colin ordered the assault to be given by the 93rd, supported by the 4th Punjab Rifles. The order was, as I understand, conveyed to the 93rd by Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart, who at the moment was the senior officer of the regiment present, and who himself accompanied the stormers, and was amongst the first who entered by the breach. In a moment the men of the 93rd, who had been fretting for an hour under necessary restraint, were on their feet, cleared the bank at a bound, and with a ringing cheer dashed at the breach, exposed as they rushed across the open space to a heavy fire of musketry from the loopholed wall and from the top of the building.

It was a grand and exciting rush, for there were Highlander and Sikh together side by side striving for the first place, but the 93rd got the lead and kept it, and, arriving at the foot of the high wall, were first to enter at the breach.

I know nothing so thrilling, so fearfully exciting as the sight of wrathful men rushing forward to assault, more especially when these men are your own comrades with whom you are proud to be associated, and whom you know to be brave as lions, loyal to Queen, country, and regiment, true as steel to each other, and fighting in a sacred cause. If it be so exciting to a looker-on, what must it be to those actually engaged? Ask any one of them when the tumult of the strife is over to describe what were his feelings while he fought, and he cannot do it; but he will tell you this, that during the rush and throughout the fierce struggle he was perfectly regardless because unconscious of danger, and had no thought of death, but was all the time only burning with overwhelming desire to close quickly with his enemy and sweep him from his path, or crush him beneath his feet.

I speak as one who has seen and has a knowledge of such things, for twice have I had the good fortune to be with the 93rd Highlanders, as a looker-on, when the regiment assaulted fortified positions, entered by the breach, and after desperate fighting wrested the positions from the enemy.

At the time perhaps I did not think of those things

so much and so seriously as I do now, for then I was young, and, like the young, thoughtless in the midst of danger ; and, besides, after the first rush, the first moment of excitement, I had my own special duties to occupy my attention ; but now, with my gaze turned '*toward the sunset*,' and with leisure to look back and think of the past, those stirring and terrible scenes of long ago come crowding fresh on my memory ; and as I sit quietly and alone in my study, writing of them that others may read, I live those scenes over again, and recall the faces and the heroic deeds of the many old friends and comrades of the 93rd who fell in battle.

It was and still is a disputed point who was the first man to enter the breach in the tower of the Secunderbagh. The honour was and still is claimed by Captain Burroughs (now Lieutenant-General and C.B.) with a few men of No. 6, his own company, and also by Lieutenant (now Major) Cooper with a party of No. 5 company. There is no doubt of this, however, that it was a 93rd man, and one or other of the two officers who claim the honour. I do not attempt to say who was the first, for I was not close enough to the breach to see. Burroughs states that he was standing at an opening in the bank behind which the regiment was extended, and almost opposite to and within eighty yards of the breach, when he saw Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart approach the regiment from the left, where the guns

were, and heard him shout to the 93rd to advance. He (Burroughs) immediately gave the order, 'Forward, No. 6,' while he himself led the way at a run straight across the open, and was the first at the breach, but found it too small for him or any other man to get in at, and that, before he could even squeeze through it, he had with his own hands to clear away some of the bricks and mortar, and that even then he had to *squeeze* himself through. Cooper states that, on hearing the bugle sound the 'Advance,' he ran 'as hard as he could *to the breach*, one man of the 4th Punjab Rifles and one of the 93rd were in front of him, *but* both were knocked over, thus leaving him first in the rush for the breach, which, on reaching, he jumped through at once.'

Well, whichever of the two—and there is no doubt it was one of these—was first to enter, each deserves equal credit for entering the breach without hesitation, believing that no man had entered before him.

Burroughs, on getting through the breach, found himself in a room in which there were a number of Sepoys, who, as they bolted, fired at, but missed him, and he, with three men of his company, Corporal Fraser, Lance-Corporal Dunlay, and Private Nairn, immediately behind him, and followed by Lieutenant Gordon Alexander and several other men, turned to the left, and, passing out of the room, found themselves on a path, along which they advanced, exchanging shots with the Sepoys whom they had driven

out of the room ; but these, reinforced by a number of Sepoys who rushed out of a deep recess (the gateway as it proved to be), forced, by sheer weight, Burroughs and his party back into the room from which they had just emerged with one of their number, Lance-Corporal Dunlay, wounded in the knee. There the little party was joined by several other men of No. 6 company, who also had got in at the breach, which by that time had been enlarged by our native sappers. With this addition to his party, and accompanied by Lieutenant Gordon Alexander, one of his own subalterns, Burroughs again advanced towards the gateway to try to open the gate ; but, the moment the party got into the deep recess of the gateway, they encountered a number of the enemy, with whom our men closed at once, and while engaged in a regular hand-to-hand fight—bayonet against tulwar—were exposed for a minute or two to a heavy cross fire from Sepoys who occupied galleries above and on each side of the recess. Fortunately for our men, however, the recess became so full of smoke that the enemy above could not distinguish friend from foe below, so that our men suffered comparatively little from their fire. Still several of them were wounded in the recess, Burroughs himself receiving a sword-cut on the ear and cheek.

While our men were thus fighting at a disadvantage, the gate was suddenly burst open from without, and in rushed the 93rd, 53rd, and Sikhs, Sir Colin himself riding at their head. Then commenced a

fight in which quarter was neither asked nor given; but the rebels, driven with terrible slaughter by our men from court to court, from passage to passage, from room to room, fought to the last with dogged determination, knowing that the gateway and the breach, the only means of egress, being in our possession, there was no possibility of escape for them. Not a single rebel of nearly three thousand who had garrisoned the Secunderbagh left that dreadful charnel house alive; and, when I entered the place after the fighting was over in search of wounded, I saw the dead lying piled upon each other in scores, many of them with bayonet wounds only; and in one court (at the north-east angle of the enclosure), where an explosion had taken place, the dead, scorched in the most dreadful manner, and many of the bodies burning slowly, lay piled up in hundreds—a ghastly, a sickening sight. Thus was the massacre of Cawnpore avenged.

I will now try to follow Lieutenant Cooper and Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart throughout the fight. On entering the breach, Lieutenant Cooper turned at once to the right, and, followed by a few of his men, ran quickly along a path or passage, at the end of which he came to a doorway leading into a courtyard which was full of Sepoys; these they attacked at once, and Cooper himself engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with a gigantic rebel armed with sword and shield. They cut at each other almost at the same moment; Cooper, with a straight downward

stroke, drove his long claymore deep into his enemy's skull and killed him, while, almost at the same moment, Cooper himself received a bad cut from his enemy, extending diagonally from one side of his forehead to the other, the scar of which honourable wound he bears to this day, and by which alone, meeting him after an interval of twenty years, I recognised my old comrade.

When Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart brought the order for the 93rd to advance, he accompanied the leading stormers, entered the breach amongst the first, and took the turn to the right, the same that Cooper had taken. He (Cooper) says that he saw Colonel Ewart close behind, advancing along the same passage, and in the same direction that he himself had taken; and Colonel Ewart says that, on entering the breach and before turning to his right, he saw Burroughs inside the building to his left, who therefore must have passed through the breach before himself, and, as I infer from the statement above, so did Lieutenant Cooper. Assistant-Surgeon Bell, who was the medical officer detailed by me for the left wing, also entered the breach, for he attended to Cooper when he was wounded.

In the court where Cooper was wounded was an enclosure containing several large and small rooms in which were a number of the enemy, and in which those encountered by Cooper and Ewart with their party also had taken refuge. To attack them *there* was a difficult and dangerous duty, but Colonel Ewart, here joined by Captain Lumsden, H.E.I.C.S. (Interpreter,

93rd), who had entered either by the breach or with a few men by a window in the wall to our right of the breach, determined to force an entrance. Here, Lumsden, cheering on the men and behaving with great gallantry, was shot dead while in the act of trying to break open a window with a pioneer's hatchet.

Whether or not he succeeded before he was killed in breaking open the window, so as to admit the men, or whether it was by the door that Colonel Ewart and his party made an entrance, I do not know, but they *did* force their way in, and then commenced another hand-to-hand fight. Colonel Ewart himself engaged six of the enemy in succession, and with sword and revolver killed them; and afterwards attacked two others in a small room who were guarding a regimental colour. (He was nearly cut down in entering this room.) These also he killed and captured the colour, but received in the struggle two sword-cuts on the right hand and arm. The men who followed Colonel Ewart used rifle and bayonet rapidly and vigorously, and gave no quarter. While this isolated fight was going on, the companies which had entered by the gate, broken up after the first rush into small parties, some led by officers, some by non-commissioned officers, followed the rebels into the rooms and hiding-places in which they had sought refuge, and shot and bayoneted them in terrible and wrathful silence; and in this they were assisted by many of the 53rd and Punjab Rifles.

But the storming of the Secunderbagh and the

complete destruction of its garrison was not effected without loss on our side. Captain Lumsden was the first officer who fell, Captain Dalzell of the Light Company was the next; he was shot in the groin, and lived only a few seconds, during which he handed his watch and revolver to his faithful soldier-servant who, during the whole day, had never left his master's side. Colonel Ewart, Captain Burroughs, Lieutenant Cooper, and Ensign Macnamara received sword-cuts in hand-to-hand encounters, and Lieutenants Welsh and Wood received gunshot-wounds; both were severely wounded, but the former was rendered almost helpless for the few years he survived. The sergeant-major and twenty men were killed; and seven sergeants, five corporals, and forty-nine men were wounded.

As far as I can ascertain, the only officers who entered the Secunderbagh by the breach were Captain Burroughs, Lieutenant Cooper, Colonel Ewart, Captain Lumsden (Interpreter), Lieutenant Gordon Alexander, Captain Williams, and Assistant-Surgeon Bell; and the men who entered belonged to Nos. 5, 6, and 8 Companies. A half-company of the Grenadiers under Middleton, of No. 1 under Captain Clarke, of No. 4 under a subaltern, the whole of No. 7 under Dawson, half of No. 8 under Sergison, and the whole of the Light Company under Dalzell entered by the gate. No men of Nos. 2 and 3 Companies entered the Secunderbagh, as they were employed capturing the two guns and the barracks.

Of the officers and men of the 53rd, who entered the Secunderbagh with the 93rd, some by a window and others by the gate, Captain Walton was severely and Lieutenant French slightly wounded. These I saw, but of the men of that regiment who were killed and wounded I saw none, though I am aware that the regiment had many casualties.

Of the 4th Punjab Rifles, three officers were wounded, two mortally and the third severely, and the command then devolved upon a young subaltern, Lieutenant Willoughby. A number of their men were killed and wounded, for they fought with great pluck, and, though I saw those who were wounded, unfortunately I could not speak to them.

After the fall of the Secunderbagh, Colonel Ewart, though wounded, willingly accepted the command at the barracks, where at first he had three hundred of the regiment, eventually increased to four hundred, as Sir Colin considered it a position of vital importance.

At the same time Brigadier Hope, with the headquarters of the 93rd, and a battalion of detachments of various regiments under Major Barnstone, advanced, attacked, and drove the enemy out of a village to the right front of the Secunderbagh, and between it and another pile of buildings (Shah Nujiff) ; while the 53rd, in skirmishing order, advanced on the left to clear the enemy out of some ruins in that direction. In this advance, my brother, who was a lieutenant in the 53rd, and in command of one of the companies, was severely

wounded, having been struck in the left side by a bullet which penetrated and lodged in his lung. I was not far from him at the moment, and a kind assistant-surgeon (Kearney, I think was his name) brought him to me, and, with the permission of the Officer Commanding and the Surgeon of the 53rd, I kept him beside myself until the afternoon of the following day, when all the wounded were sent to the field-hospital so as to leave the fighting force perfectly free.

It was late in the evening—between five o'clock, and six o'clock—before all that I have attempted to describe was accomplished, but there was the large pile of buildings on our right front, called the Shah Nujiff, which, if not taken before night set in, would render our position insecure, for it was strongly garrisoned and commanded the positions already in our possession. Accordingly, Captain Peel was directed to open fire upon it with his heavy guns. Having done so, and kept it up for a couple of hours, the battalion of detachments under Major Barnstone was sent forward to take it by assault, but failed as no breach could be discovered; and as Major Barnstone was severely wounded, and a number of the men killed and wounded, the battalion was withdrawn. At this moment Sir Colin rode up to the 93rd, and pointing to the Shah Nujiff said, 'Highlanders, I had no intention of employing you again to-day, after what you have done already, but *that building* must be taken; and as the artillery cannot drive the enemy out, you must and with the bayonet. I will lead you myself.'

In a few minutes the men had fallen into their ranks, and the regiment formed in column of sections. Then the Grand Old Soldier, with Hope beside and his staff close behind him, placed himself at the head of the regiment, and led the way at a quick pace, the men following silently but eagerly, while the enemy, observing the advancing column, tried to arrest it with a storm of round shot and musketry which knocked over several of our men, and brought every mounted officer to the ground, their horses killed under them. Sir Colin himself was struck on the waist-belt by a bullet, and Colonel Alison's left arm was shattered by a round shot. At this moment Peel opened fire again on the building, and Middleton galloped forward with his battery of Royal Horse Artillery in splendid style, the gunners cheering and urging their horses to full speed, unlimbered quickly, and getting his guns into position swept the ground and brushwood in front of the column as it moved steadily on with round after round of grape and canister. At last Sir Colin, having got within one hundred yards of the position, checked his horse, and turning to the regiment waved his sword as a signal to assault. Away went the stormers with a cheer, Hope with his two staff-officers (Brigade-Major Cox, 75th, and Butter, 93rd, aide-de-camp) leading; Leith Hay at the head of his regiment; onward they rushed with firm and rapid tread, regardless of the storm of bullets that was sweeping overhead and through their ranks: unconscious that every

here and there along the line a bullet took effect, and comrades fell suddenly dead or wounded. At length they were close under the high wall, but found no breach by which to enter, and had no means of mounting to the top to cross bayonets with the foe, and try his strength and mettle at close quarters; but were exposed to a cruel fire from the enemy securely posted behind the parapet above, to which our men, taking shelter behind some ruined huts, attempted to reply. During this check a small party under Sergeant Paton 93rd went in search of some weak spot in the wall. While the attention of the enemy was thus occupied, Peel, with the assistance of some of our officers and men, brought up one of his guns close to the wall, and opened fire on one angle of the enclosure. Even his heavy shot, however, hurled against the solid masonry at a distance of less than one hundred yards, had little or no effect, and, nearly all the sailors being wounded, the gun had to be withdrawn. By that time darkness was rapidly settling down upon the scene of combat, and Hope began to consider that it *might* be necessary to withdraw the 93rd also—so I heard, but never from Hope himself. The wounded had already been removed and the dead were being collected, preparatory to retiring, when Sergeant Paton reported to Lieutenant Hyslop commanding the Light Company that he had discovered a rent in the wall by which he thought an entrance might be affected. This Hyslop reported to Brigadier Hope, who, calling

upon Leith Hay and collecting round him some fifty men of the regiment, advanced cautiously under the guidance of Sergeant Paton (who for his courage and intrepidity on that day received the Victoria Cross), and unperceived by the enemy reached the rent in the masonry, up which Hope, Leith Hay, and several of the men scrambled to the top of the wall, and, meeting with no opposition and seeing no enemy, jumped down, made for the gate-way, and threw the great gates open, when in rushed the regiment just in time to see the white figures of the rebels bolting in confusion and abandoning the position.

The Shah Nujiff was won, and thus ended the struggle for the day. The capture of the position secured the other points already in our possession, and ensured the relief of the Residency.

Our casualties in this last assault amounted to one officer (Lieutenant Goldsmith) severely wounded; three men killed, and thirteen wounded, making our casualties for the day as follows :

KILLED—Officers, two ; sergeant-major, one ; privates, twenty-two—total, twenty-five.

WOUNDED—Officers, seven ; sergeants, seven ; corporals, five ; privates, forty-nine—total, sixty-eight. Total, ninety-three.

During the following four days one man was killed and six wounded, making the total casualties in the regiment at the relief of the Residency one hundred officers and men.*

* The assaulting column of the 93rd at the Shah Nujiff was composed of half of the Grenadiers, of Nos. 1, 4, and 5 Companies,

The Shah Nujiff proved to be a very strong position, the taking of which, if bravely defended, might have cost us many a life, and caused considerable delay in the operations for the relief; but I presume the hearts of the rebels failed them suddenly when they saw that we were determined to take it, as we had already taken the Secunderbagh, for they must have been aware of this; and probably, too, the fear of a night attack created a panic amongst them, for their retirement was sudden, and effected while their bugles, to deceive us, were sounding the assembly and advance. Very few of the enemy were caught inside, and those few were quickly dealt with.

Immediately on taking possession, Sir Colin ordered the pipers of the regiment to march round the building, playing 'The Campbells are coming.' This was heard in the Residency, and informed the garrison of the progress we had made during the day. Detachments of the 93rd were then told off to occupy different parts of the building for the night, and the half-company of the grenadiers, and a few men from each of the other companies, with the colours, were led by Colonel Leith Hay back to the village from whence the assaulting column had advanced led by Sir Colin. The enemy made no attempt during the

of the whole of Nos. 6 and 7, and the Light Company, numbering about five hundred—No. 8 was not present, as it had been sent out to the left to form part of a line of pickets extending from the barracks to the open ground near the right of the Shah Nujiff.

night to recover the positions they had lost, and, though they maintained an incessant fire on the barracks where Colonel Ewart commanded, obliging him to keep his men constantly on the alert, they were quiet everywhere else, and our troops, exhausted by the labours of the long and exciting day, were allowed to stretch their weary limbs on the ground to sleep, or at least to rest.

On the fall of the Secunderbagh, the field and regimental hospitals were established under its walls, and thither the wounded of all corps were brought. There I was frequently visited during the day by McBean, the Adjutant, either bringing in fresh wounded, or to ask 'how I was getting on,' and tell me of the progress of the fight, and 'how splendidly the *lads* were behaving.' The Quartermaster, Joyner, also came frequently both to see us and to get fresh ammunition, which during the day remained under the shelter of the building, in charge of Lieutenant John Gordon, who, though ill, insisted on accompanying the regiment, and making himself useful as far as he could. McBean was always cheery and excited when he came, and appeared to enjoy the fighting; while Joyner was calm and unmoved, as if just attending to the ordinary work of life.

Early on the morning of the 17th, I moved the wounded of the 93rd into the Serai, opposite the Secunderbagh, and placed them securely and comfortably under cover. The enemy, however, dis-

covered that we were there, or perhaps thought that the place was occupied by a party of the troops, for they kept up a constant artillery and musketry fire on the spot, and, though the thick mud walls effectually protected the wounded, myself and hospital attendants, who had to move about in the open square, were constantly fired at by the enemy, who still occupied some large buildings to the left.

Late at night on the 16th, the Quartermaster, Mr. Joyner, at my request ordered a grave to be dug close to the breach in the Secunderbagh, and there we laid Dalzell and Lumsden side by side. While a few of us stood reverently round the open grave, Lieutenant Cooper, though weak from loss of blood, and his head swathed in a bloody bandage, placed himself at the head of it, and by the light of candles, held by wounded men on either side of him, read the 'Burial Service.' What greater honour could have been paid to the brave dead than to be laid to rest by mourning comrades, in front of the breach where the stormers had entered, and near the spot where both had fallen like heroes in the performance of a sacred duty; and to have the beautiful and impressive Burial Service of our Christian Church read over their lifeless forms by a wounded brother-officer?

On the 17th, Brigadier Hope withdrew all the 93rd from the Shah Nujiff except No. 7 and a section of the Light Company, which were left there under the command of Captain Dawson to hold the position,

and to keep down the fire of one of the enemy's batteries, which commanded the road leading towards the Residency. This duty Dawson effectually accomplished, and in the subsequent distribution of honours received his Brevet-majority for it. At the same time, Captain Middleton, with the half-company of the grenadiers, was sent to strengthen Colonel Ewart's party in the barracks, while the remainder of the men joined the head-quarters of the regiment in the village between the Secunderbagh and the Shah Nujiff.

On this day the mess-house on the left, and the Moti Mahal on the right of the road, were taken by assault by detachments of the 53rd and 90th, and at the same time a portion of the garrison, issuing from the Residency, carried the Harnkana and Engine-house, both close to the Residency; and thus was completed a line of communication between the garrison and the relieving force.

In the afternoon, Generals Outram and Havelock came out of the Residency to meet Sir Colin, who immediately sent messengers round to the different regiments and detachments of his little army to announce our success. The welcome message was received by a tremendous burst of cheering, which must have startled and alarmed the rebel army. In the evening all sick and wounded were sent back to the Dilkoosha, that the dhoolies and bearers might be available for the removal of sick and wounded, and women and children from the Residency.

On the 18th Captain Clarke, with one hundred men of the 93rd, was sent by Brigadier Hope to garrison the Moti Mahal. The regiment, therefore, was broken up into detachments, holding positions which protected the road by which the garrison, the sick and wounded, and the women and children, could retire from the Residency. At night the head-quarters of the regiment left the village which they occupied by day, and took up a position to the left of the Secunderbagh, and Serai, to close the road leading to several large buildings beyond the Serai and the barracks where Colonel Ewart was, so as to prevent the enemy, who still held them, making any attack from that quarter.

I was with head-quarters both by day and night, and my Assistants were with the parties in the barracks, the Moti Mahal, and the Shah Nujiff.

CHAPTER XI.

Sir Colin's Inquiry as to our Losses—His Coolness under Fire—The Sick, Wounded, and Women and Children Removed from the Residency—Removal of Treasure, Stores, Guns, &c.—The Heroic Garrison Retire from the Residency—The Army Retires—Enemy Ignorant of our Retreat—Outram Left to Watch the Enemy—Sir Colin falls Back on Cawnpore—Long March—Enemy in Cawnpore—Tries to Break down Bridge of Boats—93rd Crosses under Heavy Fire—Superstitious Feeling—Curious Wounds—Sick, Wounded, &c., Sent to Allahabad—Battle of Cawnpore—Pursuit of the Enemy.

LATE on the evening of the 16th, after the fall of the Shah Nujiff, I met Sir Colin near the Secunderbagh. He asked me 'what were the losses of the regiment in killed and wounded,' and, on my informing him, expressed surprise and regret. On the afternoon of the 18th I met him again near the Serai, where our wounded had been, and where a few still remained. He stopped me to inquire for them, and while we stood there the enemy's round shot struck the ground on either side of us repeatedly, and on my suggesting that he should move out of the line of fire, he answered with some little irritation, 'Oh, d—n their shot, go on telling me about your men, for I am much concerned about the numbers you have had killed and wounded. We can't replace them easily, and we have still much to do.'

The night of the 18th I spent in the Serai with the wounded, but the enemy somehow got to know that there were white soldiers there, and rendered it impossible to keep a light burning, for even the glimmer of a lantern brought a shower of bullets about us. I had a small wood fire kindled in a sheltered corner, as I thought, and lay down beside it to warm myself, for the night air was chill, but just as I began to enjoy its warmth a bullet whizzed close past my head, and another scattered the glowing embers, and effectually put out my fire. I therefore drew my greatcoat tightly round me, and stretching myself flat on the ground, so as to render myself as invisible as possible, soon fell asleep, in spite of the occasional roar of a gun, and the sharp rattle of musketry.

On the morning of the 19th, we sent all the remaining wounded to the field-hospital in rear, the dhoolies returning on the afternoon of the same day to assist in the removal of sick and wounded, and women and children from the Residency. This was effected during the darkness of night, not without danger, for the enemy, from time to time, swept with their guns a certain part of the road, along which the dhoolies passed. I stood and watched the long and sad procession as they filed past me, for there were many sick and wounded, and amongst the women and children were mourning widows and helpless orphans. One lady particularly attracted my attention. She

was young and fair, and appeared to be in feeble health and in distress. She had lost her husband, as she told me, during the siege, and was carrying, folded tightly in her arms, her little orphan daughter of two years old. She had no servant with her, so I took the child from her, carried it out of danger, and helped widow and orphan on their way. The mother thanked me as we parted, told me her name (which I still remember), and in few words the sad story of her suffering and loss, but I never saw or heard of her child or her again, though I have often speculated as to what has been the fate of the little orphan, and if its life has been one of peace and comfort since.

On the 20th and 21st, treasure, stores, baggage, &c., were removed from the Residency, and what could not be removed, including a number of guns, were destroyed. To conceal what was being done, and to deceive the enemy as to our further proceedings, the Naval Brigade kept up a constant and heavy fire on the Kaiserbagh on our left front, which was still held by the enemy in force, thus causing them to believe that we intended to continue operations against the city.

At midnight of the 22nd, as soon as the heroic garrison had withdrawn from the Residency, our pickets fell back through the supports, which then retired through the reserves, and Hope's Brigade (the 53rd, 93rd, and 4th Punjab Infantry) closed up the rear and covered the retreat, the 53rd, under Colonel

Gordon, 93rd, forming the rear-guard. The last portion of the force to retire, and by a different route to that taken by Sir Colin with the main column, was the detachment of the 93rd which had held the barracks under Colonel Ewart from the evening of the 16th.

On the morning of the 23rd, the whole regiment was together again, and formed up for muster in the grounds round the Martinière. On that day I resumed charge of our own wounded who had been sent to the field-hospital, and on the morning of the 24th, when the force fell back to the Alumbagh, I removed them to our own regimental hospital, much to the satisfaction of the poor fellows, for in those days soldiers, whether sick or wounded, preferred being under the care of their own regimental doctors and amongst their own comrades, to even the greater comforts and security of a field or general hospital.

On the 23rd, we lost five men. The fate of one of them, Colour-Sergeant Knox, was never ascertained. The other four were so terribly scorched by the accidental explosion of a quantity of loose powder, which the enemy had left behind, that they died. These losses raised the list of casualties in the regiment during the operations for the relief of the Residency to one hundred and five.

The relief of the Residency of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell has been classed among the daring achievements of our army, and I presume justly so; for with a very small force, 'hurriedly collected,' he

cut his way through a double line of fortified positions strongly garrisoned, assaulting and capturing them in succession, in face of an opposing rebel army enormously superior to him in numbers, holding a strong position in and around one of the largest cities in India, and equipped with arms and artillery as good and more numerous than were brought to bear against them ; and having succeeded in relieving the beleaguered garrison, and removing everything worth removing from the Residency, he effected a sudden, rapid, and perfectly planned retreat without being attacked—indeed, without the enemy being aware of the movement ; and all this was done, too, with a knowledge on the part of the Commander-in-chief that a large and well-appointed rebel army was closing up on his rear.

I have heard the late Lord Sandhurst (then Colonel Mansfield and chief of the staff) say that Sir Colin never got sufficient credit for his relief of the Residency of Lucknow ; and I know that the feeling in the little army with which he accomplished that relief, was that they did not receive *credit* or *reward* in proportion to their services on the occasion ; while both credit and reward were liberally bestowed on the little garrison which must have perished but for Sir Colin's gallant advance with the really relieving force. Outram and Havelock's advance was not a relief except in so far as it was an addition to strength, and enabled the garrison to hold out.

Sir Colin's advance was really the relief ; the salvation and removal of the beleaguered garrison ; and, as we whom he led, felt, might have met, if not with reward, at least with some recognition more special than a simple clasp. Not that I wish to detract from the honour and glory of the defence of the Residency ; I only think that some special and honourable distinction might have been given to the little army that really relieved and saved the garrison.

The original garrison, at first under the command of Sir. H. Lawrence, and on his death under Colonel (Sir John) Inglis, and the increase to that garrison under Sir H. Havelock ; and the relieving force under Sir Colin Campbell, all received a clasp for the 'Relief of the Residency.'

The original garrison, and Havelock's addition to it, *defended*—heroically defended—the Residency, Sir Colin *relieved* it. It would have cost nothing, and been more satisfactory to all concerned, and more explanatory, if one clasp had been given for 'The Defence,' and another for 'The Relief.'

On the 24th, the army fell back to the Alumbagh plain, with its great convoy of sick and wounded, and women and children ; and remained encamped there during the 25th and 26th, while the Commander-in-chief made arrangements for leaving a strong column, under Sir James Outram, to watch Lucknow with its rebel army, and to keep the Cawnpore road open, with a view to the future siege and capture of Lucknow itself.

On the 27th, a considerable portion of the little army which Sir Colin had led to the relief of the Residency, including the 93rd, moved towards Cawnpore, escorting the large convoy of sick and wounded, and women and children; and encamped for that night on the plain beyond Bunnee bridge, about eight or ten miles from the Alumbagh. Next morning the march was resumed, and, as we moved slowly along, we were surprised to hear the boom of heavy guns, but were uncertain from what direction the sound came. After marching about fifteen miles we were halted, as we thought, for the purpose of encamping; but, as we lay about waiting for our camp equipage to arrive, Sir Colin with his staff and escort rode rapidly past, and from this we conjectured that—as soldiers say—‘something was up.’ Not long after he had ridden past, an order arrived for the men to dine, and then push on for Cawnpore, as the Gwalior Contingent had driven General Wyndham, with the force left under his command to defend Cawnpore, into the entrenched camp close to the city, and was holding it there in a state of siege. It was the sound of their guns that we had heard during the early part of the day, and continued to hear at intervals during the afternoon.

Dinners over, and the sick and wounded attended to and fed, we resumed the march, the men stepping out at a great rate, and leaving the convoy behind under the care of the rear-guard. The distance, the

heat, the dusty roads, and the tremendous pace at which they stepped out, were too much, however, for men who had been fighting for ten days consecutively, who during that time had had no regular rest or food, who had never had their clothes off night or day, and whose feet were swollen and tender from constant pressure of their hard shoes; so that, before we had covered a distance of twenty-eight miles from our previous night's encampment, the men of the 93rd, indeed of the other corps also, began to break down, not weary or exhausted, but terribly footsore, their feet swollen, blistered, cut, and bleeding. Only about *three* hundred out of *eight* hundred of the 93rd were able to remain in the ranks and keep up the pace to the end of the thirty-fourth mile, arriving opposite Cawnpore at eleven o'clock, p.m. Those who had fallen out, however, hobbled along at their own pace, and came in before midnight, not a man missing, but many of them, in taking off their shoes and hose to cool their bleeding feet, stripped the skin off too. How they managed to get their shoes on again, and how they were able to stand, much less to walk, next morning, I know not; but not a man reported himself unfit for duty. By ten o'clock, p.m., those wonderful Indian dhoolie-bearers had brought in all our sick and wounded, and then myself and three assistants, with our native staff, were employed till an early hour on the following morning attending to them; and when all were washed, dressed, and fed, and made as

comfortable as our circumstances would permit, we ourselves, after a frugal meal, stretched ourselves beside them and were soon asleep.

The sufferings of the sick and wounded, and of the poor women and children, during that march were terrible; for, moving along with the column, they were oppressed by heat and thirst, nearly suffocated by clouds of dust, and tormented by swarms of flies, which pursued and settled on them in myriads, and from which there was no escape.

I must here, just for a short space, revert to the period occupied in the relief, to mention some little incidents that occurred amongst both officers and men of the regiment.

It was very remarkable how many feather bonnets were struck, the bullets passing high above the head through the feathers. At last the men made a joke of it, saying, as they chaffed each other, 'Nae doot the niggers think our brains are higher up than ither men's.' Probably the Sepoys were a little confused by our dress, and by the height of our feather bonnets, for their aim was true enough, and just a couple of inches lower would have found the brains of several officers, and of a number of the men, and increased the list of our casualties considerably.

Hay, Ewart, Clarke, and McBean were all shot through their bonnets, a couple of inches making all the difference to them between life and death. One man only was shot through the head; another was

struck in the very centre of the forehead, but the rim of his bonnet broke the force of the bullet, which, however, had still force enough to penetrate the bone, and lodge deep in the substance of the brain, from whence I could not venture to remove it. But, strange to say, that man did not fall when wounded, but walked some hundred yards to where I was, and—what is still more strange—he had no pain, no loss of consciousness. He simply said that he was ‘a wee thing confused and giddy.’ The wound closed, and he was sent home and discharged. Two years afterwards I heard from the depôt that the man was still alive, though ‘*gettin’ sort o’ silly like.*’ Poor fellow, I suppose the brain was softening.

Many officers and men were struck by bullets, though not wounded. Colonel Hay was struck on the waist-belt, and his saddle was ripped up, and Captain Clarke’s claymore was broken in the middle, and his kilt shot through.

The following little anecdote shows how liable men are to be influenced by superstitious feelings in moments of danger. One of my brother-officers, a brave man, and who had seen much active service in several parts of the world, appeared to be, for him, unusually silent, perhaps I should say depressed when I saw him early on the morning of the 16th. Later in the day when I saw him again, just before the assault on the Secunderbagh, he was quite cheerful. He had picked up on the road a Church of England

Prayer Book, and on opening it his eye fell upon a verse in one of the Psalms which, as he thought, was an assurance of protection and safety for the day. He pointed out the verse to me, remarking, 'So, you see, old fellow, I am safe for to-day.'

As soon as the fighting began, however, I am inclined to believe that he thought no more of his own safety, and that, under the excitement of battle, all his superstitious feeling or nervousness vanished. But there is no man who has seen much fighting and has not at some time or another, more especially during preparations for a battle, felt nervous or anxious. From the evening of the 16th, my friend held command of a very important position, and did good service in keeping down the fire of one of the enemy's batteries which was so placed that it might have rendered the exodus of the Residency people more dangerous than it was, had it not been for the fearless watchfulness of himself and party.

After the regiment gained an entrance into the Secunderbagh, it broke up into small parties in pursuit of the enemy, who took refuge in the courts and rooms within the enclosure. One of these parties, led by Ensign Macnamara, came upon a body of the enemy in a small court. In front of the rebels stood a tall, powerful man armed with shield and tulwar, apparently one of their officers, who at once advanced against Macnamara, recognising him, I presume, to be an officer. Macnamara boldly confronted him, and

they were immediately engaged in single combat. The native fought savagely, cutting rapidly at his antagonist, who stood his ground firmly, acting on the defensive, warding off the cuts that were made at him, and watching for his own opportunity to assume the offensive. At last the native, stepping forward to make a cut, slipped, and before he could recover himself Macnamara's sword passed through his neck from front to back, and he fell with a mortal wound. Another brave act was performed by Macnamara later in the day. One of our men fell, wounded through both thighs, under the wall of Shah Nujiff, and lay exposed to the fire of the enemy from the wall above him. Seeing him there, Macnamara, regardless of the heavy fire, advanced, got the wounded man on his back, carried him out of danger, put him into a dhooly and sent him to me, and then returned to his company.

Macnamara was a very young man, and an Irishman, and people say that our Milesian fellow-countrymen are not given to hiding their light under a bushel. It may be so; but I never heard Macnamara boast of, or even allude to, these two brave deeds. Others told me of them.

The following desperate struggle took place in one of the small rooms within the Secunderbagh, and one of the men engaged had been present at Macnamara's successful encounter with the rebel officer. A party of our men forced open the door of a room from which the enemy were firing through loopholes in the wall.

Having effected an entrance, our nine men found themselves confronted by a score of Sepoys, some armed with muskets and others with shield and tulwar. A hand-to-hand fight resulted, as there was no means of escape for the enemy; our men using the bayonet only, for their rifles were not loaded, and they had no time to load. One of the nine (Francis Clarke) found himself engaged with a '*big, powerful, black-whiskered fellow,*' who cut savagely at him, while he warded off the cuts with his rifle, watching for an opportunity to use his bayonet. At last he made his thrust, but the point slipping off the edge of the shield passed between the arm and body of his antagonist, who immediately closed with Clark and, seizing him round the body, threw him to the ground, falling with and heavily upon him. Clarke struggled desperately to get uppermost, but being young and slight was unable to do so; feeling that his strength was failing, he seized the giant by the throat with his teeth, and '*held on like a bull-dog,*' while with his left hand he held the right wrist of his enemy as in a vice, until one of the other men (John Leslie) came to his assistance and drove his bayonet through the Sepoy. Of the nine men of the 93rd engaged in this struggle four were killed, and four were wounded, Clarke being the only one who escaped unhurt. All the Sepoys, twenty in number, were killed. Clarke is now in London, and I see him occasionally.

In my '*Reminiscences*' I mention several cases of

presentiment of approaching death, and to those I now add the following one. When Sir Colin rode up to the regiment, and desired the men to fall in to assault the Shah Nujiff,—on which occasion my readers may remember that he led the regiment himself—one of the men (Private McLeod) was slow in taking his place in the ranks. His comrades, in their impatience, called out to him, ‘Come along, man, ye’re surely no feared.’ The imputation he indignantly repelled, saying, ‘No, I’m no feared, an’ I’ll show ye that there’s nae white feather about me, but I ken weel that I’m goin’ to my death.’ Not many minutes afterwards, when close to the wall of the Shah Nujiff, a ball passed through his head, and he fell dead.

Several remarkable wounds came under my notice that day. One man (Private Potter) had very prominent eyes and a very flat nose; a bullet passed across his face and cut both eyes open without touching his nose. Lance-Corporal Flynn was struck by a bullet on the outer edge of the right orbit, which broke the bone and grooved the temple. I dressed his wound, and desired him to sit down amongst the other wounded. But, the moment my back was turned, he walked off and joined the regiment, remarking to those about him, ‘Am no that bad that I canna gang back and kill some more o’ thae niggers.’ I did not miss him, but some two hours after he presented himself before me again, a second bullet having struck him on the same spot, ripping the bandage and

dressing off, and grooving the temple more deeply than the first had done. A third man (Private Sanderson) was struck by a bullet on the outer edge of the left orbit, which broke the bone and cut the skin of the temple, and blinded him instantly, though there was not any apparent injury to the eyeball. Eight years afterwards an abscess formed in the vicinity of the cicatrix of the wound, and, on opening this, I saw a dark, movable body lying at the opening, and which without difficulty I extracted. It was the half of a round leaden bullet. The explanation of this case is as follows: the bullet had been split on the sharp edge of the orbit, one half had passed on cutting the skin of the temple, while the other half had entered the orbit and lodged under the eyeball, and wonderful to say had remained there during eight years without causing the man any inconvenience.

I could tell of other remarkable wounds, but this is not a treatise on surgery. I must mention two more, however, and then have done. The first is that of Lieutenant Goldsmith (93rd), who, seeing a man take deliberate aim at him from the wall of the Shah Nujiff, without removing his eye from the fellow, snatched a rifle from one of his own company and took a snap shot at the man. Both weapons must have been fired at the same moment, for the Sepoy threw up his arms and fell, while *his* bullet struck Goldsmith on the back of the left wrist, which supported the barrel of the rifle, ran up his forearm

and came out at the elbow without breaking or injuring any bone. Had the bullet not struck his wrist it would have passed through Goldsmith's heart, for they were in exactly the same line.

I think during my war service I have often seen wounds inflicted by every sort of weapon and missile, from the club (knob-keri) to the cannon-ball, but only once by an arrow. During the relief, one man presented himself with an arrow through his shoulder. It was about two feet long, made of a thin hard reed, fitted with a barbed iron head, and neatly feathered. This was the only occasion on which I had ever seen an arrow used in battle.

The following incident will show how presence of mind, a quick eye, and a ready hand may save a man's life. After we had taken the Shah Nujiff, the head-quarters of the regiment retired, leaving a strong party to hold it. This party of course maintained strict watch, but several times during the first part of the night our men were surprised by white figures suddenly emerging from corners and recesses, and bolting away into the dark. One, however, braver, or more under the influence of 'bangh' than the others, and thus emboldened to try to shed Feringhee blood, watched his opportunity, and, emerging from his hiding-place, came creeping stealthily towards the spot where Captain Dawson, who was in command, was sitting. But Dawson's attention was roused by seeing, though indistinctly, a shadow on the wall as of

some slowly-moving object, so, turning quickly round and seeing a white figure crouched close to him and in the act of raising a musket, he drew his double-barrelled pistol (one which I had lent him) and fired, getting first shot, and the white figure dropped dead. One second more and Dawson would have been the one to drop dead or wounded; but he had, when a young officer, been accustomed to exigencies of this sort in Kaffir warfare. The building had been searched when we first took possession, but after this incident another and more careful search was made, but without discovering any more hidden enemies.

Early on the morning of the 29th of November, the 93rd crossed the Ganges by the bridge of boats under a heavy artillery fire from the enemy, who were making every effort to break the bridge of boats. Their round shot hissed with a vicious sound overhead, and plunged sullenly into the river both above and below, but fortunately the bridge remained untouched; and eventually Peel's heavy guns, which had taken up a position on the north bank of the river at daylight, and opened fire, succeeded in completely silencing those of the enemy which commanded the bridge.

Having got safely across, the regiment wheeled at once to the left, passed close under the entrenched camp, under a storm of musketry, which swept harmless overhead, and, wheeling to the right, came out on a wide open plain facing the enemy's position in and

around the city of Cawnpore, and between which and our position on the plain ran a deep canal. We had only one casualty in passing under the entrenched camp, Ensign Dunlop Hay who carried the regimental colour, having been wounded in the leg by a bullet.

In the evening of the same day (29th), the wounded, and the women and children, and our immense train of bullock-carts crossed the river safely. The wounded were taken charge of by their own regiments, and the women were accommodated in some buildings in rear, and in tents, beyond reach of the enemy's shot. Our own wounded were comfortably housed in the European cavalry mess-house, a large building with a thatched roof, but I often regretted that we had not pitched our hospital tents further to the rear, for during the next five days the enemy's shot several times struck the building, and their shells frequently burst above and around it.

On the 1st of December the enemy opened fire on the regiment while at muster-parade, their round shot passing right through our camp, and their shells and shrapnells bursting over our heads, and wounding Captain Cornwall and six men. One man, who was sitting in his tent mending his tattered kilt, had an extraordinary escape: a round shot came bowling along the ground, burst through the tent, and struck him on the back, turning him over like a nine-pin. He was not killed, only badly bruised, and certainly very much astonished, as I myself was, at his escape.

After this, the regiment always left camp at day-break, and took shelter during the day behind a row of mud huts near the canal. On the afternoon of the same day, Colonel Ewart (93rd) lost his left arm, shattered by a round shot. Colonel Ewart has described in his 'Story of a Soldier's Life' all the circumstances connected with his wound, the operation performed by myself, and his subsequent sufferings and narrow escape from probable death, and I now beg to thank him for the very kind manner in which he alludes to me, and makes mention of my professional services, in his interesting book. I also have written of his wound and its threatened result in my 'Reminiscences of Service with the 93rd.'

I will just briefly allude to Captain Cornwall's case. He is gone, poor fellow, from amongst us, passed years ago over to the great majority, and I tell the following little story of him in no unkindness, but rather to illustrate what I have often said, 'that even in the midst of danger, wounds, and death, the soldier is given to jest and laughter.' Cornwall was brought to me with a serious wound, a wound which by a hair's-breadth escaped being dangerous—nay, mortal. A shrapnell burst overhead, and one of the bullets struck him on the collar-bone and ran backwards beneath the shoulder-blade, lodging deep under the skin in the lower part of the back. While I was examining the wound and preparing to extract the bullet, several of the wounded officers

gathered round me, and just as I removed the bullet one of them (Goldsmith) stepped in front of Cornwall, and holding out to him a six-pounder cannon-ball, said, quite seriously, 'Look what Munro has taken out of you.' 'Good Lord!' said Cornwall, quite as seriously, 'is that it? No wonder it hurt.' But on my handing him the real bullet, about the size of a marble, there was a burst of laughter, in which poor Cornwall tried to join.

From the afternoon of the 29th of November until the evening of the 5th of December we were constantly under fire, and fearing lest a shell might set the thatched roof of our hospital on fire, I had to be prepared for such an eventuality, which happily, however, did not occur.

On the afternoon of the 5th of December, all the seriously wounded, and all the women and children were despatched *en route* for Allahabad; and thus Sir Colin, freed from a great encumbrance and responsibility, was prepared to take the offensive again. But late in the afternoon the enemy seemed inclined to take the initiative by massing artillery, cavalry, and infantry on our left flank, and opening fire on our picket, which happened to be No. 8 company of the 93rd, under Captain Williams. The picket, however, held its ground, until three guns of Remington's battery, and a troop of the 9th Lancers, under Captain Fawcett, arriving on the ground, arrested the further advance of the enemy, who, as our guns

opened and cavalry and infantry moved forward to meet them, slowly retired to their own position under cover of an irregular fire from their light field-guns.

Early on the morning of the 6th of December our tents were struck and packed, and sent with all other impedimenta to the rear to be parked near the entrenched camp. This done, the different brigades took up their respective positions, and very shortly after, the battle commenced. The guns in the entrenched camp opened a heavy and rapid fire on the left of the enemy's position in the city; and while Brigadier Greathead, with two British and one native regiment, held the line of the canal in front of the entrenched camp on our extreme right, the Sixth Brigade, under Brigadier Walpole, advancing, crossed the canal on Greathead's left, secured the bridges, and thus was prepared to hold in check any rebel force that might attempt to debouch from the city on to the plain. At the same time the main body of the army, consisting of artillery, cavalry, Engineer and Naval Brigades, and two Infantry Brigades, the Fourth under Brigadier Hope, and the Fifth under Brigadier Inglis, all under Hope Grant, and accompanied by Sir Colin and his staff, moved off to the left at first, under cover of some ruined buildings which concealed us from the enemy's sight. We had not proceeded far in this formation, when the cavalry and Horse Artillery separated themselves from the

column, inclining away to the left, so as to make a wide sweep and take the enemy in flank, while the Fourth Brigade, supported by the Fifth, and with field-guns and Peel's brigade attacked them in front. As soon as the enemy became aware of these movements by the appearance of the columns in the open, they opened fire with their artillery on us, and at once Hope threw out the 4th Punjab Rifles and 53rd in skirmishing order, while the 93rd extended in line, followed by the 42nd (which on arrival the day before had been posted to the Fourth Brigade) in column of companies. In some descriptions of the battle, the 93rd and 42nd are said to have advanced '*in successive lines.*' I did not see this, and all I have here attempted to describe I saw, though I acknowledge that I did not understand the object of the different movements at the time—indeed, not until some days after, when they were explained to me by McBean, the adjutant.

In rear of the 93rd, and between them and the 42nd, was a long line of dhoolies, for by this time I had trained my bearers, attached the regimental number to each man's arm, and mounted a little yellow flag, with 93 in red in the centre, on each dhooly, and detailed them to wings and companies; and on this day, as the regiment formed into line, so did the bearers with their dhoolies; and a very imposing sight it was.

Myself and senior assistant followed the regiment, immediately behind the colours; my second assistant

behind the centre company of right wing ; and my third behind the centre company of left wing ; each of us accompanied by an orderly in charge of a dhooly fitted up with all necessary surgical appliances.

As we advanced in the formation I have described, viz., the 53rd and 4th Punjab Rifles skirmishing, the 93rd in line, and the 42nd in column, Sir Colin himself riding in front of the 93rd, the enemy's fire became more rapid, and the round shot struck the ground in front and rear of us, but none struck the line, though several times I saw the files open out to let a recochetting shot pass through, but only to close up again instantly and move on shoulder to shoulder.

In spite of all the danger, there is a wild fascination in a battle which enthralls the soul of every man engaged, even of a non-combatant such as I was. Just at the period of the battle of which I write, it seemed to me that we were moving within a circle of fire. Behind us guns thundered from the entrenched camp ; on our right and right rear rolled a continuous fire of musketry, at one moment near us in crashing volleys, at another rippling away slowly in the distance ; away out on the wide plain in front of us rolled a great cloud of dense white smoke, which was rent and riven every minute by vivid flashes of fire, followed by the roar of guns, and by the hiss of round shot, and the scream of shell passing overhead ; while on either flank Peel with his sailors, and Longden with his artillerymen, worked their heavy guns in reply to those

of the enemy ; and in the midst of all this whirlwind of war and tumult of battle, onward swept, silent and steady, and with majestic step and bearing, the long, ' *thin red line* ' of the 93rd, followed by the compact and stately column of the gallant 42nd (the two forming the very mainstay of the little army, as I thought), covered in front by a cloud of active skirmishers, and closed in behind by Inglis' smaller but veteran brigade ; and there, riding quietly in front of the 93rd, stooping slightly forward in his saddle, was the grey-haired veteran, the leader of the army. Oh ! it was a living picture of a battle, a sight worth looking at, one worthy to be remembered by every man who stood in those embattled ranks ; and my readers will bear with me when I say that now, in the eventide of life, I look back to that day with a feeling of pride and satisfaction, for was I not one of the gallant 93rd, though there to heal, not to inflict wounds.

On approaching one of the bridges over the canal, the regiment had to alter its formation from line to column, but, having crossed the canal, it re-formed line, and advanced again, when the enemy opened on us with grape and shrapnell ; and, though the grape-shot flew like hail over and amongst us, and the shrapnell, bursting overhead, threw their bullets down in hundreds, up to this time we had escaped without a single casualty. At this moment Peel's heavy guns, dragged by his sailors, assisted by some of the 93rd, came to the front, and at once opened on the enemy,

who, though slowly retiring, still kept up an irregular fire, disputing every inch of ground until at last, our line closing up on their front, and our cavalry appearing on their right flank, the Gwalior Contingent, which formed the right of the enemy's line, fell back at first slowly, then hurriedly and in confusion, abandoning their standing camp, their magazines and supplies, their guns, and a number of wounded.

Brigadier Inglis, with the Fifth Brigade, was directed to take charge of the captured camp, and Sir Colin himself, with the cavalry, horse artillery, the 42nd and 53rd, and two companies of the 93rd (half of No. 7 and the whole of No. 8 under Williams) pursued the routed enemy which fled along the Calpe Road; while the main body of the 93rd, still in line, covered by a portion of the Rifle Brigade, skirmishing, and in support of Middleton and Longden's batteries, all under General Mansfield, turned to the right to attack the centre column of the enemy which still held its ground near and around the Subadar's tank. As we advanced, the enemy plied us sharply with round shot, grape, and shrapnell, and caused us, for the first time in the day, some loss. Ensign Stirling and a lance-corporal were struck by round shot, the former having his left thigh, and the latter his left arm shattered; one man was killed by a shrapnell bullet, and one officer (Assistant-Surgeon Bell) and ten men wounded. General Mansfield also was slightly wounded by a shrapnell bullet, and his brother, Major Mansfield, severely in the foot

by a grape-shot. On approaching the Subadar's tank we were halted under a belt of trees and behind some ruined huts and broken embankments, while the enemy, bringing forward two guns, kept up a brisk fire on us for some time. Why we submitted to this I do not know, for we could easily have captured the guns with a rush, and crushed the enemy who were beginning to retire from the city, under cover of these guns. By sunset the battle was over, and the enemy in full retreat: their right wing composed of the Gwalior Contingent pursued by Sir Colin himself, and their centre and left wing, composed of the Nana Sahib's troops and of several regiments from Lucknow, retired along the Bithoor Road, but not pursued at the time, though they were followed next day, overtaken, and dispersed with the loss of all their guns.

Several times during the day I narrowly escaped being knocked over by round shot, and once my loose coat worn over my shell jacket was rent by a grape-shot. At the Subadar's tank a round shot struck the ground immediately in front of me, bounded over my head, touching the top of my bonnet, and enveloped me in a cloud of dust, and at the moment I heard Dawson exclaim, 'My God, Munro is killed.' A little later I was about to commence the amputation of the corporal's shattered arm, in a sheltered spot behind a bank where the ammunition camels were collected; but, as I knelt down and had taken the knife into my hand, a tremendous explosion took place near me,

and bullets went flying in every direction ; one of the enemy's shells had struck an ammunition-box and exploded the contents. Then I thought it prudent to move further off and seek a safer spot to perform the operation.

The army bivouacked that night on the open plain ; and next morning a column composed of Hope's brigade, with artillery and cavalry, under the command of Hope Grant, was sent in pursuit of that portion of the rebel army which had retreated by the Bithoor road. After a long and harrassing march of twenty hours, during which we halted twice for an hour each time, we overtook the enemy at Seraighat on the Ganges, attacked and dispersed them, capturing all their guns.

We remained there for a couple of days to rest, and from thence fell back on Bithoor, destroyed the Nana Sahib's palace, and recovered from the bottom of a deep well a quantity of gold and silver plate, which had been thrown down when the Nana fled. From thence we marched to join the Commander-in-chief, who was encamped in the neighbourhood, and prepared to advance on Futtehghur, where the rebels were said to be collected in force.

On the 1st of January, 1858, we attacked the enemy who had taken up a position on the banks of a stream called the Kaleh Nuddee, and who had attempted to destroy a suspension bridge which spanned the river in front of their position. They had succeeded in

damaging the bridge, but we were in time to prevent its destruction. In the engagement fought that day, the 93rd, though under fire during the whole of it, did not draw a trigger or use a bayonet. The enemy were dislodged from their position by the artillery and the excellent practice of the Naval Brigade, and driven into hasty retreat by an unauthorised charge of the 53rd, executed with great dash, under the impression that the 93rd was about to advance and take *their* place in front. The 9th Lancers and our native cavalry completed the rout, pressed the rebels and killed a number of them as they fled. During the pursuit Brigadier Hope Grant, riding close behind his cavalry, and attended by one orderly only, came up with a rebel cavalry-officer, a fine, soldierly-looking old man, who at once turned, and, with drawn tulwar, faced the Brigadier. The orderly, with lance couched, at once charged him, but the old soldier warded off the thrust, and turned to face the lancer, who, wheeling, charged again, but again the old man warded off the lance-point, and, again wheeling, faced his opponent. But Hope Grant, brave as a lion himself, and struck with admiration at the cool courage and soldier-like bearing of the rebel, told his orderly to let him alone, and then, turning to the brave old man, bade him 'Go in peace,' who, with a respectful and graceful salute, turned and rode quietly away.

On the following morning we moved on Futtehghur, expecting another fight, but on our approach,

or rather in anticipation of our approach, the enemy retired and crossed the Ganges into Oude, forgetting in their haste and panic to destroy the bridge of boats 'which had carried them over.' The neighbouring city of Feruckabad was also taken and without fighting, for the inhabitants seized the Rajah, who was eager to fight, or said he was, and handed him over to us as a prisoner; and, as he was a bud-mash (or bad character), he was hanged.

On the 6th of January, Hope, with his own brigade and a force of cavalry and artillery, and accompanied by an officer of the Civil Service, was dispatched into the district of Mhow. There a number of rebels and of persons who had been in communication with rebels, were captured, tried, found guilty, and hanged; a magnificent peepul-tree being used as a gallows, and a curious and horrible spectacle it was to see as many as a dozen bodies hanging from the boughs of one tree. I happened to pass the spot as they were preparing to hang the dozen, and they struck me as being the most villainous-looking scoundrels I had ever seen. They accepted their fate quietly and in silence, but with an expression of the most intense hatred and defiance flashing from their dark eyes.

We returned to Futtehghur for a month, during which time officers had the opportunity of supplying themselves with tents and camp equipage, Futtehghur being the great dépôt of tent-makers; and here camels were supplied for the conveyance of baggage

and stores, in lieu of bullock-carts. While here, one of our officers died. Lieutenant John Gordon was one of the oldest soldiers in the regiment. He had risen from the ranks, and at the time I joined in the Crimea was acting sergeant-major. In the winter of 1854—55, he was invalided and sent home to the depôt, and, while serving there, was gazetted to an Ensigncy in the regiment, his commission bearing date 5th of November, 1854. He never perfectly recovered from the effects of the illness contracted in the Crimea, and should not have accompanied the regiment to India. He was a Highlander of pure blood, a brave man, and an enthusiastic soldier, and so devoted to the regiment that his desire was to die with the Colours under which he had served and fought. He had his wish, and while he lay a-dying one of the pipers was playing (quite accidentally) his favourite tune, 'Lochaber no More,' near his tent, and, though sinking into unconsciousness, poor Gordon feebly kept time to the music with his hand, continuing to do so until his last long-drawn sigh told us that he was gone.

From Futtehghur we returned to Cawnpore, en route for Lucknow again.

CHAPTER XII.

En route for Lucknow again—79th Highlanders—Peel's Brigade—Advance on Lucknow—2nd Division—The Bridge of Casks—Assault of Martinière—Letter from the Queen—Sir Colin appointed Colonel, 93rd—Peel Wounded—Peel and Adrian Hope—The Begum Koti—Assault by 93rd—Tossing of a Rupee—The Eight Hundred Stormers—The Rush for the Breach—Desperate Fighting—The Position Carried—Great Losses of the Enemy—Losses of 93rd—Effect of Discipline—The Death of Hodson—The Last Day's Fighting—Lucknow Taken—Complimentary Orders.

On the morning of the 8th of February, 1858, the 93rd again crossed the Ganges, and encamped in Oude about four miles from the river. From thence we moved on to Oonao, passing our old friends the 79th on the way, and exchanging a kindly greeting with them ; and I had there the pleasure of again shaking hands with my good friend Goldie Scott, the Surgeon of the regiment. The 93rd remained at Oonao till the 26th of the month, and then moved on again to Bunterah where we found Peel's Naval Brigade lining the road to welcome us, and their band of *fiddlers*, ready to play us into camp.

Bunterah had been fixed on by the Commander-in-chief, as the rendezvous for the army intended for the siege of Lucknow, and where brigades and divisions

were to be organized. The Fourth Brigade, composed of 42nd and 93rd Highlanders, and 4th Punjab Infantry (the 53rd having been posted to another Brigade), and still under the command of Brigadier the Honourable A. Hope, was posted to the Second Division under the command of Brigadier-General Sir Edward Lugard. What regiments formed the other Brigade of the Division I do not remember, but the 90th Light Infantry was one of them.

On the 1st of March, while encamped on the Alumbagh plain, the division was suddenly called to arms, and turned out with wonderful alacrity. I forget the circumstances : whether it was supposed that the enemy was advancing in force from Lucknow ; or whether the assembly was sounded by order of the new General that he might see his Division under arms, and ascertain how long or short a time the different regiments would take to fall into their respective places. Whatever was the cause, the General must have been satisfied, for I never saw men fall into their ranks more quickly, and with so little excitement. I think that the General himself was more excited than anybody else, for I saw him gallop along the front of the camp, with one of the girths of his saddle dangling about his horse's heels. He had possibly been in such a hurry to mount that he did not wait to have both girths buckled.

On the 2nd of March, the Division moved forward and encamped in rear of the Dilkoosha, but being

exposed to the enemy's fire there, moved on the following morning to the neighbourhood of a village close to the river, and at some distance from the Martinière.

Between this date and the 8th of the month the army was closing up on three sides of the city, General Franks with a strong field force had joined, and ten thousand Goorkhas under Jung Bahadoor had arrived, so that Sir Colin had an army at his command, to besiege Lucknow, of thirty thousand men, with some one hundred and sixty guns; of the above numbers, seventeen thousand were British soldiers forming the largest purely European contingent that had ever taken the field in India.

While the Fourth Brigade occupied the village near the river, the Engineers were engaged in throwing a bridge across the stream. I watched this work with interest, for the bridge proved to be a simple structure, being formed by a number of empty casks lashed together and firmly moored to either bank, and on these were laid and fastened securely, both longitudinally and transversely, planks which were covered over with straw and clay. The enemy did not allow us to complete this work in peace, for independently of their keeping up a constant vertical fire on our camp, which they could see plainly from their battery on that side of the Martinière, they also, with one gun in particular placed at the corner of the Martinière enclosure, kept up a constant fire on the working party at the bridge. Every effort was made to silence this

gun, but ineffectually, though a heavy gun and a howitzer were got across the river as soon as possible and placed in position; and then, the moment the flash of the rebel gun was seen, these two guns replied with round shot and shell. Their practice was beautiful, as we could see the round shot enter the embrasure, and the shell burst above and within it. Still this solitary gun continued to play upon the bridge to the last. After we had taken the city, I went to see the spot where this gun had been. It was at an acute angle formed by the junction of two high mud walls. The embrasure was at the very angle, and leading up to it was a long ramp, up which the gun had been dragged every time it was fired; the recoil and its own weight carrying it down the incline into a protecting shed constructed of earth.

On the 6th of March, the bridge of casks being completed, Sir James Outram with a strong Division crossed the river, attacked and drove back a large body of the enemy, and then, closing up towards the city, established himself on the flank of the enemy's position.

On the morning of the 9th of March, the Second Division under General Lugard assembled in the vicinity of the Dilkoosha; and almost immediately, and amidst the thunder of artillery from both sides, the Fourth Brigade under Hope, took up a position to assault the Martinière. The 42nd and 4th Punjab Infantry moved to our left so as to face the right flank of the enemy's position; while the 93rd remained behind the Dilkoosha

in column ready to extend in line and advance in front.

As I was moving up to join the regiment with my special equipment, I passed Sir Colin and his staff. He called me up to him and said, ‘Go and tell your people that I am now colonel of the 93rd; that I am proud of the honour, and that I expect more than ever from the regiment.’

This was the first announcement to the regiment, but Sir Colin knew of his appointment some days before, for he must have received, about the end of February, a letter from Her Majesty, and one from His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, both dated January 19, 1858; the former containing an allusion to the regiment, and the latter informing him of his appointment as Colonel of it. The following is an extract from Her Majesty’s letter :

‘To all European as well as native troops who have fought so nobly and so gallantly, and amongst whom the QUEEN is rejoiced to see the 93rd, the QUEEN wishes Sir Colin to convey the expressions of her great admiration and gratitude.’

And the following, from that of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge :

‘One line in addition to my letter addressed to you this morning to say that, in consequence of the Colonelcy of the 93rd Highlanders having become vacant . . . I have recommended the Queen to remove you to the command of that distinguished and gallant corps with which you have been so much

associated, not only at the present moment in India, but also during the whole of the campaign in the Crimea. I thought that such an arrangement would be agreeable to yourself, and I know that it is the highest compliment that Her Majesty could pay to the 93rd Highlanders to see their dear old chief at their head.'

But to return to our story. Suddenly our guns ceased firing, and the infantry emerged from their covert with beautiful precision. The 42nd, supported by the 4th Punjab Infantry, away on the left, moved quickly forward to take the enemy in flank, while the 93rd, in magnificent line, preceded by Horse Artillery and by two companies in skirmishing order, and supported by the 90th Light Infantry, advanced at the double direct on the front of the Martinière.

It was an imposing sight, and from the top of the Dilkoosha I had a perfect view of the advancing regiments. The Horse Artillery moved rapidly in front of the 93rd, and made splendid practice, dashing forward at the gallop, unlimbering, firing a round from each gun, then limbering up, ready to dash forward again as the infantry approached them, and continued to do this, covering the advancing line of the 93rd, until, approaching the rough broken ground, the infantry passed to the front, and then commenced an exciting race between the 42nd and 93rd as to which regiment should be first to enter the enemy's works. The 42nd were first, but it was 'a neck and

neck race,' for, a second or two after the red hackles appeared on the steps of the main entrance to the Martinière, I saw our white hackles mixed up with them.

The enemy had been bold enough all the morning as long as we were content to keep up an artillery duel with them, and, even when the infantry commenced their forward movement, they stood firm, and tried to check the advance by artillery and musketry ; but, when they saw that the assaulting columns were closing in, their hearts failed them, and they turned, abandoned the position, and retired in haste to their defensive line behind the canal, followed close by the 42nd on the left, while the 93rd, passing through the Martinière grounds, took up a position beyond them, and to the right, in a large square (once a garden), enclosed by high mud walls and situated about three or four hundred yards from the front of the next fortified position held by the enemy.

We had only two casualties in the 93rd during the day ; one man lost a finger, and another was shot through the mouth. This latter man was running forward, when a bullet passed in at his open mouth, went right through, and lodged under the skin at the back of his neck. He did not know at the moment that he was wounded, and did not report himself to me until the fighting was over, when he found that he was spitting blood, and that his jaw was getting stiff. Not a tooth was touched, and no serious injury

done, though it was what soldiers call 'a near shave.'*

During the early part of the day, Peel was wounded in the thigh by a bullet. In the afternoon he sent me a message begging that I would go and see him. On my presenting myself, he told me that the bullet had not been extracted, nor its position ascertained, and asked 'what I thought.' 'Let us find and extract it if possible,' I replied. 'Well, then,' said he, very quietly, 'please try if it be possible to find, and take it out.' After a little trouble, I did find and take it out.

I think Peel was one of the most remarkable men I ever met. He was a slight, pale-faced man, about, or very little above, the average height of mankind; quiet, slow, or rather deliberate in speech and movement, but at the sound of a gun his figure appeared to attain to greater proportions, and under the heaviest fire, while his eyes flashed with excitement, he spoke and acted with the greatest calmness and composure.

Peel and Adrian Hope, though so unlike physically—Hope was unusually tall—were very similar in this, that both spoke and acted in the same quiet and deliberate manner at all times, and neither ever appeared to feel, or at least to show, the least excitement when

* One of the 42nd officers, Lieutenant Farquharson, was very badly wounded in the elbow. While at the head of his company, he was pressing hard on the retreating enemy. I saw him with Furlong, the able surgeon of the regiment, but we failed to discover the bullet. Whether it was ever extracted, I do not know, but the elbow-joint became permanently stiff. He was awarded the Victoria Cross for his gallant conduct on that day.

under fire. I had many opportunities of judging of both at the relief of the Residency, at Cawnpore, and at the siege of Lucknow.

On the following morning (the 10th), two heavy guns of the Naval Brigade and a howitzer were brought into the enclosure, where the 93rd were, and, openings having been made in the wall, these guns were placed in position so as to bear on the front of a pile of buildings called the Begum Koti (or Begum's palace), situated in front of the Kaiserbagh (or King's palace), and considered the key of the enemy's position. At the same time, away to the left, under cover of a heap of ruins, another battery of heavy guns was erected, and brought to bear on the same building also. The first battery was to breach the wall in front, close to the main entrance, which was protected and concealed by strong earthworks; and the second to breach the wall on the right flank of the building, preparatory to assault in front and flank.

The 93rd was detailed, by Sir Colin's own order, as the storming-party, and to be supported by the 42nd, the 4th Punjab Infantry, and a large body of Goorkhas. It was quite understood that the great struggle of the siege would be here, at the Begum Koti, for it was a very strong position, and the rebel leader, aware of its importance, had endeavoured to make it secure, and had garrisoned it with eight of the best rebel regiments, together numbering about six thousand men.

On the day that we assaulted, and carried, the Martinière, the camp of the Fourth Brigade had been moved up to the Dilkoosha ; that of the 93rd under the charge of the Light Company. There I established the regimental hospital, and, though it was made as comfortable as a hospital composed of tents could be, the sick and wounded suffered greatly at first from heat, dust, and flies. But by joining tents together, and thus making several large compartments, by keeping the walls raised, and the ground within and round them constantly wet and beaten down, we lowered the temperature, and got rid of dust ; and by stationing a dhooly-bearer beside each cot, armed with a whisk made out of long strips of paper tied to a bamboo, we managed to keep the flies in subjection. Visitors to our hospital—and amongst them Sir Colin himself, and Hope Grant—were good enough to say that they had never seen a field-hospital during war so comfortable. Lord Wolseley would have been delighted, if he had paid us a visit—and he *was* there, with the 90th—to see whisks extemporized out of old newspapers. I must, however, acknowledge that much of the comfort of our hospital was owing to the suggestions of a very able apothecary, Mr. Horrox, of the Madras establishment, who was attached to the regiment temporarily.

On the morning of the 11th, Captain Clarke represented to the Colonel that his (the Light Company, to which he had been transferred from No. 1) had not

been present at the assault on the Martinière, and had been two days in charge of the camp; and therefore that he hoped another company might be sent up to camp to relieve him, in order that the Light Company might join the stormers. Whether the roster had got muddled up, or the Adjutant did not wish to displease any captain, I know not, but he said that he was uncertain which company should be sent back to camp, but thought that it should be either No. 7 or No. 8 (Captain Williams or Captain Dawson). An order was therefore sent to these two captains that they were to settle between themselves who should go back to relieve the Light Company. But neither wished to go back to camp, and thus be absent from the assault, *so they agreed to toss for choice*. They did so, and Williams, winning the toss, elected to remain, and Dawson walked off to camp, not in very good-humour. He was the senior captain, and might have ordered Williams to go back to camp, but thought that, under the circumstances, it was hardly fair to take advantage of his seniority, and therefore proposed the toss. Having relieved the Light Company, Dawson and *his* company formed the guard of honour at the durbar held by Sir Colin to meet Jung Bahadur.

It was, to say the least of it, an unusual way of settling a momentous question, and by the tossing of a rupee decide which of two men, with their companies, should have the honour of risking their lives. Williams was pleased at having won the toss, and his

subaltern, Lieutenant Sergison, was more than pleased; but he, poor fellow, little knew that the tossing of that rupee was his own death-warrant. He was killed in the assault.

During the whole of the 10th, and greater part of the 11th, our breaching batteries kept up a constant fire on the Begum's palace, to which the enemy's guns replied intermittently, while their sharpshooters kept up an annoying fire of musketry on us from the neighbouring houses, from holes and corners, and even from trees. At the same time, General Outram's guns and mortars, acting in concert with our attack, played incessantly, day and night, on the Kaiserbagh and city beyond it. During the night of the 10th, the heavens seemed to be perfectly alive with burning shells, which, curving in their flight, fell into the city, and, there bursting, carried destruction and death into the midst of the enemy.

Early in the forenoon of the 11th, after performing my hospital duties, I started from camp, with my surgical dhooly in charge of my faithful old orderly, Private W. Drennan, and followed by a long line of empty dhoolies, to join the regiment in the enclosure, so as to be on the spot, ready to do my part in the assault.

Just as I arrived one of the officers, Captain Macdonald, was wounded by a fragment of shell, which contused his right shoulder so severely as to deprive him of the use of his arm. He declined to go back to camp, however, saying that he had still

the use of his left arm. It was he to whom I have alluded in my 'Reminiscences,' as having handed me a rose and taken his last leave of me as the regiment filed out of the enclosure to take up its position for the assault.

Between two and three o'clock p.m., the 90th Light Infantry arrived to relieve the 93rd and take our place in the enclosure; and immediately the 93rd formed up in column of companies, and was told off by Brigadier Hope into two divisions: the right wing, consisting of grenadiers, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 Companies under Colonel Leith Hay, to storm by the front breach; and the left wing, consisting of Nos. 5, 6, 8, 9, and Light Companies, under Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon to storm by the breach on the right flank of the enemy's position.

While we were standing in column making the above arrangements, our enemies, concealed in the neighbouring houses, fired repeatedly at us, but only one shot took effect, Sergeant Dysart having been shot through both thighs. The man who fired that shot must have been very close to us, and considerably above us, for the bullet passed *through* both thighs obliquely from right to left. I mention this merely to explain how close individual enemies were to us without our being able to see them.

About four o'clock, p.m., our batteries on both sides of the city became silent, but whether this sudden cessation of artillery fire deceived the enemy into the

belief that our operations were at an end for the day, or whether it was that, confident in the strength of their defences, and in their ability to repel attack, they had laid themselves down to rest, we knew not, but their fire slackened and at last ceased also ; and not a sound was to be heard in the great mass of buildings which was in a few minutes to be the scene of a fierce and deadly struggle.

In the midst of this *ominous* silence, the 93rd filed out of the enclosure, turned sharp to the right, and advancing quickly, unperceived, at least unopposed, by the enemy, up a broad road leading to the front of the Begum Koti, got under the shelter of a mass of ruined buildings and high mud walls nearly opposite the main breach, and there the eight hundred stormers stood silent and steady waiting for the signal to rush in.

In the whole British army, ay, or in any other army in the world, there were not such eight hundred veterans as these. The light crisp hair, well-cut prominent features, and clear blue-grey eyes told their Celtic origin. The beards upon their faces, which were bronzed by exposure to well-nigh the colour of mahogany, were the evidences of manhood. The deep full chest gave ample room for the throbbing heart ; height considerably above the average, great breadth of shoulder, sinewy arms, and limbs clothed with swelling muscles, which, at the moment knotted and tense as whipcord, were quivering under

intense pent-up excitement, betokened great physical strength and activity. The westering sun flashed and glimmered along the mass of polished bayonets, and brightened up the varied colours of their tartan kilts; this and the slight waving motion of the dark plumes of their feather bonnets stirred by the evening breeze, gave colour and animation of the scene.

And there they stood—the eight hundred—under the most perfect discipline, silent and steady, willing and ready to dare, to accomplish anything, forming, as I thought, a perfect living picture of graceful human strength and power. It was a noble sight, the very recollection of which even now quickens my pulse, and revives all my pride in, my affection for, my old regiment. And well it may, for I knew every man of the eight hundred by name, knew his character, his virtues, and his faults, and his medical history; had served through the Crimean war with many of them, and had seen them all fight at the relief of the Residency and the battle of Cawnpore; and I am proud even now to remember that they all had confidence in me as their Surgeon. It is not possible that the medical officer of this generation will be able at the close of his service, to look back to his intercourse with the soldier, with the same feelings of affection that we old regimental surgeons do.

The exact position of the 42nd on that day I do not remember, but they were somewhere near; as were also the 4th Punjab Rifles and Goorkhas.

Assistant-Surgeons Sinclair and Bell were detailed to accompany the *right* column, and Menzies the *left*, while I took up my position and established my dressing-station under shelter of the ruins.

The storming-parties had not long to wait, for a little after four o'clock the tall form of Brigadier Hope was seen approaching, who, having spoken a few words of compliment and encouragement to the regiment, gave the signal for the assault. And then, with a wild burst of anger—not a cheer, for the men were in too wrathful a mood to cheer—the storming-parties emerged from their covert and dashed forward, the right column led by Colonel Leith Hay, with the grenadiers under Middleton in front, and the left column led by Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, with the Light Company under Clarke in front; the former at the main breach, and the latter at the breach on the flank,

The wild shout, and the rapid tread of rushing feet, must have taken the enemy by surprise, roused them from their fancied security or disturbed them from their afternoon siesta, for, not until the stormers were half-way across the open space that lay between them and the breach, did the enemy wake up; but then from their walls and loopholes came a roar of jingals and musketry, followed by a perfect blast of bullets which swept overhead, striking like hail against the ruins behind which I stood, and knocking up clouds of dust on the open space, and far down on the

broad road. It was fortunate for the stormers that they had gone in with a rush, and that the enemy were taken by surprise, otherwise that flight of bullets must have committed havoc in their ranks.

On arriving opposite the main breach it was found that a deep broad ditch ran all along the front of the position ; but, after a moment of surprise and hesitation, Colonel Leith Hay and Captain Middleton jumped down into the ditch, followed by other officers and by the men, scrambled up the other side, pushing and helping each other, and passed in at the breach one by one. Who was the first to enter by the main breach, I never heard ; but amongst the first was the Pipe-Major John McLeod, who, tuning up his pipes, cheered his comrades to the fight by playing the regimental gathering.

The left column had a little further to go than the right before arriving at the breach by which it was to storm, for it had to bend away to the left, and then to the right, and double some fifty or sixty yards along the ditch, and under a steadier fire than the right column had experienced.

Having arrived opposite the breach, however, they found the trunk of a tree lying across the ditch which the enemy had neglected to remove, and over this Captain Clarke at once led the way, and was the first to enter the breach on this side. He was followed eagerly by his company, and then by the others in quick succession.

Having effected a entrance, both parties found themselves confronted by numbers of Sepoys, and exposed to a musketry fire from behind barricades, from balconies, and from rooms above them. A fierce fight at once commenced, and our men, regardless of the numbers opposed to them, after discharging their rifles, went at them with the bayonet, and gradually cleared the courts, the enemy, after fighting desperately, giving way before them, and either trying to escape, or taking refuge in passages and rooms; but were followed and shot down or bayoneted by our men, who either burst open or blew in the doors with powder-bags.

Numbers endeavoured to escape by the back of the enclosure, but were shot down and wounded by a party of the left column, who had stationed themselves at a spot which commanded not only the exit from the Begum Koti in rear, but the road leading from it to the Kaiserbagh; and one company (No. 2) of the right column, led by Captain Stewart, in pursuit of a body of the routed enemy along this road, unexpectedly came under a heavy cross-fire, and was at one moment, as Captain Stewart told me, in difficulty, but held its ground until a party of the 42nd was sent to its support.

For two hours the struggle lasted, but by six o'clock the 93rd were masters of the position.

The losses of the enemy were great; nearly nine hundred were killed within the building, but the

numbers killed and wounded in their retreat and endeavour to escape must have been much greater.

The loss of the 93rd was two officers killed (Captain McDonald and Lieutenant Sergison) and two wounded (Lieutenants Grimston and Hastie); thirteen men killed and forty-five wounded.

Captain McDonald (his right arm disabled), after entering the breach, was shot through the thigh, and, as his servant was bringing him out to me on his back, another bullet passed through his neck and killed him. Lieutenant Sergison (he who was so pleased at his captain having won the toss) was shot, also through the neck, while attempting to burst open the door of a room occupied by a party of Sepoys who had taken refuge there.

Whilst Lieutenant Grimston, with a party of his company, was pursuing some Sepoys amongst the passages and outbuildings, one of them concealed behind a pillar made a downward cut at Grimston's head, which he (Grimston) warded off, and with a back sweep of his claymore cut deep into his enemy's neck and killed him. The Sepoy's sharp tulwar, however, cut clean through the basket hilt and leather lining of the claymore, into Grimston's hand.

Lieutenant Hastie received a sword-cut. The Adjutant, McBean, on entering the main breach, was set on by a number of the enemy, but being a powerful man, and armed with a heavy sword, he killed eleven of them one after another. On the only occa-

sion that McBean ever spoke on the subject to me, he remarked, 'I was there to kill, *d'ye see, man*, and I did my best in that way.' In my 'Reminiscences' I have mentioned his indignation at what took him 'twenty minutes to do,' as he said, being spoken of by Sir R. Garret 'as a good day's work.'

The following little anecdote shows the extraordinary influence of discipline, even of the mechanical lessons taught by it. When the enemy had been driven out of the Begum Koti, one of the men (of No. 9 company) mounted by a flight of steps to the top of one of the buildings, to see what was beyond. As he stood there a bullet struck him on the back of the head and lodged in the brain. He did not fall, but turned round and descended the stair with his rifle at the slope. On reaching the court below, he halted, stood at attention, carried arms, ordered arms, unfixed his bayonet, stood at ease, and dropped dead. The poor fellow went through the positions as if on parade.

The celebrated Hodson got his death-wound that day, and the following particulars were told me by one of our men who was present when he was wounded. He entered a room where several of our men were arranging how to get into a room below them, in which was a party of Sepoys, who were firing up at them through a hole in the floor. Our men cautioned Hodson not to approach the hole, but he merely smiled, and walked boldly up to it, and,

while in the act of stooping over it to look down, was shot in the stomach. This was the closing event of the life of one of the bravest men that ever lived.

It was late that night before I had collected all the wounded and returned to camp with them. The regiment remained in the captured position for the night, and during the next day and night, returning to camp on the morning of the 13th. Between the 13th and 20th the Kaiserbagh and other principal positions were taken from the enemy, who still retained, however, some mosques and enclosures at the north of the city, from which they were expelled by the 93rd and 4th Punjab Rifles on the 21st. On that occasion the 93rd had eleven men wounded, and the 4th Punjab Regiment two officers (Major Wyld and Captain Hood) severely wounded, and a few of their men. Captain Hood was struck by a grape-shot in the face, and not long since I met him in London, and recognised him by the scar of his wound.

On the 27th, Captain Burroughs was severely wounded. The nature of his wound, and the peculiar circumstances connected with it, I have described in my 'Reminiscences.' This was the last casualty in the 93rd at the siege of Lucknow, which was now completely in our possession, and, as Captain Burgoyne says in the records of the regiment compiled by him, 'no regiment was more (so) frequently employed in the operations against Lucknow, and none suffered more (so heavily) during the siege of the

city.' The casualties in the regiment from the commencement to the close of the siege were, two officers and thirteen men killed, and two officers and fifty-nine men wounded, of whom three died from the effects of their wounds.

On the morning of the 12th, a very complimentary division order was issued by Sir E. Lugard, in which the Brigadier-General stated that he had 'never witnessed a more noble and determined advance than that of the 93rd;' and in his despatch of March 22nd to the Government of India, the Commander-in-chief mentions the 93rd particularly for '*their gallantry*,' remarking that he had '*never seen anything more magnificent than the manner in which they flung themselves into the Begum Koti.*'

For some eight or ten days after the capture of the city, the army remained in camp, resting and recovering breath, while the Commander-in-chief was arranging for further operations. The rest and idleness, after the great strain of mind and body, were most grateful and enjoyable, and gave us time for serious thought, and for offering up as a body our prayers of praise and thanksgiving to the ALMIGHTY for HIS mercies to us.

After church parade and service in the open air, a small party of us retired to a tent which had been previously prepared by our good chaplain, the Rev. Hugh Drennan (who had been with the regiment in the Crimea, and had joined us shortly after our arrival

in India), and there together partook of THE HOLY SACRAMENT. The officiating clergymen were the Rev. Hugh Drennan, 93rd, and the Rev. A. Ross, 42nd, and amongst those present were Brigadier the Honourable A. Hope, Colonel A. Cameron of the 42nd, and myself, also several sergeants and privates of the 93rd. This was the only occasion on which I ever saw THE HOLY SACRAMENT administered in camp. Hope was killed not many days after, and Cameron died during the following Hot Season ; and now I am not aware that any of that little party are alive except the Rev. H. Drennan and myself. The Rev. A. Ross has been dead many years.

CHAPTER XIII.

Rohilcund Field Force—General Walpole in Command—A Weary March—Deaths from Sunstroke—Last Visit to Hope—Fort Rooyah—Council of War—Advance to the Attack—Heavy Losses—Lt.-Colonel Brind, B.A.—4th Punjab Rifles—Captain Cate—Death of Willoughby—Hope Killed—Cate Wounded—The V.C—Spens and Thompson 42nd—South side of Fort Reported Open—Gateway on North side Practicable for Assault—Lt.-Colonel Brind ordered to inspect South side—Sudden Order to Retire—Discontent of Men—Advance Again—Engagement at Allygunge—Commander-in-Chief—Battle of Bareilly—In Quarters.

AFTER the fall of Lucknow, the besieging army was broken up, and formed into Columns, or Field Forces, which were to act independently of each other, and in different districts; but I follow the fortunes of one of these only, viz., that destined for Rohilcund, under Brigadier-General Walpole, C.B. This Column was made up of a Brigade of infantry, composed of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Highlanders, and the 4th Punjab Rifles, under Brigadier the Honourable A. Hope; of a Brigade of cavalry, composed of the 9th Lancers and 2nd Punjab Cavalry, under Brigadier Haggart (colonel of the 9th Lancers); of two troops of Horse Artillery, three companies of Foot Artillery, with two eighteen-pounders, two eight-inch howitzers, two eight-inch mortars, and

two five-and-a-half inch mortars, all under the command of Colonel J. Brind of the Bengal Artillery, an officer of long Indian experience, who had greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Delhi, and who, after the fall of that city, had been employed in command of the troops in the North-West Provinces in clearing the district of the rebels, and restoring the Civil authority, and who had been lately summoned by telegram to Army head-quarters at Lucknow. There were also detachments of Engineers and sappers, under Captains Lennox and Maunsell. This column mustered about four thousand fighting men, a really magnificent little army.

On the 7th of April, leaving all sick and wounded in the general hospital, the different corps of this Column marched through Lucknow to the rendezvous on the plain about five miles to the north-west of the city, and there encamped.

On the morning of the 9th, the Column commenced its forward movement, and continued to march every day in a north-westerly direction, and without encountering any enemy until the morning of the 15th.

It was a very trying march. Individually I never endured greater discomfort, and never saw our men suffer so much from exhaustion as on that occasion, for the weather had become terribly oppressive, giving us suddenly our first experience of an Indian hot season. Many of the men were struck down by common sun-fever (which, though not a severe form of

fever, incapacitated them for several days), and unfortunately small-pox, which had been prevalent in Lucknow, appeared amongst us also. Our General knew no more about the climate and its debilitating effects than we did, for he had never served in India before, and hence there was a want of management, a want of consideration for the soldier. Orders were seldom issued till late at night, and were not read to the men, or taken round to the officers, until ten or eleven o'clock at night, so that all were kept in a state of expectancy and unrest until midnight, and even then to sleep was impossible, for the shrill trumpeting of elephants, the infernal noise made by the camels which were kneeling close round our tents in scores, the horrible effluvium emitted from their bodies, the constant monotonous, crunching, grinding noise made by them as they chewed the cud: these causes and the withering heat radiated from the ground and confined by the overhanging trees under which we encamped to shelter us from the sun by day, increased tenfold, by numbers lying close together in the tents, produced an irritation that kept us wakeful and restless; so that we rose, after several hours of extreme discomfort and unrest, to prepare to march at three, four, or five o'clock, a.m., and with a feeling of uncertainty and insecurity, as the officer in command was a stranger to us.

But the discomforts of the early march were as great as those we had to experience during the night.

Unrefreshed, weak, and languid, we moved and stumbled along in the dark for the first two hours, parched by unquenchable thirst, and buried under a cloud of suffocating dust raised by the tramp of many feet, and by elephants and camels which moved along close to the flank of the Column. The *still* heat too, during the two hours of darkness in the early morning, was awful; and, as the men in their heavy dress (full Highland dress) and accoutrements dragged their weary limbs along, their cries for water were incessant—no jest or laugh was heard, they were too weary, and life at the time too uncertain, for every now and then, as we moved silently and listlessly along, a comrade would stumble in the ranks, and, without further warning, fall to the ground, smitten down by heat apoplexy. I have been walking beside the regiment, partly to stretch my limbs, and partly in the hope that motion might create a current of air round me, when the man beside me has fallen dead at my feet.

During the day while in camp the fiery rays of the sun poured down upon us, when not under the shelter of trees, with tremendous power, but even that was more bearable than the still, oppressive heat at night; for during the day the air, though hot as a blast from a fiery furnace, was in motion, and cooled us to some extent by rapid evaporation from our bodies; but at night there was intense stagnation of the air, so that the moisture of perspiration clung to us, and caused great irritation of the skin. One could hardly believe

that in the same country there could be such a difference in the seasons, such great changes of temperature.

On the evening of the 14th of April, I paid Brigadier Hope a visit. I found him ailing and in low spirits; probably the effects of the great labour, mental and bodily, he had undergone during the previous six months, and also of the immediate effect of climate, for Hope, though a very tall man, was not strong either constitutionally or physically. He then told me that he thought there would be a fight on the morrow, for within a few miles of us was a fort garrisoned by a rebel Rajah and his followers, who, on being summoned to surrender, had returned an answer of defiance; still he expressed a hope that there might be no fighting, but that the Rajah might give himself up, or abandon his fort, and retire with his followers beyond the sphere of our operations. I have described this interview with Hope, and given my impressions as to his state of health and feeling at the time, more fully in my former book than I propose to do here. I saw him alive only once after that meeting, and then for a minute, in which we exchanged greetings and shook hands as he rode past me in the early morning of the 15th towards the head of the advancing Column.

By the kind assistance of my friends General Sir James Brind, G.C.B., and Major-General Cafe, V.C., who were both present, I am enabled to supply particulars which my own notes do not contain concerning

the attack on Fort Rooyah, the engagement at Allygunge, and the battle of Bareilly, also concerning the engagements of Posgaon, Russulpore, the attack on Fort Mithoulie, and several other engagements fought by a column under Brigadier Troup during the cold-weather campaign in Oude in 1858—9.

It appears that the Brigadier-General commanding the Rohilcund Field Force had received orders before leaving Lucknow to march straight to Allygunge, and there wait for the Commander-in-chief, and on no account to seek the enemy, or turn to the right or left to undertake any operation.

On the evening of the 14th of April, however (or rather late at night, between ten and eleven o'clock, at the suggestion of Captain Carey, his Assistant-Quartermaster-General), he summoned to his tent Brigadiers Hope and Haggart, and Colonel Brind, commanding respectively infantry, cavalry, and artillery, the last-mentioned officer representing the Engineers also, and informed them that he proposed on the following morning to attack Fort Rooyah, held by the rebel Takoor, 'Nurput Singh'; that he had received information as to its position and extent, as to the roads leading to it, and as to the character of the surrounding country from native guides who he believed to be loyal and trustworthy; that at daylight the Force should advance along a road leading to the left, which at about a couple of miles from the camp divided into two, one running through open country

in the direction of the Fort to be attacked, and the other to the left of the village of Rowdamow; that, on reaching this point, Colonel Brind should advance with the *whole* of the artillery, and take up a position so as to open fire on the Fort, and that the Brigadiers commanding cavalry and infantry should follow, and act as circumstances might require.

After these instructions had been given, there was a silence of a few minutes, and then Colonel Brind, the oldest officer present, who had great Indian experience and a thorough knowledge of native character, asked the General 'if he could rely on the information afforded him by the native guides or spies; if he was certain of the road, and of the character of the country in the neighbourhood of the fort *said by the guides to be open*,' because, if not certain on these points, he would suggest the advisability of making a reconnoissance in the morning before advancing beyond the spot where the road divided; but that under any circumstances his duty to his own Command, to the Force, to the General himself, to the Commander-in-Chief, and to the Government of India, made it imperative on him to draw the General's attention to the danger of advancing with the whole of the artillery without the support of infantry, and without first reconnoitring the ground over which he was to move.

The General appeared to be a little annoyed or surprised at these remarks, and turning to Brigadiers

Hope and Haggart, asked their opinions, and both expressed approval of Colonel Brind's suggestions. It was, therefore, *agreed* that on the following morning, before advancing to attack the Fort, a careful reconnaissance should be made to ascertain the character of the country, and the position, extent, &c., of the Fort, and the side on which to approach it.

This meeting could scarcely have been considered a council of war, for the General expressed his *intentions*, and gave his *orders* without inviting, or apparently expecting, any expression of opinion from his brigadiers; and Colonel Brind gave his opinion and offered his suggestions without having been asked to do so. However, the reconnaissance having been agreed to, Colonel Brind, with the General's sanction, proceeded to the tents of Captains Lennox and Maunsell, the former commanding the Royal Engineers, and the latter the Indian Army Native Engineer Corps, with European non-commissioned staff, and arranged with these officers of the Scientific Corps for the morning reconnaissance and for the after operations.

At daybreak of the following morning (15th of April), the Force commenced to move forward, and, on arriving at the spot where the roads branched off, it was found that, contrary to the reports of the guides, the country in front over which the Force would have to advance was covered by thick jungle; and here, to the surprise of the Brigadiers, and con-

trary to the arrangement of the previous night, the General determined to continue the advance without making any reconnaissance; but, trusting entirely to his guides or spies, gave the following orders, viz.: The whole of the artillery heavy and light guns, with spare ammunition, to advance through the jungle in the direction of the Fort; the infantry to follow the artillery; and the cavalry to make a detour to the right and get round to the rear of the Fort. To these arrangements Colonel Brind respectfully objected, pointing out to the General the danger of taking heavy guns and spare ammunition through an unexplored jungle, and suggesting the advisability of parking the heavy guns and spare ammunition in a safe position, and advancing with the light guns, preceded and supported by infantry; and further suggesting that the guides, whose information had already proved to be false, for the country was not open but covered with jungle, should not be trusted further, but be induced to lead, with a bag of gold tied round their waists, a halter round their necks, and soldiers with loaded rifles on each side of them; explaining to them that they should have the gold if faithful, be hanged if faithless, and shot if they attempted to escape—and that, unless such precautions were taken, the probability, nay, certainty, was they would not be faithful, and would take the first opportunity to escape. The General declined to doubt the guides, or to take steps to ensure their

being faithful, and desired Colonel Brind to do as he pleased with his heavy guns, and to arrange with the Brigadier commanding the infantry for an escort to accompany his light guns through the jungle. The heavy guns and spare ammunition, and baggage also, were accordingly parked in a safe position and placed under the care of a suitable guard; and then the advance commenced in the following order, under arrangements made between Brigadier Hope and Colonel Brind:

Four Horse Artillery guns, under Lieutenant-Colonel Tombs, of the Bengal Artillery, preceded by skirmishers of the 42nd, and followed by the main body of the regiment, under the direction of Colonel Brind, led the way, followed by a small detachment of breaching artillery, behind which marched the 93rd in support; the 79th and 4th Punjab Rifles being in reserve. At the same time, the Cavalry, with a troop of Horse Artillery, under Brigadier Haggart, swept away round to the right, so as to get to the rear of the Fort, towards the north-west.

After struggling through the jungle for some time, the advance came suddenly, and unexpectedly, out on a narrow, open space on the north-east angle of the Fort, and the moment they appeared a heavy fire, from several small guns and a number of matchlocks, was opened on them from the enemy within the Fort. The 42nd were immediately sent forward by order of the General, and took up a position at the north-east

angle of the Fort, on the slope of the glacis, close to the ditch; two companies of the 93rd (Nos. 8 and Light) taking up their position on the right of the 42nd, and, later in the day, the 4th Punjab Rifles on their left; and were retained there during the greater part of the day in such an exposed position, that Colonel Brind had to order that the Horse Artillery guns, placed also in an exposed position on the edge of the jungle, should fire over the infantry, and sweep with shot and shell the bastion and curtain opposite to, or rather under, which the 42nd and other corps lay, so as, if possible, to keep down the heavy and destructive matchlock fire of the enemy; and at the same time, he (Colonel Brind) directed Lieutenant Harrington, V.C., to bring up two eighteen-pounders and two eight-inch howitzers, and place them in position on an eminence to the south-west of the Fort, and to confine the fire of these heavy guns on one spot, and open a breach as quickly as possible, believing that it was the General's intention to storm the place. In carrying out these orders, Lieutenant Harrington, a young officer greatly esteemed in the Bengal Artillery, was severely, at first supposed to be mortally, wounded.

As soon as the 42nd and the two companies of the 93rd had established themselves close to the ditch, they commenced to use their rifles in reply to the enemy's fire, but with little effect, while the enemy in the tower or keep, and protected by the wall, fired

through their loopholes, with very destructive effect, on our men, who, though they lay down, were without shelter, except that afforded by the counterscarp of the ditch and the slope of the glacis. While this unequal musketry combat was going on, our heavy guns and howitzers, placed upon a slight rising ground to our left, threw shot and shell against the tower, but, by the General's order, were not used to breach the wall; and our Horse Artillery guns, which had been with the advance, having taken up position upon our right, close to the jungle, also threw shot and shell into the Fort, with a view to keep down the enemy's fire, and drive them from behind the wall.

The main body of the 93rd remained in support, close to the edge of the jungle and immediately in rear of the 42nd, and was never employed during the day; while the 79th and 4th Punjab Rifles were held in reserve on open ground behind the belt of jungle, and facing the eastern face of the fort. Behind the 79th were the regimental dressing-stations.

Away round to the right-rear of the Fort, the cavalry, with one troop of Horse Artillery (Remington's), took their position on the edge of the jungle, facing an open plain, so as to be ready to intercept the enemy, should our attack in front and flank be successful, and the rebels try to escape in that direction. As long, however, as we remained outside the Fort, and merely kept up an artillery and musketry fire, which had no effect either on the defences or defenders, it was not

likely that, in broad daylight, they would leave the secure shelter in which they were, and expose themselves on the open plain, to be cut down by cavalry.

The attack (if it can be called an attack) went on in this unsatisfactory manner for upwards of three hours, during which time the 42nd suffered severely, and the two companies of the 93rd slightly. But, as the men were getting impatient under the murderous fire to which they were exposed, and were eager to assault, Captain Ross-Grove, of the 42nd, who was the senior officer on the left of the regiment, sent to request that scaling-ladders might be supplied, to enable the men to mount on to the wall. Ladders were not sent, but the 4th Punjab Rifles were ordered down to support the 42nd. Captain Cafe (commanding the Punjab Rifles) led his gallant regiment—represented on that occasion by *five* officers (including the surgeon), and one hundred and five men—quickly down through the jungle and across the glacis, and took ground on the left of the 42nd, but finding that there was no shelter for his men in that position, and that they were exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy in the tower and behind the wall, he led his men forward into the ditch, close under the wall, thus escaping the fire from the tower at least. On examining the wall, no opening, or breach, or rent even, could be discovered by which they might enter; and it was evident that the only way by which an assaulting party could reach the top of the wall—which was

nine or ten feet from the bottom of the ditch—would be by pushing and helping each other up one at a time. The Subadar-major of the regiment (a splendid soldier, and who was killed later in the day) and Captain Cafe both got up in this way and looked over the parapet of the wall, and both came to the conclusion that, under such a heavy fire as was kept up by the enemy, securely posted in the tower and along the wall, it would be impossible for the small number of their regiment to attempt the assault, unless strongly and vigorously supported. Accordingly, while still remaining in the ditch under the wall, Captain Cafe sent back an officer to report that he could assault and enter the place with his regiment, if supported. He never received an answer, and, having remained in the ditch until thirty of his men were killed or wounded, he led the handful remaining out of the ditch back to the position behind the counter-scarp which they had first occupied for a few minutes, in alignment with the 42nd on his right, and a small body of sappers on his left (what the sappers were doing there, I do not know).

When the Punjab Rifles emerged from the belt of jungle to cross the glacis, in approaching the Fort, Lieutenant Willoughby (of the regiment) was wounded in the neck and reported the fact to Captain Cafe, who told him to get away to the rear, and at the same time ordered a Havildar and Sepoy to accompany and take care of him. Instead of going back, however,

Willoughby must have gone forward with the regiment and fallen dead as he advanced, for, after Captain Cafe, with the remnant of his regiment, had retired from the ditch to the glacis, he saw Willoughby's body lying close to the edge of the ditch, on a spot where it was exposed to the enemy's fire from both the tower and the wall. Determined that the body of a brother-officer should not be left where it might fall into the hands of the enemy, he called for volunteers from his own regiment to accompany him to bring it away, but there was no response. He then asked Captain Ross-Grove, who was close to him, for a couple of volunteers from the 42nd, but again there was no response, and Captain Ross-Grove offered to go himself. Captain Cafe, however, declined to take advantage of this generous offer, as he did not think it advisable that more than one officer should risk his life, for it was almost certain that, whoever approached the spot where the body lay, would be either killed or wounded.

When the men of the 42nd heard their officer volunteer for the dangerous duty, two of them, SPENS and THOMPSON, offered to accompany Captain Cafe, who then made the following arrangements: With Captain Ross-Grove's permission, two other men of the 42nd, Cook and Cronin, were stationed with an empty dhooly (to receive the body when brought in), in as safe a position as possible, on the edge of the jungle; Spens was sent forward to the edge of the ditch, to a

spot where he would be sheltered from the tower, with instructions to try to keep down the fire of the enemy from behind the wall; and then Captain Cafe, with Thompson and two native officers of his own regiment (who, I presume, went as volunteers, though they had not in the first instance responded to Cafe's call), approached the spot where the body lay, and, though repeatedly fired at, succeeded in bringing it back. Besides Thompson (42nd) and the two native officers, a Sepoy of the Punjab Rifles stood up to accompany his officer, but he was killed while he stood beside Cafe, and before they had taken a step forward.

As the four men were nearing the edge of the jungle with the body, Captain Cafe turned to see if Spens was safe and following, but saw him kneeling on the edge of the ditch and beckoning with his hand. Desiring Thompson to go on to the dhooly with the body, Cafe turned and went back to Spens, and found that he was wounded through the thigh and unable to get up. While standing beside him, and encouraging him to make an effort to rise, Captain Cafe saw one of the enemy preparing to take a shot either at himself or at Spens through an embrasure, so, quickly stooping down, he picked up Spens' rifle and shot the man. At last Spens, making an effort, got upon his feet, when Captain Cafe, giving him the support of his left arm, and carrying the rifle and feather-bonnet in his right hand, retired slowly with the wounded man. Before they could reach the shelter of the jungle, a bullet

passed through Cafe's arm above the elbow, the arm upon which Spens was leaning ; but he continued to give the support of his wounded arm until he put Spens in a place of safety. Spens was mortally wounded (the femoral artery cut through) and died in a few minutes, and Captain (now General) Cafe has almost lost the use of his left arm, the result of the wound received that day.

For his gallant conduct on the occasion the Victoria Cross was awarded to Captain Cafe, and also to Thompson, and, as notified in the *Gazette*, would have been given to Spens also if he had lived.

But, though the difficulties of our position were increasing, and we had already many casualties, the General persisted in continuing the attack on the strongest face of the fort, disregarding repeated messages sent to him by Brigadier Haggart, commanding the cavalry, to the effect that the place was accessible to easy capture on the south and west flank ; and, while preventing the opening of a breach, desired the officer commanding the artillery to keep up a dropping fire on the Fort from both his heavy and light guns in answer to, and to keep down that of, the enemy, to which part of our infantry and several of our light guns were completely exposed.

It now became evident to Colonel Brind that we had been misled (led into a trap, in fact) either through the treachery or ignorance of the guides or spies, and finding that he was expending ammunition uselessly,

that the day was passing quickly, and that, as Brigadier Hope, who was standing with his staff behind the left of the 42nd, informed him, the infantry established close to the ditch were suffering severely, and should either be allowed to assault or be withdrawn, he (Colonel Brind) considered it necessary to seek and inform the General of the state of affairs, and suggest to him the advisability of following one of two courses, viz. : first, that he should be permitted to confine the fire of his heavy guns to one point on the north or east of the Fort, so as to breach the wall preparatory to an assault, and, this effected, with his light guns to keep the bastion clear, the fire from which might rake the line which the storming-party would take in their rush for the breach : or, second, that with the Commanding Engineer, he should be allowed to proceed at once to the south side of the Fort, to examine the condition of the wall and defences on that side, and that, if they considered it practicable to assault on that side, they should select a position for the heavy guns, and breach the curtain at a spot to be indicated by the Engineer.

The General approved of, or at least consented to, the second proposal ; and accordingly Colonel Brind, with Captains Lennox and Maunsell of the Engineers, proceeded at once to the south side. But they had been gone but a short time when (about half-past three, p.m.) several things happened to perplex the General. First, his guides or spies had *disappeared*, as he had

been warned they would if not properly watched. Second, a company of the 42nd (under Captain, now Sir John Cheetham M'Leod, if I remember right) ordered to advance closer to the Fort, and reconnoitre or examine a gateway in the north wall which had been reported by the Engineer to be closed with only loose bamboos and brushwood, and by which he thought a storming-party might effect an entrance, had either to be recalled, or had been obliged to fall back (recalled, I think) with the loss of one officer (the gallant young Bramley), and a number of men killed and wounded; and third, not many minutes after this, and which added considerably to the General's perplexity and confusion, Brigadier Hope was killed.

In this state of perplexity and confusion, and apparently forgetting that he had sent Colonel Brind and the Engineer officers to examine the south and west sides of the Fort, with a view to attack on that side, the General gave orders for the Column to retire, and without sending any intimation of the movement to the Commanding Artillery and Engineer officers.

But by this time these officers had completed their examination of the south and west sides of the Fort, selected a position, well under cover, for the heavy guns, and decided on the spot to breach the wall, which they perceived was imperfect on the west side, and not loopholed on this and the south side, thus affording further evidence of the treachery of the

guides, and showing how necessary it was that a reconnoissance should have been made in the first instance before attacking the place. Before returning to make their report to the General, Colonel Brind and the two Engineer officers ascended an elevated spot, to take a survey of the surrounding country, and note the best line of approach for the breaching guns, and for the assaulting column, when to their surprise they saw the whole Column of artillery and infantry moving towards the village of Rowdamow.

Colonel Brind immediately galloped up to the head of the Column and reported to the General that he had selected a position for his heavy guns, decided on the spot to breach the wall, where it was not loop-holed, and where the Fort was easy of access to a storming-party, and suggested that there was still plenty of time to take the place before nightfall. But the General declined to do more for that day, saying that another attack could be made more thoroughly and safely on the morrow. It was then further suggested to him that the officer commanding the cavalry should be instructed to take measures to prevent the enemy escaping during the night; but this the General did not consider necessary, as he had already sent orders for the cavalry to retire to the encamping ground.

During the night the enemy quietly retired, taking everything with him, and in the morning we entered

the empty Fort, and the General, looking down from the parapet of the wall to the spot where the men lay exposed all the previous day, and where Hope had fallen remarked, '*No wonder he was killed.*'

I do not think the particulars concerning the attack on Fort Rooyah have ever been so fully detailed as in this chapter. The order to retire was a most unwelcome surprise to the troops, who were eager to be let loose to avenge the death of Hope, and of the Officers and men who had fallen; and who, as they marched away under a salute from the garrison of the Fort, and jeered at and laughed at by the enemy, who showed themselves on the walls, manifested very plainly their disappointment and irritation, and vented their wrath '*at being made fools of,*' as they said, in audible imprecations, upon him or them, whoever it was, that had led them into the difficulty and failed to bring them out of it, or allowed them to bring themselves out of it with honour, and it was long before they were pacified. That the 42nd, supported by another regiment, could have forced their way over the wall and taken the wretched Fort no one doubted; possibly at a heavy loss, but they would willingly have risked further loss to take the place, and save themselves and the whole Force from a certain amount of disgrace which we all felt had fallen on us, and which we found hard to bear. Our casualties were as follows:

Brigadier The Honourable A. Hope. Two officers, Douglas

and Bramley, and *seven* men killed, and *one* officer and *thirty-seven* men wounded of the 42nd.

Six men wounded of the two companies, 93rd.

One officer killed, *two* wounded, and *forty-six* men killed and wounded, out of *six* officers and one hundred and five men of the 4th Punjab Rifles.

One man of the 79th mortally wounded by round shot.

One officer (Lieutenant Harrison, V.C.) of the Bengal Artillery severely wounded.

I do not think there were any casualties amongst the men of the artillery, and there were none in the cavalry. These make a total of four officers killed and three wounded, and ninety men killed and wounded. A heavy loss to be followed by failure and disgrace.

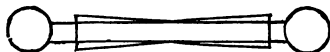
Next morning, as the General said to Colonel Brind, and as he stated in his despatch, we were to have renewed the attack on the south side; but during the night, as I have already remarked, the enemy abandoned the Fort carrying off everything with them. On taking possession, we found that there were no defensive works on the south side except a narrow belt of trees, a shallow ditch, and a low broken wall. So open was the Fort on that side that horsemen could have ridden in; I rode in myself, and even to my non-military intelligence, there was nothing to have prevented our taking the Fort with little or no loss, if we had attacked on the south side. I have stated that no reconnaissance had been made to ascertain the position, &c., of the Fort; but during the day, while we were losing men unnecessarily under the wall and without making any attempt to breach it, repeated messages were sent to the General by Brigadier Hag-

gart to the effect that the south-west side of the Fort was open and that cavalry could ride into it, and that some mounted men had been seen to ride out from it. I did not hear these messages delivered to the General, but know that they were delivered from those who were present and heard them, and it was an open subject of conversation afterwards throughout the force. As I write, I have before me a letter from Sir J. Hills-Johnes, K.C.B. and V.C., who was present at Rooyah with Tombs' battery, informing me that he saw horsemen ride out of the place during the day.

Brigadier Hope met his death under the following circumstances: He had approached close to that part of the counterscarp where Captain Ross-Grove was stationed, to see what was being done, and (I believe) to decide whether or not it would be possible, or advisable, to attempt to storm the place. He had not been there many minutes, when, as he stood up to get a better view of the position, a bullet fired from above struck him on the left side of the neck and passed down to his heart. He fell backwards into Ross-Grove's arms, and, as his aide-de-camp Lieutenant Butter of the 93rd told me, expired in a few minutes; his last words being 'Say a prayer with me.' Butter in his letter to Hope's brother omits to mention this, but when he brought the body to me he told me that these *were* the last words. I was not near, indeed never saw, the General during the whole of that unfortunate day, until late in the afternoon, when I came under his

displeasure for being in an exposed position on the glacis; but he appeared to be angry and irritable with everybody that came near him at that moment, for he had just given the order to retire, acknowledging the failure of the attack.

The enemy was well supplied with powder and did not spare it; and also with guns, but these were of small calibre, and their round shot (none exceeding three pounds, however) were all of wrought iron, hammered into spheres. Their musket bullets were small and spherical, though some were picked up on the field like the sketch below; and which as they



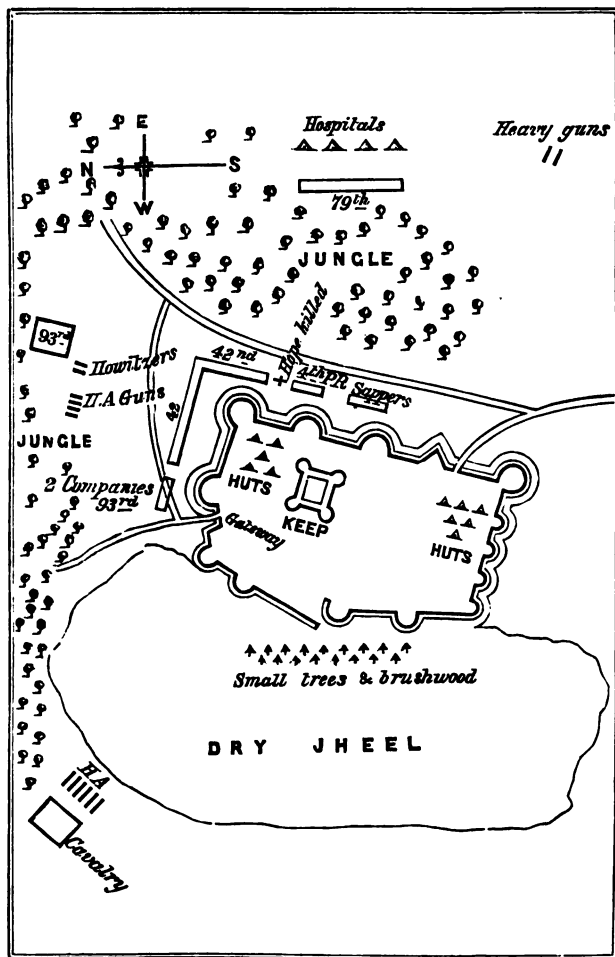
flew through the air opened out and made a sort of chain shot. One of these, picked up as it struck the ground by Colonel Joyner (then Quartermaster, 93rd), is now as I write on the table before me.

On the evening of the 17th the bodies of Brigadier Hope, and of the other three officers who had been killed, were buried with military honours. It was the saddest and most touching military funeral that I was ever present at, for the lives of the brave men had been so full of promise and their deaths were humanly-speaking so unnecessary. The 93rd had lost a brother-officer who was universally esteemed and beloved in the regiment, the Brigade a leader in whom all had the greatest confidence, and the Queen and

country a gallant and accomplished soldier. Colonel Leith Hay of the 93rd succeeded to the command of the Brigade, and Captain Middleton to the command of the 93rd temporarily.

Before closing the painful subject of the failure before Rooyah, I must make further special allusion to the gallant 4th Punjabees as they were styled. The regiment had served throughout the siege of Delhi, and had suffered severely there; but I have not been able to ascertain the exact number of its casualties. It joined the little army led by Sir Colin Campbell for the relief of the Residency with six officers including the Surgeon, and about four hundred men. Of these six officers, two were killed and one wounded, and a number of the men killed and wounded, in the Secunderbagh, when they assaulted the place with the 93rd, and during the operations for the relief. At the siege of Lucknow, the regiment had five officers and about three hundred men present. During the siege, the Commanding officer and Second in command (Wylde and Hood) were severely wounded. On this occasion they were again associated with the 93rd. When the regiment joined the Rohilcund Field Force there were *five* officers, and *two hundred and five* men present. Of these *one* officer was killed and *two* wounded, and *forty-six* men killed and wounded, leaving *two* officers (one of these the Surgeon) and one hundred and fifty-nine men to represent a regiment which only ten months previously had marched to

the siege of Delhi with *twelve* officers and *eight hundred* men.



On the evening of the 21st of April, information (through his spies, I presume) reached the Brigadier-General that there was a probability of our further advance being opposed on the morrow; and to be prepared for such eventuality the following disposition of the Force was made, viz., four Bengal Horse Artillery guns (six-pounders) of Lieutenant-Colonel Tombs' troop to accompany the advance-guard, supported by Major Remmington's troop of Bengal Horse Artillery (nine-pounders), protected on either flank by Cavalry, and followed by the heavy guns, with the main body of infantry immediately behind them.

The Column moved on at daybreak of the 22nd, Colonel Brind in command of the advance and of the artillery, and, after marching in the above order for two or three miles, the advance came in sight of a large group of villages, surrounded and partially separated from each other by thick topes of trees, a position of great strength naturally, and capable of being converted into a very formidable one; and as the enemy's cavalry and infantry were seen to be in great numbers, and to be assembling in force in and around Oolapur, the most central and the largest of the group, the Column was halted, in order that the heavy guns might be brought to the front, in case of their being required, and to enable the infantry to close up. While the heavy guns were being brought up, however, the Horse Artillery and Cavalry were sent forward at a trot; and when about one thousand

yards from the village of Oolapur the enemy opened fire with some six guns, and sent their shot and shell amongst our light guns and cavalry, causing some loss. But the six-pounders, under Lieutenant-Colonel Tombs, pushed steadily forward to within six hundred yards of the enemy's strong and well-screened position, came quickly into action, and by their admirable practice caused the enemy to slacken fire; and on the troop of nine-pounders (which had been impeded in their advance by broken and difficult ground) coming into action also, the rebel guns, under the rapid and crushing fire of both troops, were silenced altogether; then the six and nine-pounders together, admirably placed, so searched and raked the village and topes that the enemy, unable to reply to their fire or to hold his ground, and doubtless also disheartened by the approaching column of infantry, began to retire, their infantry, which had not been engaged at all, moving off first, and at a rapid pace, while their cavalry endeavoured to show a bold front for a time, so as to enable their guns, which were drawn by bullocks, to be withdrawn in the direction of the town or village of Allygunge, possibly with a view to another stand there. To prevent their guns being carried off, however, Colonel Brind arranged the following movements with the Brigadier commanding our Cavalry, viz., a strong detachment of Cavalry (European and Native) to advance and make a threatening demonstration on the rebel left flank,

while the main body of our Cavalry, under Brigadier Haggart himself, should threaten them on the right, the Horse Artillery at the same time pressing them in rear. These flank movements, and the splendid practice of our six and nine-pounders, caused the rebel Cavalry to disperse, leaving their guns to be captured.

This was a sharp action while it lasted, for within two hours from its commencement the rebels were driven from their position, and flying in every direction in small and scattered parties over a country so thickly wooded and broken as to render pursuit impossible. The excellent arrangements of our Artillery and Cavalry Commanders, the bold advance and splendid practice of our light guns, and the threatening flank movements of our Cavalry, alone defeated the enemy. The heavy guns had not been brought into action, and the Infantry, though near enough to witness the final movements, were not engaged. It was exclusively an affair of Horse Artillery and Cavalry, but chiefly of Artillery. The punishment inflicted on the rebels was severe, for, besides the loss of their guns, they left three hundred dead upon the field, and carried off a number of wounded.

While encamped at Allygunge, waiting for the Commander-in-chief, Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel R. Lockhart Ross joined, and took command of the regiment. He had formerly been a captain in the 93rd, and during the Crimean war had been promoted to a Brevet-majority, but had left the regiment, taking substan-

tive rank of Major, with a Brevet-lieutenant-colonelcy, and obtaining command of a Brigade dépôt at home. He had now returned to the 93rd as a substantive Major, having exchanged with Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon. By the death of Adrian Hope, Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart had become junior Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, and Captain Cornwall junior Major. Colonel Ewart, however, never rejoined the 93rd, having effected an exchange with Colonel Stisted of the 78th Highlanders.

On the 30th of April, the Army, under Sir Colin's personal command, marched to Shahjehanpore, and, leaving a small garrison there, moved on towards Bareilly, where, on the 5th of May, 1858, a battle was fought. This battle (called the battle of Bareilly) was *also* an Artillery and Cavalry engagement. The Army, on this occasion, numbered nearly eight thousand men, with twenty field-guns, and seven heavy guns, exclusive of a siege-train, and was the largest force that I had seen moving as one body, with one object in view, during the campaign; and as it advanced, on the morning of the 5th of May, steadily and in battle order, with the veteran Chief at its head, surrounded by his staff, was a very beautiful and imposing sight. It was composed of *two* regiments of British Cavalry, the 6th Carbineers and 9th Lancers, and *five* of Native Cavalry, the 2nd and 5th Punjab, the Lahore Light Horse, the Mooltani Horse, and the 17th Irregular Cavalry; of *six* regiments of British

infantry, 42nd, 78th, 79th, 93rd, 64th, and 82nd, three regiments of Sikh infantry, the 2nd, the gallant 4th, and the 22nd, and a battalion of Beloochis. The cavalry was divided into two Brigades, under Brigadiers Haggart and Jones, and the infantry into three, under Brigadiers Stisted, Leith Hay, but the third I forget, though I think it was Hale, the Colonel of the 82nd; and lastly, of *three* troops of Bengal Horse Artillery (Tombs', Hammond's, and Remmington's), *seven* heavy guns (eighteen-pounders and eight-inch howitzers), under Captains Francis, Cadell, and Cookworthy, and a siege-train, under the command of Captain Le Messurier, with a company of Royal Artillery. The whole of the Artillery under the command of Colonel Brind, B.A.

Early on the morning of the 5th of May, this army moved forward towards Bareilly, where a large rebel Force was known to be assembled. The advance was covered by a line of native cavalry skirmishers, supported by the 78th Highlanders, on the left of which was Tombs' troop of Bengal Horse Artillery, flanked by a squadron of 9th Lancers; and on the right Hammond's nine-pounder battery and half of Remmington's troop of Bengal Horse Artillery, flanked by a squadron of 9th Lancers. This was the first line of advance. Behind this came the heavy batteries, moving along the road, with the 42nd Highlanders on the left, and 93rd Highlanders on the right, flanked by the Carbineers and the remainder of the 9th Lancers,

and by the Mooltan Horse and a regiment of Punjab cavalry ; followed by the 79th Highlanders and 4th Punjab Rifles, and by H.M.'s 64th and the Belooch battalion, all forming the second line, or main body ; and then followed the siege-train and baggage, protected by H.M. 82nd, and 2nd and 22nd Punjab regiments, and in rear of all, as rear-guard, was Remmington's half troop of Bengal Horse Artillery, with detachments of Infantry and of the 6th and 7th Native Cavalry.

As the advance approached the site of the military cantonment of Bareilly (which had been destroyed by the rebels), the enemy's guns, placed on our right front so as to command the road along which we were moving, and a bridge which spanned a nullah which it would be necessary for our heavy guns to cross, opened fire, but were quickly silenced by the well-directed and concentrated fire of Tombs' troop of Bengal Horse Artillery on the left, and Hammond's and Remmington's guns on the right. In support of the enemy's guns were large bodies of Cavalry and Infantry, but these, hanging back and keeping beyond the range of our light guns, moved away to their left, and made a determined effort to outflank us on the right and get round to the rear of the column ; but our nine-pounders on the right, ably supported by cavalry movements under Brigadier Haggart, arrested the enemy, and compelled him to retire.

The rebel artillery on our right front having been silenced, and the flank movement of their cavalry and

infantry to turn our right checked, arrangements were made to cross the bridge and the nullah. The nine-pounders of Hammond's and Remmington's batteries opened a rapid fire on the open ground above the bridge, and on the wood beyond it, where the enemy's guns had been, and where their infantry and cavalry still showed in force, and under cover of this fire the Lahore Horse dashed across the bridge, supported by a squadron of the 9th Lancers, and both advancing on the open ground secured a passage for the nine-pounders, followed closely by the 78th Highlanders, and, the whole taking ground to the right on the open ground, again completed the right advance, and forced the enemy to fall back, leaving guns and ammunition-carts behind. Then followed the heavy guns across the bridge, the 93rd and 42nd, the Carbineers and 9th Lancers crossing the deep but dry nullah on the right and left of the bridge, in support of the heavy guns, while Lieutenant-Colonel Tombs, with his troop of Horse Artillery, supported by a squadron of the 9th Lancers, got across the nullah still further to the left, and again completed the left advance; but immediately dividing his troop, so as to operate against the enemy from two points, drove the rebels back on that side also, and compelled them to abandon several guns.

The rebels, however, did not yet acknowledge defeat, but attempted to attack on both right and left flanks. On the right, a body of cavalry and infantry,

led by a number of fanatics (Ghazies), made an impetuous dash on Remington's three guns, which were on the right of the battery of nine-pounders, but were repulsed by rapid and continuous discharges of grape, and forced to retire, after sustaining heavy loss. Shortly after, a similar attack was made on our left flank, also led by Ghazies, but was repulsed by the fire of the heavy guns, and by Remington's three nine-pounders, which came up, at the gallop, from the right. The Ghazies, however (thirty or forty in number), continued to rush on, and, dashing through a party of Sikhs, fell upon the flank of the 42nd, and wounded and unhorsed the Colonel, and wounded a few men of this regiment before they were bayoneted. A third attack was made on our rear-guard and baggage by a body of rebel cavalry, but this was repulsed by rapid discharges of grape from Remington's *three* guns which were attached to the rear-guard.

This was the last effort of the rebels ; thrown back along their whole line, and their right flank turned and expelled from the city of Bareilly by Brigadier General Jones' column, they began to break up and retire, their movement of retreat covered on their left by a body of infantry, which, with two small guns, held the tops of trees in front of the 93rd for several hours, but from which, late in the afternoon, they were driven by a rapid rush of this regiment. This was the closing scene of the battle and the end of the Rohilcund campaign, which, though it had been a

short, had been a very trying one to those regiments which had not experienced an Indian hot season before. The battle of Bareilly, though a bloodless one as far as we were concerned, was followed by important results; for the city of Bareilly itself, the capital of an extensive district and centre of disaffection and villainy, had been captured, the rebel leader and his followers driven out of the district, and British rule restored.

I have mentioned in my 'Reminiscences' that, at one time of the day, an armed native advanced from the wood in the direction of the 93rd, and that our quarter-master (Mr. Joyner), who happened to be riding across the plain, thinking, as we all did, that he was a deserter coming to give himself up, turned to meet him, but that, when they were close to each other, the native halted, and, taking deliberate aim, fired his matchlock at Joyner, who immediately returned the compliment with his revolver, but 'missed his enemy.' This I find is a mistake, which I beg to correct now; Mr. Joyner wounded the rebel on the right wrist.

That 5th of May was one of the most intensely hot days that I ever experienced, and yet the men in the ranks did not appear to feel it; at least, they did not suffer from the heat. True, we were lying down the greater part of the day, but out on the open plain, where we had no shelter from the tremendous power of the sun or from the withering hot wind which was

blowing. By good fortune we were in the vicinity of several wells, from which we obtained a plentiful supply of water. The sick, however, suffered greatly, and, on going back to see what could be done for them, I found one of our officers (Lieutenant Grimston), who was ill with fever, in a deplorable state. He was lying in his dhooly on his back, almost in a state of unconsciousness, with his tongue—dry, black, and hard, and breathing slowly and heavily. I bathed his head and face freely with cold water, poured a little brandy-and-water down his throat; and then, as he revived, opened his eyes, and recognised me, I sat down beside him and fed him with the pulp of a water-melon (bought from a native), cool and grateful as ice to his parched tongue and throat. I believe this saved his life, and I know that he thinks so too.

The night after the battle, we encamped on the plain where it had been fought. On the 6th, we were visited by a dust-storm, accompanied by a heavy fall of hail and by a perfect deluge of rain, and followed by several days of refreshing, cool weather. This was our first experience of an Indian dust-storm.

On the 7th, Colonel Ross, with a portion of the 93rd, was sent in support of Colonel Brind, who, with a couple of eight-inch howitzers, was directed to dislodge a body of the enemy (fanatics) who still occupied a building in the city. This duty was successfully accomplished, and without loss on our side, though

several of our men were severely wounded. On this occasion, Lieutenant Cooper behaved with great gallantry, and saved the life of one of the sergeants; and one of my assistants (poor Menzies) got into trouble, and was severely *pitched-into* by Colonel Ross, for, in his excitement, forgetting he was a Doctor and joining in the fight. Rather hard, I thought it, for even a Doctor may sometimes feel and be carried away by warlike enthusiasm.

The city of Bareilly having been taken, and the enemy, collected there, dispersed, the Commander-in-chief, with the larger portion of the army (including the 79th), retraced his steps to Shahjehanpore, where he encountered and defeated a large body of the enemy which had collected there while we were moving on Bareilly; and the 42nd, 78th, and 93rd, with Artillery and Native Cavalry, under the command of Brigadier-General Walpole, remained to hold the district of Rohillcund. Brigadier Colin Troup was appointed to the command of the brigade formed of the three Highland regiments. He was a Scotchman; had come out to India in the H.E.I. Company's service when he was a boy of sixteen, and had never since revisited his home. His pleasure at seeing his countrymen and of having the command of a Highland Brigade was great. He was constantly amongst us, and it was remarkable that, though he had left his 'ain countrie' at so early an age and had been upwards of thirty years in India, he still spoke with a decided Scotch accent. He never

had the pleasure of returning to his own home, but died in India in 1872, I think. One of the last letters he ever wrote was to myself, after my own return to England, and, though I replied at once, my letter never reached him, for he had passed away.

We remained under canvas in and around the old military cantonments of Bareilly until the middle of June, when the European troops were all housed. The 93rd occupied the large civil jail, transformed by the regiment into a fairly comfortable barrack.

While in tents we suffered terribly from the heat, had a great deal of common sun-fever amongst both officers and men, and many cases of sunstroke among the latter, though few of them were fatal. The 42nd suffered quite as much as we did, and lost their Colonel (my good old friend Cameron) of rapid acute dysentery. The 78th, however, which had been long in India, were quite healthy; their old soldiers not suffering at all from the climatic influences.

Shortly after our arrival at Bareilly, General Walpole sent for me, and offered me the appointment of Division Surgeon, with the pay of fifteen pounds per month in addition to my pay as regimental surgeon; but I declined it, giving as my reason, though it was not the *only* one, that I considered myself mind and body exclusively the property of the 93rd.

CHAPTER XIV.

Brigadier Troup—Column which he was to Command—Assembles at Shahjehanpore—Enters Oude—Engagement at Posgaon—Engagement at Russulpore—Artillery chiefly Engaged—March on Fort Mithoulie—Advance-Guard—Enemy's Cavalry—Difficult Country—Approach to Fort—Artillery Engaged all Day—Decide to Assault next Day at Daylight—93rd Detailed as Storming-Party—Fort found Abandoned—Great Disappointment of the Regiment.

IN the preceding chapter I alluded to the despatch of a column, under Brigadier Troup, into Oude, in October, 1858, to operate against the rebels who were still in arms in that district, in co-operation with other similar columns. This column was assembled at Shahjehanpore, whither the 93rd marched to join it, and was composed as follows: Remington's troop of Bengal Horse Artillery, two guns of a light field-battery, several heavy guns and howitzers, and six mortars, all under Colonel Brind. The Carbineers, the Mooltani Horse, and the 4th Irregular Cavalry. The 60th Royal Rifles, the 93rd Highlanders, the 66th Goorkhas, and a body of Engineers; altogether numbering between three and four thousand men.

From what came under my own observation during the campaign, and with assistance of memoranda placed at my disposal by my friend, General Sir

James Brind, G.C.B., I am enabled to give a short sketch of the campaign and the particulars of several engagements which the column had with the rebels which, as far as I am aware, have never been described before.

On the 16th or 17th of October (I am not certain on which of these dates it was, but think it was the 17th), the Column marched from Shahjehanpore, and on the morning of the 19th encountered a rebel force entrenched in and around the village of Madipore, close to a larger village called Posgaon, from which the engagement was named, and from whence Brigadier Troup forwarded his despatch.

The Column was early under arms on the morning in question, and moved off in the following order: The advance, under the personal direction of Colonel Brind (who was at all times accompanied by his Brigade-Major, Captain Bishop), was composed of a small body of Mooltani Horse, and of the 60th Royal Rifles, with two 3/3 Bengal Horse Artillery guns. Then followed the other four guns of the same troop, under Colonel Remington, with two eighteen-pounders, and two eight-inch howitzers, under Captain Stubbs, flanked by cavalry and followed by the main body of the 93rd Highlanders in column of companies; immediately in rear of which followed six mortars, with Artillery and Engineer parks, followed by a wing of the 66th Goorkhas, under Major (now Sir Clay) Ross. Behind came the line of

baggage camels, commissariat, and other store-carts, protected by the other wing of the 66th Goorkhas, divided along the line, as far as their strength would permit; and last of all came the rear-guard, composed of two companies, 93rd Highlanders, Nos. 7 and 8 (Dawson and Williams), two light field-guns (under Lieutenant Wake), and a detachment of Mooltani Horse, all under the command of Brevet-Major Dawson, 93rd Highlanders. I may say here that we had an enormous train of baggage, and that, if we were intended to be a movable column, we should have left two-thirds of this baggage behind, and especially the bullock-carts.

We advanced in the order I have described, and soon after sunrise came in sight of the little village of Burmie, occupied by a small body of the enemy's cavalry. This was dispersed by a few rounds from the two advance guns, but, re-forming under the shelter of the village, fell back on their main body, which, after we had passed Burmie, could be seen in and around the village of Madipore about two miles ahead. Towards this the column steadily advanced, and when our advance had got about one thousand three hundred yards from the nearest point of the village, the enemy fired their first gun, and the 60th Rifles opened fire upon their cavalry skirmishers. But at this moment the column was halted, and Brigadier Troup, with the officers commanding Artillery and Cavalry, rode a short way to the front to

examine the enemy's position and extent of their entrenchments, and ascertain if the country to the right and left were suitable for the movement of Artillery. Having satisfied themselves on these points, the following changes in the formation of the column were made, viz.: the line of cavalry and infantry skirmishers fell back, the heavy guns and howitzers were brought forward on the road facing the front of the village and entrenchment, the 60th Rifles forming in extended order on each side of them, and the 93rd Highlanders closing up in support, while the Cavalry formed up on either flank. In this order the advance was resumed, under an ill-directed artillery fire from the enemy, whose shot for the most part passed high overhead. On approaching to about six hundred yards from the village, our heavy guns and howitzers opened with round shot and shell, while Lieutenant-Colonel Remmington, with two Bengal Horse Artillery guns, escorted by Cavalry, moved rapidly away to the right, and Lieutenant Warter with two Bengal Horse Artillery guns, also escorted by Cavalry, moved away to the left, with the object of turning both flanks of the enemy, at the same time that the heavy guns were attacking in front. But it would appear that the rebel troops were skilfully handled on that day, especially the Cavalry, for, as Colonel Remmington was carrying out his movement, he observed a mass of cavalry trying to get round on his right, so as to come in rear of the Column; but by a rapid

and well-directed fire with his two guns he arrested the enemy's movement, and eventually made their Cavalry fall back behind their main body, when Remington continued his advance, and in a very short time opened fire on the left of the rebel position. At the same time Lieutenant Warter with his guns, having made, necessarily, a wide circuit to avoid a jheel, and at one time obliged to advance at a gallop to escape a body of cavalry, also came into action on the right of the rebel position. Meanwhile the heavy guns, keeping up a steady fire, had dismounted one of the enemy's guns, and swept away a large portion of the epaulement which sheltered their guns. Overwhelmed therefore by our fire, brought to bear on them in front and on both flanks, the rebels were obliged to abandon their position at Madipore, and fall back rapidly on Posgaon, their second line of defence.

But masses of their cavalry, mounted on fleet, active horses, still remained upon the field, and hovered about the Column, though at a distance, and, as their main body retired from Madipore, a large body of their cavalry, with several small field guns, attempted to turn our left flank, and get round to our rear. But Colonel Brind, who happened to be on the spot at the time, sent an order withdrawing the two Bengal Horse Artillery guns which were still at the head of the column, and with these and the two under Lieutenant Warter, and with a support of Cavalry, drove the rebel horse back to their main column at Posgaon,

whither, our whole force of artillery, cavalry, and infantry following, the rebel force, instead of showing front and making stand at that position, fled in confusion. But their Cavalry were still unwilling to acknowledge defeat, and that body, which had been repulsed in the early part of the day by Remington on the right, making a wide circuit through the jungle, came down upon our long line of almost undefended baggage, and though checked at one spot by Lieutenant Fullarton, 93rd (baggage-master), with his escort, and a few sick of the 93rd, broke through the line further back, causing a great deal of confusion, upsetting carts and camels, and killing a lance-corporal of the 93rd, and several native followers, and wounding a number of the latter. Information of this attack reaching Brigadier Troup, he requested Colonel Brind to take two Bengal Horse Artillery guns and a squadron of Mooltani Horse, and hasten back to the scene of attack. On arriving at the spot Colonel Brind found the road, and the ground skirting it for a distance of nearly two miles, blocked by broken-down carts, loose bullocks, and disabled camels; and a number of wounded natives lying about.

Collecting the cattle and reassuring the native drivers and camel-leaders, he got carts and camels under way again; and then, leaving a portion of his Cavalry as a guard, galloped back along the line of baggage to where the Goorkhas under Captain Hockly were marching in detachments with intervals be-

tween the detachments. Receiving a report from Captain Hockly as to the safety of the line of baggage between himself and the rear-guard, Colonel Brind, taking a detachment of Goorkhas with him, rode toward the rear-guard, but on reaching a spot comparatively open and free from jungle, still far in advance of the rear-guard, he saw the rebel cavalry, which had broken through the line already, coming down to cut through it again, evidently not aware of the presence of *his* party. Getting two guns into position under cover of some high grass, and the Cavalry and Goorkhas ready in support, he allowed the enemy to approach to within six hundred yards, and then, opening on them with grape and shrapnell, tore their ranks open and scattered them in confused flight. Thus ended the engagement, and after communicating with the officer commanding the rear-guard, who had not seen an enemy during the whole day, Colonel Brind returned to Posgaon, where the Column was assembled. After this our baggage-train was considerably diminished, and was ordered to move in more compact order.

I may epitomise the description of this engagement thus: The enemy were strongly entrenched in and around a large village with a number of small guns in position, having another village in their rear to fall back upon, and with large bodies of Cavalry on their flanks. Our attack was made with heavy guns, supported by infantry, on the centre and front of their

position, and by light guns supported by cavalry on either flank; the enemy making counter movements with cavalry on the flanks so as to get round to the rear of our Column. While we succeeded in driving back their centre and in turning both flanks of their entrenched position, after repelling their cavalry flank movements, the enemy succeeded eventually, and without our being aware of the movement, in getting round on our right flank and cutting through our line of baggage, though caught and repulsed with loss in an attempt to cut through the line a second time. It was an Artillery engagement, Cavalry and Infantry only acting in support.

Advancing from Posgaon, our Column again (on the 26th of October) came into collision with another large rebel force, strongly posted in and around the large village of Russulpore. Aware of their presence, our Artillery, Engineer, and Commissariat stores, and the baggage of the column were parked under cover of a village surrounded by trees, but with open country beyond, and left under a guard of 93rd and Goorkhas before we moved forward to attack.

This done, we advanced in the following order: Mooltani cavalry in front as feelers, two guns Bengal Horse Artillery, and 60th Rifles in advance, followed by the heavy guns, supported by 93rd and Goorkhas, the Carbineers covering the left flank, where there was dense jungle. We had not advanced more than a couple of miles when we saw the enemy about a

mile to our front. The column was therefore halted, while Brigadier Troup with Colonel Brind rode forward to reconnoitre their position. They observed that a large body of infantry, with eight or ten guns, was posted in and around the village of Russulpore, extending for some little distance on the right to another village, and on the left to broken and ravy ground; and running along the front of their position was a deep stream (the Cholan), which, flowing through the broken ground on their left in a very tortuous course, greatly strengthened their position on that side. Large bodies of both Infantry and Cavalry also were seen drawn up behind the centre of their position and on both flanks, but especially on the left. The following plan of attack was decided on: The heavy guns to be brought forward and placed in position on slightly elevated ground opposite to and about one thousand four hundred yards from the rebel battery in the village of Russulpore, the centre of their position, and the 93rd and Goorkhas formed in column of companies in support of them; two guns Bengal Horse Artillery, with two squadrons of the Carbineers, and a wing of the 60th Rifles, under Colonel Custance, of the Carbineers, to threaten the rebel right; while a column, under the command of Colonel Brind, consisting of four guns Bengal Horse Artillery, under Remington, a squadron of the Carbineers, under Major Sawyer, four companies 60th Rifles, under Captain Hare, a company 93rd

Highlanders, under Captain McBean, and a few Mooltan Horse as feelers, should sweep away round to our right, cross the river, and attack the enemy's left.

While we were making these arrangements, and getting the heavy guns into position, the enemy opened fire with all their guns from Russulpore, and kept it up briskly for a time ; but their shot, though in good direction, passed high over our guns, and even over the infantry beyond them. Our guns quickly replied, and the movement against the enemy's right commenced. Meantime, the column under Colonel Brind, in its advance upon the enemy's left, found considerable difficulty in getting across the little river, and making their way over the broken ground, and also met with a vigorous opposition from Cavalry and Infantry threatening it from different points. At last, however, two guns were got across the stream, and, advancing with the 60th Rifles and 93rd Highlanders, were soon hotly engaged, giving time to get the other two guns and cavalry across the stream also.

Then, with his whole Column, Colonel Brind attacked vigorously and pressing the enemy in his front with his Artillery and Infantry, and protecting his own flank from their Cavalry with his small body of Carbineers, splendidly handled by Major Sawyer, he gradually drove the rebels back on their main body, and completely turned their left flank.

While our little column on the left was advancing to threaten the right of the enemy's position, a body

of their cavalry emerged from the jungle on our left, in rear of the little column, but was met and repulsed by a company of the 93rd. This was the last effort of the enemy; who—overwhelmed by the fire of our heavy artillery, and his guns silenced in his centre; defeated on his left, and threatened seriously on his right by the little column, which had succeeded in crossing the stream—abandoned his position, and fled (leaving two guns behind), followed for some distance by our Cavalry. The loss of the enemy on their left, where Colonel Brind's column attacked, was heavy, as Captain McBean informed me, but in other parts of the field it was slight. On our side, I am not aware that there was any loss.

Had we kept up the pursuit of the beaten enemy a little longer than we did, we should have taken all their guns, and inflicted much greater loss on them; but our cautious Brigadier in command did not consider it prudent.

Colonel Brind, in his official report to the Brigadier commanding, makes the following remarks, viz.:

‘I hope I may be allowed to report that Cavalry and Infantry vied with the Horse Artillery in celerity of movement. The enemy obliged us frequently to change front, and to advance upon them at a trot. Nevertheless, we were never without our infantry supports. The skirmishing was worthy of the distinguished 60th Rifles, and never surpassed by the regiment, even at Delhi; and the solid company of the 93rd,

with flankers out, performed its part with like credit, and also made admirable practice with their Enfields. Of the gallant Carbineers, I have only to say that they behaved as British Cavalry always do, when properly led, and, though but a handful compared with the rebel Cavalry, were a valuable support to me.'

I had not a very good view of the movements of the right and left columns of attack, but saw very distinctly the advance of the rebel cavalry from the jungle on our left. It was a very pretty little scene. It was a compact, well-mounted body of men, dressed in scarlet, and led by a big fellow mounted on a splendid bay horse. They were not eight hundred yards from where I stood, so that I could almost see their features. They advanced slowly, as if not sure of what they were going to do, or what they were likely to meet, possibly they meant to take our left Column in the rear. They were evidently not aware that a company of Highlanders were working their way up to them; but when they saw them step out from some tall corn within a couple of hundred yards of them, and heard the crack of their rifles, they halted as if by magic, and then every man seemed to turn at the same moment and bolt. If there was hesitation in their advance, there was none in their retreat, for it was evidently a case of 'Devil take the hindmost.' But I must do the big leader on the bay horse the justice to say that as he was first to advance so he was the last to leave the field and disappear from

view, though he too was in as great a hurry as the others. I do not know if he escaped without a wound, but there were a score of rifles levelled at him.

Next day (the 27th) the column moved on and encamped near a large village (Nourunghabad). There we remained until the morning of the 8th of November, and, while encamped there, the proclamation transferring the Government of India from the H.E.I.C. to Her Majesty the Queen was read to the troops on parade. From thence the column moved on to the village of Nakara, where, arrangements having been made to place our Reserve Artillery and Engineer Parks and the baggage under the temporary protection of a detachment of another column, Brigadier Troup prepared to move forward in light marching order to attack the strong Fort and town (or village) of Mithoulie, held by the rebel Rajah Khan Ali Khan, assisted by a number of smaller Sirdars. At midnight, or rather at one o'clock, a.m., the movement commenced.

The advance guard, consisting of the Mooltani Horse, a detachment of 60th Royal Rifles, and four Bengal Horse Artillery guns, was placed under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Remington, of the Bengal Horse Artillery. This was followed by the main body of the 60th, and a squadron of the Carbineers; behind which were placed the heavy guns and mortars under Captains Cox and Stubbs; also the treasure train, Artillery and Engineer Parks, and the commissariat carts that were allowed to accompany

the Column, with detachments of Cavalry on either flank; followed by the main body of the Infantry (93rd Highlanders and 66th Goorkhas), to act with which and protect the centre of the column during the march were two Bengal Horse Artillery guns. The advance of the column was made with as broad a front as possible, so as to diminish its length, and enable the Artillery to come quickly into action in any direction, and Cavalry and Infantry supports along the whole line were ordered to conform to the disposition and movements of the Artillery in every part of the Column. The commissariat camels moved in compact order on the right flank; and the rear-guard, consisting of a company of the 93rd and one of the 66th Goorkhas had two light field-guns attached to it.

In this order the march commenced and was continued without difficulty or interruption till half-past seven, a.m., at which hour the advance arrived at a spot where the Brigadier commanding had determined to cross the Kintra, a stream which it was necessary for us to cross to reach Fort Mithoulie. There the Column was halted to enable Colonel Brind, who had the personal direction of the movement of advance, to examine the ford; but he found it impracticable for Artillery owing to the depth of water and a muddy insecure bottom; and further he ascertained, through a native, that the road leading from the ford to the Fort ran through dense jungle, and had been obstruct-

ed by the enemy who were prepared in force to oppose us should the Column advance by that road. The same native informed the Brigadier that there was a bridge some miles further down the stream which was not guarded by the enemy and by which we could get across; and offered to guide us thither for a certain reward. The Brigadier commanding at once decided to march to this bridge, so placing the guide in front with the advance, with a bag containing the stipulated number of rupees suspended round his neck, and a soldier on either side who had orders to shoot him should he prove to be a traitor, the advance was resumed. The poor fellow however proved faithful, earned and received his reward, for on reaching the bridge we found, as he had told us, that it was not defended. We crossed without difficulty, and, as it was nearly sunset before the rear of the Column crossed, we bivouacked for the night in the neighbourhood of the deserted village of Mithoulie.

By sunrise of the following morning (the 8th) we were ready to advance again in the same order as on the previous day in the direction of the Fort to be attacked. But as our scouts informed us that the enemy held a strong position at the villages of Chou and Burragaon, six miles to our front, the Column advanced cautiously, searching every village before passing it with round shot and shell, so as not to leave an enemy in our rear. After we had proceeded in this cautious manner about four miles, a strong body

of rebel cavalry appeared on the margin of a wood on our front and left flank, but the advance guns, with their cavalry and infantry supports moving rapidly forward under Colonel Brind, opened fire and compelled them to retire quickly and in confusion in the direction of the position (Chou and Burragaon) where we expected to meet their main body. Thither our whole Column followed, but, on reaching the villages, we found that the enemy had abandoned a very strong position in which had they stood firm and offered opposition they might have given us trouble, and delayed our advance probably for another day.

From this point onwards the country was covered with thick thorny jungle, but by the aid of the Sappers, who accompanied the Artillery, and who cut a path through the jungle, we advanced at a fair pace, driving the enemy from every position in which they attempted to make a stand, by the fire of our light guns, aided by the 60th skirmishers, who kept up with the guns in all their rapid movements.

The advance, at one time compelled to make a circuitous movement, to avoid a belt of impenetrable jungle, came upon another considerable body of cavalry, led by Feroze Shah (ex-Prince of Delhi), who was recognised, and who, upon being vigorously attacked by the advance, retreated into the jungle, whither it was not thought advisable to pursue him, as pursuit would delay our advance on the Fort. Pushing on, therefore, we soon after came in sight of

the village of Lallooa, another strong position, and where we met and dispersed another strong body of Cavalry.

Lallooa, we were informed, was about two miles south of the Fort. There the Column was halted about twelve o'clock, noon, and the Brigadiers, with their staff and escort, rode three-quarters-of-a-mile further to the front to the village of Tundoora, but the jungle was so thick all round the village that they could not see any distance beyond it, but, by making the scouts climb the largest trees, were able thus to ascertain the position of the Fort, and also that the country all round it was covered by jungle.

On their return from this not very satisfactory reconnaissance the advance was resumed, and at a little after one o'clock, p.m., the head of the column came to a comparatively open space, but enclosed by jungle, and reported by the scouts to be in the vicinity of the fort, but out of range of any guns that the enemy were likely to bring beyond their walls. But so completely even from this spot were the Fort and town concealed by trees that it was necessary to move forward the advance guns and infantry skirmishers so far as to draw the enemy's fire upon them, and thus ascertain the exact position of the Fort, and how best to approach it. In this we succeeded, and also found a position suitable to place our heavy guns in battery. Accordingly, the three eighteen-pounders, under Captain Cox, and four eight-inch mortars,

under Captain Stubbs, were brought forward and placed within easy range, on the south side of the Fort, and, until they could be got ready for action, six light guns keeping in front engaged the enemy's attention and drew off their fire; but about two o'clock our heavy guns and mortars commenced and kept up a steady fire upon the Fort and its defences, the enemy replying vigorously with about twenty guns—at one time even bringing two other guns (which were placed behind a breastwork at the south-west corner of the fort) to bear on the left flank of the heavy battery. But this flank fire was soon silenced by two light field-guns detached to our left front for the purpose—and then the heavy battery was moved forward to within seven hundred yards of the Fort, and opened fire again, to which however the enemy continued to reply with all their guns, none of which were silenced. This bold advance of the heavy guns drew the enemy's fire exclusively upon the battery, so that they were the only portion of the force that had any casualties. The main body of the Infantry were not engaged at all, and though some of the enemy's shot came crashing overhead, through the trees beneath which we were standing, one only took effect, and by which Captain Jones of the 60th Rifles was seriously contused.

The heavy guns and mortars kept up an uninterrupted fire until sunset, when under cover of the fire of the light guns they were withdrawn to the right

front of the Infantry, and then the light guns retired also, and took up positions with strong Infantry supports on the left and rear of the main body of the infantry, and the whole Force bivouacked for the night.

During the early part of the night the enemy fired several round shot into the mortar battery, and afterwards made an attempt against it with infantry, but were repulsed by the 60th Rifles support.

Late at night, the senior officers were assembled in the tent of the Brigadier commanding, when after some discussion, and, I believe, some difference of opinion, it was decided to assault the place on the following morning.

About midnight, the 93rd received orders to be prepared for the assault at daylight on the following morning. I was present in the Brigadier's tent, after the assault had been decided on, and when Colonel Leith-Hay, who was to command the storming-party, was receiving his instructions, and though I had often seen Colonel Hay under fire, and more than once preparing to lead an assault, I never saw him so cool and collected as on that occasion; indeed, never saw a man accept the command of a dangerous duty more contentedly and cheerfully.

The assault was to be made on the north side of the Fort where the gate was, which was to be blown in by powder-bags, and an entrance thus made for the stormers. The stormers and supports were all ready to move to their respective posts before day-

light, when, to their surprise, they were dismissed, as it had been ascertained that the garrison had abandoned the Fort.

Perhaps it was fortunate that the 93rd were not required to storm the place, though they did not think so, for they were tired of a campaign in which they had no fighting. Had they stormed, however, and had the garrison, even though a small one, defended the gateway, there would have been many a gap in their ranks, many a gallant comrade laid low. But what then? such is war; and they knew it, and the men were ready for whatever might happen. It was a very strong Fort, indeed it was a double Fort, one within the other, with a dense, impenetrable belt of living bamboo in the space between the outer and inner walls. We should have taken the place of course, but probably at a considerable loss of life, and yet so fascinating and exciting is the wild rush to close and grapple with an enemy, that I believe—nay, I know—that the universal feeling in the 93rd was one of intense disappointment.

It would appear, from information received since I wrote this chapter, that our proceedings on appearing before the Fort were not intended to be a real attack, but were merely in answer to the enemy's fire, and to afford us time for further observation and decision. During the early part of the day we had been forcing our way through dense jungle, not quite certain that we were moving in the right direction, and ignorant

of the exact position of the Fort and the character of its defences ; and, when we did at last come upon it, we found ourselves opposite the south-east angle and exposed to the enemy's fire. But the density of the jungle on the east side of the Fort, and the large force of cavalry with which the enemy kept the field on the west, and the lateness of the hour too, for it was nearly two o'clock, p.m., all rendered a reconnaissance, except under cover of our artillery fire and with a large force, difficult, if not impossible. But, while our guns were in action, Captain Maunsell, the Commanding Engineer, had opportunity to examine the works immediately in front of us, and decided that it would be possible to form a lodgment on the crest of the counterscarp, at the south-east bastion, with a communication to the rear, from which lodgment the counterscarp and escarp could be blown in. Brigadier Troup at first approved of this plan, and arrangements were made to commence work at nightfall ; but as the operations for forming approaches and lodging mines would occupy two or three days, and as we had not supplies with us for so long a time, the Brigadier, having ascertained the position of the gate, and that there was good covert for an assaulting-party to approach it, decided upon storming the place after blowing in the gate, and sent orders to the Commanding Engineer not to commence the works he had proposed. The necessary arrangements for storming the place were therefore made instead. Lieutenant Humphry, of the Bengal

Engineers, volunteered to blow in the gate, and, with Lieutenant Moncrief and a detail of sappers with powder-bags and cutting-tools, was directed to precede the advance; while the Commanding Engineer, with Lieutenant Holmes, of the same corps, and a reserve with powder-bags, was to follow.

The 93rd was to form the storming-party, and Colonel Leith Hay's instructions were to rush for the gateway the moment the gate was blown in; to advance himself with four companies direct on the keep, while Brevet-Major Middleton, with three companies, swept to the right, and Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald, also with three companies, swept to the left, so as to face any party that might show itself on Leith Hay's flanks. The Column was paraded and ready to move before daybreak of the following morning, but was recalled by the Brigadier, who had ascertained that the enemy had abandoned the Fort and fled.

On examination it was found that had we approached the Fort on the north side, where the main gate was, we should have had perfect covert in the village, and been enabled to commence and carry out quickly our mining operations towards the gate itself.

But the fact was that we were hampered and hindered to some extent throughout our movements by having attached to the Column, in the capacity of adviser or guide, a gentleman who had formerly been in the service of the King of Oude, but who, apparently, was not well-informed as to the geography of the

district ; who could not afford us reliable information as to the whereabouts or strength of the enemy, as to the position of villages, the surroundings or defences of forts, from which direction to approach the latter, or on which side to attack. In our advance against Mithoulie, especially, he was of little or no assistance, so that, in our approach and attack, the Brigadier was dependent on the skill and energy, self-reliance and loyal co-operation, of his Commanding Artillery and Engineer Officers, Colonel Brind and Captain Maunsell, and the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the respective corps, and on the vigilance of the Cavalry and Infantry of the advance.

CHAPTER XV.

Destruction of Fort Mithoulie—Force Divided—Troup in quest of Rebels—Leith Hay to Seetapore—Two Engagements—Pursuit of Enemy—Force again United—Again Divided—Biswah—Feroze Shah escapes—Brind in pursuit—At Tilliah—Remain there one Month—Shooting and other Amusements—93rd to Subathu—A Five Hundred mile March—Lord Clyde—93rd to Umballa—The Governor-General—93rd as Governor-General's Escort—Ordered to Pindi—Sir Sidney Cotton—93rd to Peshawur—Visitation of Cholera—Sealkote—Umbeylah Campaign—Back to Sealkote—Ordered to Central India to Jhansi.

BRIGADIER TROUP's column remained encamped in the vicinity of Fort Mithoulie until we had effected as much destruction of the defences as we could; but to render the Fort utterly useless would have occupied many instead of a few days. An attempt was made to cut down the dense bamboo fence, but this was found to be impossible, and even fire failed to destroy it completely.

Within a few days after the capture of Fort Mithoulie, Brigadier Troup's force was divided into two columns; and without a detail of the movements of the larger of these, which was styled the Movable Column, with which the Brigadier went in pursuit or quest of the enemy, these Records would be incomplete.

I was not with the Movable Column, though a

wing of the 93rd was, and cannot describe its movements from personal knowledge; but I have been enabled to put together the following particulars from copies of reports and memoranda written during the operations, and placed in my hands by General Sir James Brind, G.C.B., so often alluded to in these pages as 'Colonel Brind.'

It would appear that one result of the engagements at Posgaon and Russulpore, and of the attack on Fort Mithoulie, was to unite the several bodies of rebels, which had been encountered and defeated at these different places, into one large force, which still kept the field in Oude under Prince Feroze Shah, Ishmael Khan, Mousa Khan, etc.

Early on the morning of the 17th of November, 1858, Brigadier Troup marched from Mithoulie with the Movable Column, leaving the other smaller column, under the command of Colonel Leith Hay, 93rd, to fall back on Seetapore. The Movable Column was composed of the heavy guns (Captain Cox), and the battery of Bengal Horse Artillery (Remington's, under the command, temporarily, of Captain Mercer); of nearly all the cavalry; the 60th Royal Rifles, a wing of the 93rd under Major Middleton, and a wing of the 66th Goorkhas under Major Clay Ross; and a detachment of Sappers under Captain Maunsell; while the column under Leith Hay was composed of several light guns, a portion of Native Cavalry, a wing of the 93rd, and a wing of the 66th Goorkhas.

With his Movable Column, Brigadier Troup moved off in a north-westerly direction towards the small walled town of Secundrabad, distant from Mithoulie about eleven miles. From thence, after an hour's halt, the column continued its advance, over an open country, to Jellalpoore, in the neighbourhood of which was a walled fort situated in the midst of jungle and surrounded by a dense bamboo fence. This fort was carefully reconnoitred, and found to be unoccupied. From thence, until the column reached the Oel Nuddie, the country was flat, and covered with grass and patches of forest jungle. Whilst fording the stream, evidences of the recent presence of the enemy were observed, and at the same time scouts brought in intelligence to the effect that, about three miles beyond the stream, in advance, the rebels were collected in force in and around the village of Alligunj.

Without a moment's delay, a Light Column, consisting of four Bengal Horse Artillery guns, a squadron of the 6th Dragoon Guards, and the Mooltani Horse, under the command of Colonel Brind, was directed to push forward and feel for the enemy. The ground being heavy and the horses tired after a long march, this forward movement could not be made rapidly; but, when the little column was about a mile from the village of Allygunj, the rebels showed their position by opening fire with several small guns. Immediately Colonel Brind pushed forward to within six hundred yards of the village, and opened upon the

enemy with round shot and shrapnell, and kept up a rapid fire until the Mooltani Horse, which had been ordered forward, was sufficiently far advanced to threaten the rebels in rear. This movement obliged them to fall back, and in confusion, from the village; and at the same time our guns having been brought to bear on the left wing of the enemy, which occupied a belt of jungle in considerable force, drove this portion of the rebel line in confused flight after their main body, pressed closely by our artillery and cavalry. But darkness put an end to the pursuit, and the little column bivouacked for the night close to the field of battle.

On the following morning the Light Column rejoined Brigadier Troup, and another column, consisting of a battery of Bengal Horse Artillery, a squadron 6th Dragoon Guards (Captain Bott), a squadron Mooltani Horse (Captain Dixon), the 4th Irregular Cavalry (Captain Hall), and thirty-six men 60th Royal Rifles (Captain Ellis), again under the command of Colonel Brind, was sent in pursuit of the rebels, who, favoured by darkness on the previous evening, and by the dense jungle, had effected their retreat, after having been driven from their position at Allygunj, and taken up another at and near the village of Chowkutta, five miles east of Allygunj. This had been ascertained and reported to the Brigadier Commanding by that energetic officer Major Cureton, commanding the Mooltani Horse.

On approaching the village of Chowkutta, it was

evident to Colonel Brind that a large force had been encamped there, with guns, elephants, camels, etc., and that they had moved off only a few hours previous to the arrival of his Light Column. For some distance the trail of this large force was easily followed, but in the vicinity of the village of Moshemabad, several miles distant from Chowkutta, the rebel leaders endeavoured to throw off, or at least retard, the pursuit by dividing their forces (only temporarily, however, as was afterwards discovered), diverging in opposite directions, and trying to obliterate or conceal their trail.

During a short halt, it was ascertained from villagers that Khan Ali Khan and another Sirdar, with several guns, the elephants, etc., had gone in one direction, while Prince Feroze Shah, with the greater number of guns and a body of three thousand men, had gone in another, and Colonel Brind decided on following the latter, as it was the larger body, was commanded by Feroze Shah, a capable soldier, and the country was suitable for rapid pursuit.

During the pursuit, the column passed through or near several villages, in all of which armed men were found. These attempted no opposition, but voluntarily gave up their arms and afforded valuable information concerning the strength of the enemy and the route they had taken. They acknowledged that they had been serving with the rebels, but under compulsion.

After an exciting pursuit of twenty-five miles, the

column came up with the enemy, who, with their whole force again united, had taken up a position in and around the village of Mendi, their left flank protected by a branch of the Chokha river, and thick high grass jungle in their rear, through which they would be able to make good their retreat if defeated.

At the distance of one thousand six hundred yards the rebels fired their first gun, upon a party of the 4th Cavalry, which had been sent forward to ascertain if a village which was in the line of fire were clear of inhabitants before our guns opened fire upon the rebel advanced picket which was seen behind the village.

Having driven in this picket, the column advanced in the following order: the 4th Cavalry extended, both to show an imposing front and to present as difficult a mark as possible; then followed the guns, supported by the squadron 6th Dragoon Guards (Captain Bott); and the little detachment 60th Royal Rifles (Captain Ellis) was so disposed as to be ready to act either as skirmishers, or as supports, according as the guns were moved in echelon of half troops or advanced in battery.

With the Native Cavalry thus extended, and with the guns in subdivisions at double distance, the column moved forward, under the rebel fire, which, though rapid and well-directed, did no execution in consequence of our open order of advance and distribution of the various arms of the service.

On getting close to the enemy's position, the six Bengal Horse Artillery guns, hitherto silent, opened fire, and poured a perfect shower of shot and shell against the rebel guns and into their column; and the detachment 60th Rifles advancing on the flanks of our guns kept up a brisk and telling fire. The enemy, unable to withstand our heavy and rapid artillery fire, and harassed by our riflemen, soon began to give way, and attempted to withdraw their guns. To prevent this, however, Colonel Brind ordered his guns to advance in echellon of half batteries, so as to bring an oblique fire on the enemy. With his *right* half battery, therefore, Captain Mercer took up a position from which he enfiladed the rebel battery with an overwhelming flank fire, while with the *left* half battery and infantry supports, Lieutenants Taylor and Warter, dashing forward, opened fire on the rebel front, and thus prevented the removal of the enemy's guns, which accordingly fell into our hands, with the exception of two, one of which, however, was taken in the pursuit, and the other was found next day hidden in the jungle.

The enemy's guns secured, and their main body driven from their position, Captain Mercer, changing the position of his half battery, opened fire with grape upon a belt of covert in which a strong body of rebel rifle and matchlock men were concealed. These held their ground for some time, but suffered so severely from the frequent discharges of grape

that they were driven from their covert, and compelled to follow their routed and flying main body. While our guns were in the position just described, a small body of the desperate rebel leaders made a dash at the half battery under Taylor and Warter, but were met in the most gallant style by Lieutenant Cadell and a detachment of the 4th Cavalry, and cut to pieces.

Artillery and cavalry then pressed on in pursuit, and at last the rebels, overwhelmed by our artillery fire, broke up and fled in small parties in all directions, and were saved from total annihilation by the rapidly increasing darkness, which obliged the officer commanding to recall his troops from the pursuit. The rebels, however, continued their flight, and many of them were drowned in attempting to cross the river Chokha during the confusion of their flight and the darkness of night.

The little column then fell back, taking the captured guns with them, and bivouacked for the night in and around the village of Mendi. The exertions made by this column were extraordinary. Between early morning and sunset it had marched thirty-five miles, and fought a brilliant and successful engagement. Indeed, between the morning of the 17th and sunset of the 18th it had covered sixty-five miles, over a difficult and unknown country, and had twice met and defeated an enemy greatly superior to it in numbers; and in reporting to Brigadier Troup, com-

manding the whole force, Colonel Brind remarked in his despatch that 'the energy, *pluck*, and unanimity manifested by all who served with the Light Column under his command could not have been surpassed; and that by its rapid movements, cheerful endurance of exposure and fatigue, loyal co-operation of the different corps, and by a bold and determined advance and attack, on the occasions in which it was engaged, it had defeated and scattered a large rebel force, and driven its leaders into solitary flight.' In his despatch, Colonel Brind mentions with approbation every individual officer as having done his utmost to ensure success.

That the conduct of the Light Column was fully appreciated and reported on by Brigadier Troup, I gather from that officer's dispatches. He writes to the following effect:

'The result of the masterly and energetic operations carried out by the Light Column, under Colonel Brind, has been so completely to dishearten that portion of the enemy with which it has been engaged, that the rebels are now broken up into small parties, and dispersed all over the district.'

At the same time, the congratulations of the Brigadier commanding the Bengal Artillery were conveyed to Colonel Brind, and to the little column in an official letter from the Assistant-Adjutant of Artillery in the following words:

'Brigadier Horsford cannot refrain from offering

you his hearty congratulations on *your* successes, and more especially on the brilliant performances of the column under your own immediate and independent command, which led, with so little loss to yourselves, to the utter defeat and dispersion of the rebels and their leaders, and to the capture of so many guns : results which could only have been achieved by the skill and judgment with which these operations were conceived, and by the untiring energy and determined *pluck* with which they were carried out.'

For a few days towards the end of November, all the regiments composing Troup's Field Force were brought together again, Colonel Leith Hay, with his portion of it, having been ordered back from Seatapore. But, on the 28th or 29th of the month, the Force was again divided into two columns; one composed of heavy and light guns; the greater part of the cavalry; the whole of the 60th Rifles, and a wing of the 93rd and 66th Goorkhas respectively; the other of several field-guns; a detachment of Mooltani Horse; a wing of the 93rd, and a wing of the 66th Goorkhas.

With the former, Brigadier Troup again went in quest of the enemy, and with the latter, Colonel Leith Hay took up a position at Tilliah, on the banks of one of the tributaries of the river Gogra, to watch the several fords in that neighbourhood, and prevent the rebels making use of them, either to retreat into Nepal or return into Oude.

While the Movable Column (as it was called) was encamped at the village of Sulgaon, Brigadier Troup received information that a considerable body of rebels held a position in the vicinity of the large village of Biswah. He accordingly moved from Sulgaon at sunrise of the 1st of December, with his whole column; the Horse Artillery, with cavalry and infantry supports, under the command of Colonel Brind, leading; while Brigadier Troup followed with the main body, protected on either flank and in rear by light field-guns and detachments of cavalry and infantry. After marching four or five miles, the advance, consisting of our Native Cavalry, sighted the enemy's pickets two or three miles from Biswah. A reconnaissance was accordingly made, the Brigadier commanding, accompanied by Colonel Brind and Captain Maunsell the commanding Engineer, and the following arrangements decided on for the attack of the rebel position: The heavy guns, with infantry supports, were ordered forward, and placed in a position to cover and sweep the forest-jungle in front and on either side of the village, which was held by the rebels in considerable force. At the same time, Major Cureton, with his Mooltani Horse, was sent to the right-front, to watch a large body of cavalry, with infantry, and prevent its attempting to attack on our right-flank; while, with four guns, Bengal Horse Artillery (under Remmington); one troop of the 6th Dragoon Guards (under Captain Bott), and two com-

panies 60th Rifles (Lieutenants Carlisle and Preston), Colonel Brind was directed to advance to the left, to arrest and drive back a large body of the enemy, composed of Cavalry and Infantry, with Artillery, which was moving on that side, apparently with the object of getting round to the rear of the column.

In approaching the enemy, Colonel Brind advanced in echelon order, the Carbineers with the leading Division, and the infantry with the rear Division of guns; and by a bold advance, rapidity of movements, and by the skilful manœuvring and excellent practice of both Divisions of guns, the rebels were checked, driven back, and at last completely routed. They (the rebels) made no attempt in front, and, as it was afterwards ascertained, the guns which they had placed in position in the jungle in front of the village were withdrawn soon after the commencement of the engagement, never having fired a shot, lest we should know either their position, or the fact of their being withdrawn. On the right, however, the rebels showed a bold front, and, with their cavalry, made a determined effort to turn our flank, but were met, and charged in spirited style by Cureton and his Mooltanis; while their infantry (on that side) were crushed by the rapid and searching fire of the field-guns under Lieutenant Warter.

It would appear that, in this engagement, the rebels depended for success on their flank and rear attacks; but, these being defeated on the left by Colonel

Brind's bold advance and attack, and on the right by Cureton and his Mooltanis, assisted by Lieutenant Warter's light guns, they (the rebels) first sent their guns off the field, under cover of a large body of cavalry, and then retired in confusion from the position they had held during the day, and which ended in utter rout, in consequence of the active pursuit kept up for several hours by Colonel Brind, who would have continued the pursuit, but cavalry reinforcements, which he applied for, did not join him until it was too late in the day.

This was the last engagement which Brigadier Troup's force, or any portion of it, had with the rebels, who, defeated, pursued, harassed by this and other columns, all acting in concert, were completely broken up.

But Prince Feroze Shah, with several guns and a considerable body of cavalry, succeeded in making his escape out of Oude, crossed the river Goomti, and was making for the Ganges, most probably with the object of reaching Central India, where Tantia Topee still kept the field. To pursue and intercept this daring and capable soldier, the Commander-in-Chief selected Colonel Brind, and placed under his command for the purpose a body of European and Native Cavalry, and several field-guns.

It may appear to my readers that I have gone a little beyond my sphere in attempting to describe these engagements, but I have only taken the par-

ticulars (never published before) from letters and memoranda written (often hurriedly, no doubt) on the different battle-fields by a distinguished soldier.

Col. Leith-Hay's column remained at Tilliah for a month, during which time no enemy appeared, and we had leisure, and without danger, to amuse ourselves shooting florican and partridge on the grass plains which extended all round us; peafowl and antelope in and around the belts of jungle which at various distances intersected the plain; and wild fowl of great variety in the jheels or lakes which were numerous and large, and which swarmed with curious looking fish, and also with huge hideous alligators (or as they are called in India, '*muggurs*.') In all our shooting excursions we were under the guidance of Captain Thelluson of the Indian army, and interpreter to the 93rd. We also (as is usual wherever the British officer is) got up paper-hunts and pony-races. In the latter a very pretty little pony of mine, '*Red Rover*,' ran away from everything. We had a deal of enjoyment at Tilliah, and the only rest and time to enjoy ourselves which we had had since arrival in India.

Early in February, 1859, the Mutiny being considered at an end, the 93rd received orders to march across country to Subathu, a station in the lower range of the Himalayas, in the Sirlind Military Division, and within a day's ride of Simla. Accordingly, on the 20th of February, the regiment commenced its

march, passed en route through districts, cities, and towns in which European soldiers had never been seen before, and arrived at Subathu in the middle of April, having accomplished a march of about five hundred miles. At Subathu we were twice visited by our colonel, Sir Colin, by that time raised to the peerage as Lord Clyde, on the first occasion in the middle of May as he was on his way to Simla, and on the other in October, as he was returning to the plains to meet the Governor-General. As he passed through our station in May, he stopped at the hospital, went through the wards, and spoke to the patients, some of whom he knew by name, so good was his memory. As he was leaving he told me that he had recommended myself, Scot of the 79th, and Furlong of the 42nd, for the C.B., as we had served (and with distinction, as he was good enough to say,) under him during the two campaigns. When the *Gazette* came out, however, some weeks after, we were all three disappointed at not finding our names on the list of Companions of the Order. It was an honour, though, which was to be bestowed on me in after years.

The 93rd remained at Subathu only six months, when it was ordered down to Umballa for rifle practice, as there was no range at Subathu. While we were encamped at Umballa the Governor-General and suite, and the Commander-in-chief and staff, arrived en route for Umritsir and Lahore, where His Excellency the Governor-General intended to hold a

Durbar for the reception of those Punjab chiefs and Sikh sirdars who had not only remained faithful, but assisted us in the suppression of the Mutiny.

During the Governor-General's stay in Umballa, he gave a series of dinner-parties. My wife (who had just joined me from England) and self were present at the first of these, and that was the only occasion on which I ever saw Lord and Lady Canning; but I have a perfect recollection of his noble presence and dignified bearing. He appeared even then to be in broken and failing health, for the responsibility attached to his high position, and the strain upon his mental and physical powers during the years 1857—58, had been enormous.

On arrival of the regiment at Umballa, Colonel Stisted, who had exchanged with Colonel Ewart, joined and assumed the command, and Colonel Leith Hay was granted leave to proceed to England. He (Colonel Hay) shortly after arrival in England, *sold* out, and was succeeded by Colonel Lockhart Ross, who, while the regiment was at Bareilly in 1858, had been appointed Deputy-Quartermaster-General at Bombay, from whence, in the same capacity, he accompanied the expedition to China under Sir Hope Grant.

Early in January, 1860, the 93rd was detailed to act as the Governor-General's escort in his progress through the Punjab, as far as Lahore, from whence, on His Excellency commencing his return journey to Calcutta, it was ordered to proceed to Rawil Pindi,

there to be stationed. Accordingly, on the 21st of the month (January) the regiment joined His Excellency's camp, and continued to act as his escort until the end of February, when, being released from the duty, we marched on to our new station, which we reached on the 9th of March, and where we remained until November, 1861, when we moved on to Peshawur, the *Ultima Thule* of Indian possessions to the north.

Our march with the Governor-General was a very pleasant one. We moved very leisurely, halted for several days at each of the principal Sikh cities and other places of interest—at Goozerat, the scene of the last great battle of the second Sikh war; at Umritsir, the holy city, with its golden temple and sacred shrine, where the Granth (the Scriptures or Law of the Sikhs) is kept; and lastly at Lahore, the walled stronghold, and the seat of government of the astute Runjeet Singh, the Lion of the Punjab.

Rawil Pindi, situated close to the hills, and only thirty-six miles from the convalescent Depôt of Murree, was at one time considered the healthiest station in the plains. I do not know if it retains its good character. It was the head-quarters of a civil district, the Commissioner at that time being Captain (now General Sir F.) Pollock, and the Deputy, Captain (now General) Cracroft. Colonel Ferryman, of some British regiment, I forget which, was the Brigadier commanding, and the force under his orders was

composed of two batteries of artillery, two regiments of European infantry (81st and 93rd, under Colonels Rennie and Stisted respectively), one regiment native cavalry, and one of native infantry. There was barrack accommodation properly speaking for only one European regiment, but the great increase to the army during the Mutiny necessitated a little compression of the troops in both barracks and hospitals, and often the sending of detachments to smaller stations; and such was our case, for we were obliged to detach two companies to Jhelum, under Brevet-Major Middleton. Nothing, as far as my experience goes, is so bad for a regiment as being broken up into detachments; discipline suffers, and officers are apt to form cliques.

Early in the cold season of 1860, Sir Sidney Cotton, commanding the Peshawur division, in which Rawil Pindi was included, inspected the 93rd, and appeared to be so dissatisfied with everything—as was usual when a new regiment came into his division, at least, so people said—that he applied to have us removed at once to Peshawur, where we should be more completely under his immediate supervision, but did not succeed. Very shortly after this inspection, Colonel Stisted was appointed to the command of the convalescent *Depôt* at Darjeeling, and Colonel Lockhart Ross (returned from China) took command of the regiment; and just about the same time my friend, Brevet-Major Burroughs, whom I have already men-

tioned as having been so seriously wounded at Lucknow, and sent home in consequence, returned to head-quarters, much to my satisfaction, for I was always glad to see my wounded friends come back to the regiment fit to resume duty.

My recollections of service at Rawil Pindi are not very pleasant, for, in the first place, during the whole of the hot season of 1860 not a drop of rain fell, so that the heat was terrible, and the result a famine amongst the native population in the district, followed by disease and death; in the second, I had few acquaintances and no friends outside of my own regiment; and in the third, in what I thought my zealous—certainly conscientious—performance of my various duties I was constantly in hot water. Though a very young officer (thirteen years' service), I was the senior medical officer in the station, and as such, according to new regulations for Her Majesty's Service, Sanitary officer also, and, according to the Bengal regulations, a member of the cantonment committee. In every one of the positions I filled, viz., regimental surgeon, senior and sanitary medical officer, and member of the cantonment committee, I got into trouble, and, what was worse, into correspondence. Copies of my correspondence I still have in my possession, and in reading it over, not very long ago, I was surprised at the firm but respectful tone in which I wrote, for a young man with rather a quick temper, who felt that everybody was inclined and ready to sit upon him

for trying to do his duty strictly, though in a manner new to those with whom he was associated.

As a regimental surgeon, I fell under the General's displeasure for confining in the guard-room a young rascal of a hospital apprentice for stealing the diets of the sick, and who, while under arrest, pending a reply to my application for a court-martial, repeatedly left his quarters to join some not very reputable society. Called to account for the step I had taken, I showed that in putting him into the guard-room I had not infringed any regulation. I was ordered, however, to release him after he had been in confinement for nearly a month, and, of course, did so, but refused to employ him again.

The members of the 'Subordinate Medical Department' were a mixed lot, some superlatively good, and some as superlatively bad. During three years, those attached to the 93rd belonged to the latter class, but I had some removed from the regiment, and several tried by court-martial, and dismissed the service, until at last I was spoken of as '*the terror*' of the subordinates. This I was told by an apothecary whom I applied for to be attached to the regiment, but who begged that he might not be sent to serve under me. However, some months after this, when I was in great trouble and perplexity, as cholera was prevalent in my regiment, this same apothecary (Mr. A. Hogan) appeared in camp, and reported himself to me for service with the regiment, and from the

day he joined until the day of my leaving the 93rd proved himself to be an able and loyal assistant to me, and became a great favourite in the regiment. When I came to know him well, I asked him why he had 'declined in the first instance to serve under me.'

'Well, sir,' he replied, 'you had such a bad name amongst the medical subordinates that I was afraid of you, but when I looked over the names of those who had been attached to you, I knew them to be a *bad* lot, and that whatever they said of you could not be all true; and so determined to judge for myself, and am very glad I did so, for I have every reason to be contented and happy.'

He served under me five-and-a-half-years, and shortly after I left the regiment died from the effects of an injury received in the performance of duty. He was respected and esteemed during life, and mourned for by the whole regiment after death.

I often questioned myself as to the possibility of having been too severe with my medical subordinates, but the following extracts from a letter received two years ago from one of them convinces *myself*, and, I trust, will convince others, that I was not always severe:

'When I joined the 93rd I was a wild and untrained lad, without thought for the present or for the future, and took no interest in my duty. It was you who first took me in hand. By your kindness I gradually learned to control an ungovernable temper, took an interest in my duties, and commenced to study. My

advancement in the service since then has been steady, and I now occupy the highest position it is possible for a medical subordinate to attain to ; and all this I attribute to the care and kindness shown me by you when I was with the 93rd. If it had not been for you, I would never have risen to the position I now hold. I hope you will kindly excuse my writing to you, but I could not refrain from doing so, after reading your book ' (Reminiscences of Service with the 93rd), ' which brought back to my memory the incidents of 1862—4, especially the epidemic of cholera in the regiments. I was known in the service for many years as " one of Munro's boys." '

Such a letter was not only comforting to my conscience, but gratifying to my feelings ; and I preserve and read it occasionally.

As Senior Medical Officer (at Pindi) I got into correspondence with the Barrack Department, and, as Sanitary Officer, into a long and weary correspondence with the Engineer or Public Works Department ; for I reported on the overcrowded state of barracks and hospitals, imperfect ventilation of buildings, absence of drainage, and defective conservancy. These reports were forwarded to the Chief Engineer of the Punjab, by him brought under the notice of the Lieutenant-Governor (Sir Robert Montgomery), and the questions *shelved*, for a time at least.

But knowing that I was acting strictly in conformity with the ' Sanitary Regulations ' of Her Majesty's

service, issued two years previously, but not at the time accepted by the Indian Government, I returned to the charge, and submitted copies of the correspondence to the General of Division and to the Inspector General of Hospitals, Her Majesty's British Service. By the latter—for the former was not disposed to take action—my reports were referred to the Commander-in-Chief Sir Hugh Rose (Lord Strathnairn), and by him to the Government of India; and shortly after came an order for the assembly of a special committee to inquire into, and report upon, my complaints and recommendations. I never saw the report of this committee, but it must have been favourable to me; for, eventually, my recommendations were carried into effect, and more attention was paid to those submitted afterwards. After the committee's report had been sent in, my *friend* the Executive Engineer came to me, and said,

‘I know your views are quite right, but it is my duty to oppose (as you are aware I have done) all changes, even should they be improvements, which would entail expense to the Government.’

I am not quite sure that the same principle is not acted on everywhere in the public service, even in the present day.

For a long time I was looked upon by the heads of departments at Pindī as a pestilent fellow—always in hot water, and trying to bring others into hot water too, though by the military as a man who was ready

to fight and write to any extent for the welfare of the soldier. However, I outlived the fear and dislike of me entertained by the community; for, being very proficient in a certain branch of the profession not generally cultivated by Army Medical Officers, I was useful in several very critical cases amongst those who had no claim upon my services; and at last, when the time came for the regiment to leave the station, enemies converted into friends came to take leave of me, and express regret at my departure.

Some years ago, I was at a social gathering in London. I did not know any person in the room, except the host and hostess, and was standing by myself admiring some beautiful flowers under a glass case, when a stout, hale-looking, elderly gentleman, with snow-white hair and deep-red face, came and stood beside me, and, after looking at the flowers, remarked how beautiful they were.

'Yes,' I said, 'and is it not extraordinary that in this cold, sunless climate they should have even finer flowers than we have in India?'

'What do you know about India?' said my friend.

'I was there fifteen years,' I replied.

'Bah!' said my friend again, 'that's nothing. I was there thirty-seven.'

To look at his florid face and burly figure, one would have thought that he had never been out of England, and that his life had been spent in the open air, and I said so to him, which appeared to please him. He

then asked me 'what I had been doing in India,' and I told him that I was Surgeon of the 93rd Highlanders.

'Aha! then you were the fellow that used to write those long reports about sanitary matters when I was Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab.'

'Then, sir, you are Sir Robert Montgomery. I never had the honour of meeting or seeing you before.'

'Well,' said he, 'I am glad to meet you now. I used to think you troublesome; for the subjects you wrote on—and I read your reports—were new, and their importance scarcely appreciated by us in India at that time, but I know now that you were right.'

Some days thereafter, I was describing this meeting to a gentleman whose acquaintance I had first made in a *'bus*. To my surprise he laughed heartily, and remarked, 'Just like him. He is my brother-in-law, you must know.'

In November, 1861, the 93rd moved on to Peshawur, the head-quarters of the military division. There Sir Sidney Cotton had a large force under his command; assisted by Brigadier-General Haly (afterwards Sir O'Grady Haly). The force, necessarily a large one, for Peshawur was our most advanced military post, and was almost surrounded by independent mountain tribes of restless and turbulent disposition, was composed as follows: three batteries of artillery, a European cavalry regiment, the 21st Hussars (then styled Light Dragoons), the 93rd Highlanders, two native cavalry regiments (Probyn's and Richardson's), and

two native infantry regiments, the 11th and 37th, the former commanded by Colonel Clay Ross, and the latter by Colonel Nisbett. Sir Sydney Cotton was an old man—upwards of seventy—tall and erect, with slight active figure, and was capable of undergoing great bodily fatigue, especially on horseback. He was a thorough soldier, a first-rate drill, and handled a body of troops on parade in splendid style. He could be courteous in manner when he pleased, but could also worry the life out of any person that he thought required or deserved it, though he never showed dislike to anyone who was willing to do his duty, or who was an enthusiastic soldier like himself.

He was soon very good friends with the 93rd—after he had put the regiment into order, and there was no doubt that he did a good deal towards that.

During a long campaign, unless the commanding officer is very strict and watchful, little irregularities are very apt to creep into a regiment, carelessness in dress and unsteadiness on parade and at drill, for instance. The 93rd had been four years campaigning—two in the Crimea and two in India, with an interval between the two campaigns of nine months—and had got just a little out of order; but, in Rawil Pindi, Colonel Lockhart Ross had smartened up the regiment in appearance, and Major Middleton, who was by far the best drill in the regiment, subsequently brought the men back to their old steadiness on parade and at drill.

With regard to myself, Sir Sidney was not very friendly to me at first, but, after I had been a short time in Peshawur, he began to take notice of me, and often questioned me about the history of the regiment, and about my previous service; and some time after his return to England he published a book in which I found myself alluded to as 'that valuable servant of the State'—the highest praise I ever got during my service.

Sir Sidney was very strict in the matter of uniform. No officer was allowed to appear on the *Mall* out of uniform, though he himself often appeared in uniform, but with a *tall round black hat*. One afternoon I was driving with my wife out on a country road (in the *peach gardens* about two or three miles from the station) when we met Sir Sidney riding, attended by his aide-de-camp (his son). I thought this a good opportunity to drive once up and down the Mall, a very pretty drive, and where one met everybody. Turning round sharp, away back we went, drove up to the end of the Mall, and were half-way back again, when, as bad luck would have it, who should turn into the Mall from a by-road right in front of us but Sir Sidney. He pulled up, looked hard at me, took no notice of my salute, but rode on. Next day I was *had up*, and asked what I had to say, but a frank acknowledgment of my fault appeared to quiet Sir Sidney's anger, and he dismissed me with a caution, adding at the same time, 'As I know you to be

zealous and attentive to your duties, I will so far relax my order, as to allow you to cross the Mall in plain clothes in going to and from your hospital.'

The Assistant-Adjutant-General at Peshawur was Lieutenant-Colonel T. Wright—a good officer—whether in India still, I do not know, and the Assistant-Quartermaster-General was Major (now Sir Peter) Lumsden, late our commissioner on the Afghan frontier. The civil Commissioner of the Peshawur district was Major James, and the Deputy, Colonel Reynell Taylor, C.B.—both dead, the former many years ago, the latter only lately.

During the early part of 1862, the Commander-in-Chief (Sir Hugh Rose), with the whole head-quarter staff of the army, visited Peshawur, and a lively time of it we had. There was no rest for anybody. There were parades and drills for individual regiments, reviews and field-days for the whole force, and inspections of barracks and hospitals. Sir Hugh was very hospitable, and invited commanding officers and heads of departments to dine with him in camp, and even included Surgeon Tyrrel Ross, of the 21st Hussars, and myself. Sir Hugh was a pleasant host, but was apt to fall asleep before dinner was over. The night I had the honour of dining at his table, he took a nap, although there was a pretty woman sitting on either side of him, and quite ready for conversation.

It was positively a relief to everybody when Sir Hugh took his departure. Even Sir Sidney's restless-

ness was nothing as compared with His Excellency's.

In the spring of 1862, shortly after Sir Hugh's visit to Peshawur, I received a letter from the Military Secretary, of which the following is a copy :

‘SIR,—The Commander-in-Chief having had proof of the great interest which you take in sanitary arrangements and the health of soldiers, and from the very favourable opinion which he entertains of your ability and judgment in all matters relating to them, has nominated you to be a member of a committee about to be formed by Government at his request to take into consideration the whole question of the rations and messing of the European troops.

‘His Excellency requests you will be good enough to acknowledge the receipt of this letter, when further instructions will be sent to you as regards time and place of assembly. The Board will assemble in all probability at Peshawur.

(Signed) ‘O. F. BURNE,

‘ Military Secretary.

‘ Surgeon Munro, 93rd Highlanders.’

Probably the fact of my being on the spot where the Board was to assemble had as much to do with the selection of me as a member, as the Commander-in-chief's appreciation of my ability and judgment. I accepted the appointment on the understanding that Peshawur was to be the place of assembly. But when in the month of May I received orders to proceed to Calcutta, where it had finally been decided to assemble the Committee, I begged leave to decline,

and Surgeon Franklyn (now Surgeon-General), of the 7th Dragoon Guards, was appointed in my place, who performed the duty with ability, probably with greater ability than I should have done.

I was glad to be excused from the duty, for several reasons, viz. : in the first place, travelling the whole length of India in the very hottest season of the year was not pleasant to think of and would hardly be prudent, and residence in Calcutta at that time of year was neither desirable nor quite safe for one accustomed to the climate of the North of India. In the second place (as it would have happened), I should have been absent from my regiment during a severe epidemic of cholera; and though another medical officer, possibly more able than myself, would have filled my place during that terrible visitation, I am confident that no one could have been found to fill it who had such an interest in the welfare of the regiment, as myself; and besides, having been with the 93rd in so many dangers and troubles in previous years, I should have been very sorry indeed to have been absent when my presence and services were needed, and might be useful to my old comrades.

The pestilence first appeared in the regiment in July (1862), and continued amongst us until the end of October—nearly four months. It was a period of great responsibility, anxiety, and labour to me, but I was enabled to stand at my post throughout the whole visitation, firmly resolved to do my duty to

the last, cheered and sustained in the performance of that duty by the implicit confidence which officers, soldiers, women and children manifested in me; and when all was over at last, and the destroying pestilence had disappeared, I was rewarded by an amount of gratitude and affection such as few medical officers have had the opportunity to experience; was thanked, in regimental and divisional orders, by the Commander-in-chief in India, by the head of my Department, by the Director-General of the Army Medical Department in England, and by His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-chief; and what to me is one of the proudest recollections of my life, and one of the greatest honours ever bestowed on me, my name is inscribed and my services on that occasion specially and kindly recorded in the regimental records of the 93rd.*

For several years after that my health was very indifferent, for my nervous system had been overstrained. In the course of a few months I had wasted away in weight from *ten* to *eight* stone, and for many years I suffered from painful and irregular action of the heart.

In the beginning of the hot season of 1862, Colonel Lockhart Ross went home on leave and never returned. Major Middleton then assumed command of the regiment, but only for a short time, for he and Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald, the junior major, both

* The particulars connected with this visitation of cholera will be found in chapter xxii. of my 'Reminiscences of Service with the 93rd.'

died of cholera during the epidemic, and the command devolved on the senior captain, Brevet-Major Burroughs, who, by the death of Middleton and MacDonald, became junior major, and within eighteen months obtained his Lieutenant-Colonelcy by the promotion of Colonel Stisted to Major-General; and in the following year, Colonel Ross having retired on half-pay, was succeeded by Major Dawson, who thus became second Lieutenant-Colonel.

In January 1863, the 93rd marched into the military cantonment of Sealkote, there to be stationed, but in the month of September (of the same year) was ordered back to the Peshawur district to join the field force under Sir Neville Chamberlain, engaged in hostilities with the Boneyrs and other hill tribes in the Umbeylah district. On arrival at the scene of operations, I was removed from my regiment, being the senior medical officer present, and put in field-force orders by General Garvock (who had succeeded Sir N. Chamberlain, severely wounded), to act as Principal Medical Officer of the whole force, European and native. This was a piece of great good fortune for a regimental surgeon, and for so junior an officer as I was.

At the end of the campaign, I was mentioned in the general officer's dispatch and subsequently in the dispatch of the Government of India, and thanked with others by the Governor-General in Council. Some months afterwards a list of honours and rewards for the campaign appeared, and every officer mentioned in the General's and Government dispatch received hon-

our or reward, *except the Principal Medical Officer*. I need not say that I felt very acutely what appeared to be a slight to the Medical Department and to myself. But eighteen months afterwards I was surprised to find myself and Dr. Buckle (a distinguished officer of the Indian service and who had been the senior of that service present in the Umbeylah campaign) gazetted as Companions of the Bath. Almost at the same time that this *Gazette* appeared, I received a letter from Dr. Logan (now Sir Galbraith) informing me that during the previous year myself and several other medical officers had been recommended by the Director-General of the Army Medical Department for the C.B., on the plea of great general and war service, but that something had occurred to prevent the honour being granted at the time.

The manner in which I was treated after the Umbeylah campaign, the manner in which I have been treated since, and the opportunities I have had of seeing behind the scenes, have impressed me with the belief that honours and rewards are always reluctantly bestowed upon Medical Officers, and that those who are fortunate enough to receive them have generally powerful *interest*. The probability is that at some future time I shall write more on this subject.

The regiment returned to Sealkote in March, 1864, and was allowed to remain there quietly till November, 1866, when it was ordered to Jhansi, in Central India. We had then completed nine years of our tour of foreign service.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sealkote to Jhansi—A Long March—General Tombs, C.B. and V.C.—Tells me of my Promotion—Promoted—Ordered to Umballa—General Beecher—Remembrance of me by Officers and Men of the 93rd—Cholera—Hill and Plain Stations—Riding in the Hills—Scenery—Dangers from Roads and Torrents—Visit to Churkrata—Bad Road—Dehra Doon—Landour and Mussourie—Waterfall—The Jumna—The Brothers Hume, of the 55th Regiment—Lord Mayo—The Durbar—Shere Ali—Lord Napier of Magdala—Generals Beatson, Fordyce, and Fraser Tytler—Death of Lord Mayo—Ordered Home after Fifteen Years' Service in India.

ON the 1st of November, 1866, the 93rd left Sealkote, en route for Jhansi in Central India, and, after a march of six hundred and sixteen miles, a little more than the length of the United Kingdom, and which occupied rather more than two and a half months, reached its destination on the 19th of January, 1867.

This was the most pleasant and interesting march that I had in India. The weather was delightful; the men in perfect health, as troops always are during a long march in the cold season in India; game of many kinds were abundant, and we had plenty of leisure to shoot; and our route took us through Delhi, Agra, and Gwalior, all famous in ancient and modern history.

Shortly after our arrival at Jhansi, the regiment

was inspected by Brigadier-General Tombs, C.B. and V.C., commanding the district of Morar, an old friend, and whose name has been frequently mentioned in these records. At his inspection of the hospital, he congratulated me on my promotion, but I assured him that he was mistaken. 'No,' he said, 'I am not mistaken, and you are to have charge of this district.' I had forgotten all about what General Tombs had said, and had obtained leave of absence to proceed to the hills, when, to my surprise, I received private and official intimation that I *had been* promoted to the rank of Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals, and at the same time received a letter from my friend Dr. George Beatson, Inspector General of Hospitals, Her Majesty's British Service in India, informing me that, though I had been nominated from home for the Morar and Saugur districts, as General Tombs had told me, I was to be appointed to the Sirhind division in the Punjab.

Promotion was a surprise to me, for I was low down on the list of Surgeon-Majors, but believe that my good fortune was chiefly attributable to the fact that, in sanctioning the appointment of Administrative Medical Officers for Her Majesty's British troops, the Government of India had made it a condition that the appointments, some eight or ten in number, should be filled by officers who had Indian experience, and who had served in India as Surgeons of European regiments during five years. Not one of the Surgeon-Majors senior to me in the service, and many of them

able officers, had this necessary qualification, and consequently I was promoted. I had, at the date of promotion, been ten years in India, and all the time Surgeon of the 93rd. I was very sorry indeed to leave the Sutherland Highlanders, with whom I had been associated so long and in so many dangers and duties, in the performance of which duties I had so often faced danger and death during pestilence and on the field of battle, always receiving sympathy, encouragement, and gratitude from my comrades; and I may be excused when I say that the regiment was equally sorry to lose me as their Surgeon, as my readers may judge by the following extract from the regimental records, which I do not hesitate to copy, doing so with pride and thankfulness:

‘At this time, the regiment experienced a great loss on the promotion of Surgeon-Major W. Munro, M.D. and C.B., to be a Deputy Inspector General of Hospitals, to which he had been gazetted on the 9th of March, 1867. Dr. Munro had been Surgeon of the 93rd since 1854, when he joined the regiment, whilst on its march in the Crimea between Old Fort and the river Alma. He was present with them throughout the Crimean and Indian Mutiny wars, and during the cholera epidemics at Balaklava in 1854 and at Peshawur in 1862. By his zeal, ability, and heroic devotion to duty, Dr. Munro had endeared himself to every officer, non-commissioned officer, and soldier in the regiment, by all of whom, whilst they rejoiced at his

well-earned promotion, his departure from the regiment was sincerely deplored.'

On leaving the regiment, I was made an honorary member of the mess for life.

My readers, is not that enough to make a man feel thankful and proud on looking back over his past life,—thankful that he was enabled to do his duty ; proud to know that he was respected and esteemed by those for and with whom he had laboured for years?

Some short time after I had left the regiment, I received from the officers a handsome service of plate, bearing the following inscription :

Presented to
SURGEON-MAJOR W. MUNRO, C.B.,
93rd Sutherland Highlanders,
On his leaving the regiment on promotion,
As a testimony of the sincere esteem and regard
of his brother-officers.
India, 1867.

And almost at the same time from the sergeants a silver goblet, bearing this inscription :

Presented to
SURGEON-MAJOR W. MUNRO, C.B.,
On his leaving the regiment on promotion to
Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals,
By the Sergeants 93rd Sutherland Highlanders.

And accompanied by a letter of which the following is a copy :

'SIR,—The Sergeant-Major and Sergeants of the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders request your acceptance of the accompanying cup, as a proof of their appreciation of the uniform zeal and kindness displayed by

you in discharge of onerous duties with the regiment both on service and during epidemics within the last thirteen years, and during which period most of them have at some time or other been under your care.

‘Whilst congratulating you upon your promotion, they cannot refrain from mixing with their congratulations some selfish regret at having lost

‘THE DOCTOR.’

This little gift I value highly, not only as expressive of the kindly feeling entertained for me by my old comrades the sergeants, but of the whole rank and file of the regiment generally. Some years previously my wife had been presented with a very handsome silver vase, on which is the following inscription :

Presented to

MRS. WILLIAM MUNRO,

By the Wounded and Sick Officers of the
93rd Sutherland Highlanders,

As a testimony of their high appreciation of the valuable
services rendered to them by her husband,

DR. WILLIAM MUNRO,

In the Crimean and Indian Campaigns.

Having taken leave of my old regiment, I proceeded to Simla about the end of April (1867), where I remained until June 14th (on unattached pay, while the Government of India and the Commander-in-chief were making final arrangements for the new administrative appointments). On the 16th of June, I arrived in Umballa and reported myself to General Beecher, C.B. (now Sir Arthur, K.C.B.), commanding the Sirhind Division. When I first met him as

Colonel Beecher, he was the Quartermaster-General at head-quarters, and it was just at the time that I was carrying on my sanitary correspondence at Rawil Pindi. I presume he had not a pleasant recollection of the trouble I had then unintentionally given, for I was told that he was not very pleased to hear that I was to be appointed to his Division, afraid possibly that I was coming to give trouble, and stir up strife. There never was a kinder or more amiable man than General Beecher, or a General Officer who was more anxious for the comfort and welfare of the soldiers, or more considerate for the officers, and I am very happy to remember that I never gave him a moment's trouble; on the contrary, believe that I gave him every satisfaction, so that I had the good fortune to gain his friendship at the time, and have the privilege of retaining it still. But somehow an unfavourable report had preceded me to Umballa, and the officers of the staff expected trouble, but were, I am glad to say, agreeably disappointed. One of them, the Brigade-Major, hearing that Dr. Cox, the Deputy-Inspector-General of the Indian Service (who was also stationed at Umballa), knew me, asked him 'what sort of a fellow I was.' Cox knew me intimately, and was quite aware of the circumstances under which I had been driven into correspondence in Rawil Pindi, and also in Sealkote, where we had served together; but he was very fond of a joke, so answered his questioner as follows: 'Oh, he's a very

devil when he has a pen in his hand, so look out, for before he has been here a month he'll have written you into a fit.' This was considered confirmatory of the character which had preceded me; but I am glad to say my friend the Brigade-Major did not have a fit, for neither with him nor any other staff-officer in the Division had I any correspondence, or any necessity for correspondence; indeed, during my whole term of office in the Division, nearly five years, and during which the general and staff were changed more than once, all duties were carried on with the most perfect harmony, the example of courtesy and good feeling set by General Beecher and his successors being adopted by staff and departmental-officers in their intercourse with each other, to their own comfort and to the benefit of the public service.

My old friend Cox has passed away to the majority, but I cherish his memory with affectionate regard. As regimental-surgeons we had been the best of friends, and continued to be so as Deputy-Inspector-Generals. In age he was much my senior; in the service he was several years my senior; but as Deputy-Inspector-General I had become his senior, though I never allowed him to feel it. Our duties were quite different, and distinct except in one or two points: I had administrative medical charge of the British (or European) troops in the Military Division only, while he had charge of the native troops, and of Civil Government native hospitals and dispensaries in a district much

more extensive than the Military Division ; but we were both equally responsible for the sanitary condition of stations where European and Native troops were quartered, and were both members of the Cantonment Committee at Umballa. Whenever therefore sanitary questions had to be dealt with, he and I consulted together before reference was made to the military authorities, so as to avoid any conflict of opinion. At first there was not a very kindly feeling between the administrative medical officers of the two services, but between Cox and myself there were from first to last the most friendly feeling and cordial co-operation.

The year 1867 was remarkable for the prevalence of cholera during the hot and rainy seasons, throughout the Punjab and north-west provinces. The disease broke out amongst the great crowd of pilgrims at the religious festival of Hurdwar early in April, an unusual time for its appearance, and, though they were ordered to disperse at once, the disease followed them to their homes, and appeared in almost all towns, villages, and cantonments through or near which they passed. After a body of these pilgrims had passed round, not through, the cantonment of Umballa, the disease appeared in the 94th Regiment, which had to be moved into camp. This was before my arrival, but I had not been many days in the station when the disease appeared in the 90th Regiment, and amongst the civil population at Subathu, a station in

the hills, and I had to go thither at once, and remained there until, from the frequent occurrence of cases amongst the troops and the native population in the town or bazaar, I considered it necessary to recommend the removal of the regiment and of the native population into camp. General Beecher, fearing from his own experience that this step might be necessary, had desired Major (now Brigadier-General) East, the Assistant-Quartermaster-General of the Division, to accompany me to Subathu, and to act on my recommendation—which he did. I had scarcely returned to Umballa when the disease broke out in the 82nd Regiment in Jullunder. Thither also I went, and, having made the necessary arrangement to encamp that regiment, returned to my head-quarters at Umballa. There the disease appeared also, not in a sudden burst, but by single or several cases here, there, everywhere in and around the cantonment. Fortunately, it was not necessary to encamp the troops there. But there was *one* remarkable and very sad case amongst the officers—remarkable, in that the person attacked, a medical officer, occupied a house, one of the best, and almost completely detached from the cantonment; in that he had nothing to do with cholera or any other patients, in fact, no professional duty at all, but held a very easy and comfortable berth, the duties connected with which did not entail labour of mind or body, or require exposure in their performance: sad, because he was the only son of an aged, widowed mother, who was looking forward

to his return to England to retire. He was struck down suddenly, a hopeless case from the first, and he knew it. He had lost his right arm, and as he lay, gradually getting weaker and weaker, it was most distressing to see him constantly feeling his own failing, flickering pulse at the temple with his left hand.

Throughout all my labours and anxieties during that time I had the sympathy, encouragement, and support of General Beecher. But when at last, on the advent of the cold season, the disease disappeared, I was called on by Sir W. Mansfield, the Commander-in-chief, to explain why, on the occurrence of a few cases of cholera in the 90th Regiment, I had thought it necessary to recommend the removal into camp of a regiment in the hills, thereby putting the Government to unnecessary expense. To this I replied that the occurrence of *sixty* cases of cholera in one regiment, *thirty* of which had been fatal, was, in my judgment, not only a justification of what I had done, but a reproof for not having acted sooner than I did. This answer, I presume, satisfied His Excellency, for I heard nothing more on the subject.

The Sirhind Division was the best in India. It consisted of three stations in the plains not far from the hills, viz., Umballa, Jullunder, and the fort of Govindghur, and of six hill-stations, viz., Kussowlee, Dugshai, Solon,* Subathu, Jutogh, and Chukrata. Eventually, however, the European troops were with-

* Solon was a sort of School of Musketry for the troops at Dugshai and Subathee.

drawn from Govindghur, and Chukrata was transferred to another division—Meerut, I think. Kussowlie was a *Depôt* whither convalescent and weakly men were sent from the plains for a temporary change, and with a view to obviate the necessity of sending them home to England as invalids. Dugshai, Subathu, and Chukrata were occupied by regiments, and Jutogh by a battery of artillery.

At first, in taking up my appointment, I did not find it a very easy matter to carry on my new duties, for I had not been accustomed to office work, and the frequent absences from my head-quarters at the commencement of my career which the appearance of cholera at out-stations entailed, and the time taken up in correspondence and reports on the subject; also frequent calls upon me by the Inspector-General for information to enable him to prepare a new scale of supplies and equipments for European regimental hospitals, on which subject, from my long service as Regimental-Surgeon in India, I was supposed to be a good authority; also a scheme for the formation of a native corps of hospital attendants, which I believe Dr. George Beatson was the first to advocate; and other matters which, strictly speaking, were beyond the sphere of duty of a Deputy-Inspector-General, were all a great interruption to the ordinary routine of my work, especially to one who had little practical experience of desk-work, and who had no great taste for it. However, I soon got over all difficulties, and

thoroughly mastered my new duties, though for some time longer I felt a little shyness in acting the administrative officer, and in supervising the work and giving advice and directions to men who were older than myself, and had been senior to me in the service.

The duties of inspection were to me more agreeable than those of the desk, especially in the hills during the hot season, for then I travelled on horseback leisurely from one station to another, and thus, at altitudes varying from five thousand to eight thousand feet above sea level, was enabled to escape from the withering, nay, sometimes stifling heat of the plains for a time, to revel in the luxury of moving and breathing in the cool, crisp, bracing mountain air; and to enjoy the beautiful, and often magnificent Himalayan scenery through which I rode, even though frequently without a companion; indeed, I think the enjoyment was greater when I was quite alone. The very uncertainty of the hill climate, as compared with that of the plains, was of itself a pleasure. In the months of April and early May sudden blasts of keen, cold, cutting wind sweep moaning downward along the valleys, driving before them dense black clouds charged with vapour, which descends in showers of snow or sleet, or storm of hail, the stones of gigantic size, many larger than the largest egg, which, crashing through the forest, strip the trees of their smaller branches, and compel the traveller and all animals to fly to some place of

shelter. This uncertainty of weather is succeeded by a period of hot and uninterrupted sunshine and cloudless sky, high up in which soars and circles on motionless extended wing the lordly golden-headed eagle, and against which the sharp and irregular outlines of the lower hills show clear and distinct, their rugged sides bare, brown, and sombre, covered here by long coarse withered grass, the growth of the previous rainy season; there by great masses of dark-grey gneiss, piled up in tumultuous heaps; or rent and scarred by deep rocky ravines, their sides clothed by forest trees and almost impenetrable undergrowth, and along the beds of which trickle slowly the little mountain streams; while the distant and loftier ridges are obscured by a dense vapoury haze, and the far distant snowy range is altogether beyond the reach of vision.

But with the monsoon, or rainy season, come further climatic and other changes. Then about the beginning of July, great masses of snow-white cloud come rolling up from the south-east, which, as they settle down on the higher mountain ranges, are torn and rent asunder by terrific thunderstorms, and pour down perfect deluges of rain, during and after which the thousand little mountain streams, trickling invisible and scarce audible an hour or two before, become roaring torrents, rushing with tremendous force and speed down through the narrow ravines, forming little waterfalls as they plunge over precipice and

'scaur,' and, finally, emptying their waters into the larger streams, swell these into deep rushing impassable rivers, on whose banks the traveller, drenched to the skin, must often wait for hours, even for several days, until the waters subside sufficiently to allow him to wade or ride across. Even the little streams, where they plunge across the mountain paths, are often impassable for several hours after a heavy shower; not that they are too deep, but that the rush of water is so great and rapid that it would sweep the pedestrian off his feet, or make a horse's footing insecure. I have been delayed by such a stream for several hours, and have passed a whole night in my gharry on the banks of one of the larger streams at the foot of the hills, which at ordinary times was not twelve inches deep and with a scarcely perceptible current, but which, on the night in question, after a severe thunderstorm and heavy rain, was so deep and its current so strong and rapid that, had I attempted to cross, my carriage would have been swept away.

Then, after a few days of heavy rain, there is a total change in the appearance of the hills: Nature seems suddenly to be aroused from sleep or death; vegetation bursts into life; the sloping hill-sides, bare, brown, and sombre as I have described them, are quickly clothed with rich luxuriant verdure; the forest is ablaze with the deep-crimson rhododendron flower, and the pale-pink blossom of the horse-chestnut; wild

flowers of brilliant colour and varied hue rush into full bloom ; ferns of great variety appear thick down in the valleys and by every stream, and under bank and rock, and hang in graceful drapery from the wide-spreading branches of the noble ilex ; and bright lichens clothe the rocks, even thistles and nettles grow to gigantic proportions.

Riding in the hills during the rainy season, one has to be prepared for sudden thunderstorms and deluges of rain, and even for danger to life and limb from falling rocks and destruction of mountain roads and paths, generally in the most dangerous spots. I have frequently been out and alone during terrific thunderstorms, the grandeur and sublimity of which no pen—at least, not mine—can describe ; been drenched to the skin, and yet unable to put my horse beyond a walk, as the water was rushing like a torrent along the insecure path ; have had to ride hard to be in time to cross a river before the flood had reached the ford, to dismount and scramble over places where the road was washed away, and have known fatal accidents from falling rocks.

Starting from Umballa, which was forty miles from the foot of the hills, and which distance had to be done by horse-dak (carriage drawn by horses) to make my inspections of the five hill-stations in that locality, and which were from nine to thirty miles apart, occupied from twenty to five-and-twenty days. My sixth hill-station, Chukrāta, was in quite another

direction, and to proceed thither, perform my different duties, and return to Umballa, occupied thirteen days. To reach it necessitated a short journey by rail, a longer one by horse-dâk, and a three days' ride on horseback. Amongst my notes, I find a description of this journey, and I copy it.

Late in the month of October, I started from Umballa by train for Saharunpore, from thence by horse-dâk through the Sewalik range of hills to Rajpore, at the foot of the Landour and Mussourie hills, and from thence for Chukrâta on horseback. The road through the Sewalik range is called the Mohun Pass, a beautiful drive through the forest-clad range of miniature mountains, which I had ample time to admire as my carriage was pulled slowly along by coolies, the road being too irregular, and in certain places precipitous, for horses. The forest is the home of the tiger, but the royal animal is seldom seen by travellers at that time of the year, in consequence of the constant traffic along the road. After clearing the pass, I entered the beautiful Dehra Doon, an extensive valley about three thousand feet above sea-level, and styled the Garden of India; for in this Doon anything will grow and flourish—fruits, vegetables, and flowers of temperate or tropic climes; even tea is extensively cultivated, though perhaps not of the best quality.

Landour and Mussourie are seven thousand feet above sea-level, the former a convalescent or invalid Depôt for European troops, the latter a civil station.

Starting from Landour after breakfast, and passing through Mussourie, I turned on to a narrow mountain road, which branched off to the right from the station mall, at the head of a deep long valley running west to the river Jumna, enclosed on either side by a chain of rugged mountain. Along the irregular jutting spurs of that on the north ran the winding road or path, which descended to the river, and which I was to follow. I was alone, and had never done the ride before, but, as there was no other path, I could not make a mistake or lose myself, unless I fell over a khud or into the river. At the head of the valley, and occasionally during the first part of the descent, I had a view of the great snowy range, apparently not very far distant, but stretching away for miles to the east, till lost to view. The road was narrow, and in many places broken and not very safe; but, after a little experience of mountain roads and of hill ponies, one gets accustomed to bad roads, and to ride close to the edge of the khuds—ay, even with one leg hanging clear over; for, strange to say, whether out of perversity or out of a desire to see the whole extent of the danger, I cannot say, but a hill pony always travels on the side of the road or path nearest to the khud, and fortunately rarely, if ever, makes a mistake or a false step. Besides being narrow, the road was steep and winding, and frequently, on rounding one spur, I could see the path curving round the next below and close to me, but with a

deep intervening glen, which necessitated a ride of some distance, from a quarter-of-a-mile to two or three miles, before I could reach the spot where I had seen it (the path) not two hundred yards off.

It would have been a wearisome ride, perhaps, had it not been new to me ; but the uncertainty of what one is to see, or of what difficulties are to be encountered in a locality which one visits for the first time, are in themselves pleasurable excitement, and prevent fatigue. At least, on the occasion, such was my experience, for at every turn in the road something grand or beautiful was to be seen or heard—a frowning mass of mountain above me, a terrific precipice below, a noble waterfall ahead, pouring its volume of water down a deep rent in the mountain side, but meeting with many obstructions in its headlong descent, and, spreading out fan-shaped over a broad surface of smooth polished rock, plunged into the stream below, whose rushing, tumbling waters could be heard and occasionally seen through the tangled forest growth which clothed the sides and bottom of the valley. Amidst such scenery I rode slowly downwards, and as I approached the bottom of the valley, after a descent of some four thousand feet, having left behind me a temperate climate, where ilex, pine, rhododendron, and horse-chestnut grew, and entered a region where the temperature and vegetation were tropical, I came to the river Jumna, where it emerged from the great mountain chain to the north, flowing

along the bottom of a deep rocky gorge, its waters clear and green as an emerald, except where, broken into rapids, they were fretted into foam. I crossed the river by a rickety suspension-bridge, made chiefly of bamboo, and, riding on for several miles, arrived at a dâk bungalow, where I put up for the night.

On the morrow, I was early astir, and began at once to ascend, until I reached again an altitude of seven thousand feet. The road in some places was good, in others broken and narrow, and in some few places was only a narrow ledge cut in the rock on the sides of very steep hills. In one such place the rock had given way, and only a narrow ledge was left just broad enough for one person at a time. Above it towered a great mass of rock, and, descending straight down from it a precipice more than a thousand feet in depth, the face of which was perfectly smooth rock, on which not a shrub, or plant, or blade of grass was to be seen. I never before had seen in the hills such a dangerous spot, never looked down into such a horrible gulf. Fortunately, the gap in the road was not more than six or eight feet wide; and, as it had to be got over, I thought I had better do it at once. Dismounting, therefore, I stepped quickly along the narrow ledge, leading the pony; but even he (a first-rate hill-pony) appeared to be nervous, and pressed so close against the side that I heard the saddle scraping against the rock. An hour or two before me, a lady had been carried along this dangerous

spot; but the coolies held a rope across to give her confidence, and closed the curtains of her jan-pan (or chair) to prevent her looking down. Why the road had been cut on the face of that horrible precipice instead of being carried over the hill I know not, and how they succeeded in cutting it I cannot, or could not, understand. In the evening I arrived at a Government hut, which had been erected to shelter the road party, and, finding it open and unoccupied, I took up my quarters in it for the night. Next day, I rode into Chukrāta.

My readers may be surprised that I took three days to ride some five-and-forty miles. With three ponies, I might, and could, have done the distance in one long day; but I had to carry with me on my journey clothes, bedding, and food, and, as these necessary impedimenta were carried by coolies on their heads, it was impossible for them, on such steep ascents and descents, to do more than twelve or fourteen miles each day.

I remained at Chukrāta three days, the guest of the brothers Hume, of the 55th Regiment, and then returned by the same road (the terrible gap having been repaired by that time) to Landour, where I put up for one night at my old brother-officer's, Dawson, 93rd, who was in command of the Depôt, and next day continued my journey homewards, and arrived at Umballa after an absence of thirteen days.

The year 1868 passed quietly. I spent my leave

during the hot season at Simla, and had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Sir W. and Lady Mansfield, whom I had not met since 1859; also with Colonel (now Sir Henry) Norman, Colonel (now Sir Peter) Lumæden, and Colonel (now General) Flood, also with Captain (now Sir F.) Roberts.

In 1869, General Beecher resigned the command of the Division, to the regret of all serving under him, and was succeeded by General Beatson, with Colonel Hire as Assistant-Adjutant-General, and Major Knollys (93rd) as Assistant-Quartermaster-General. At the same time, my friend Dr. G. Beatson, Inspector-General of Hospitals, was ordered home, and succeeded by Dr. Muir (afterwards Sir William). Later in the season, Lord Laurence's reign as Governor-General terminated, and Lord Mayo was appointed his successor.

In the month of March (1869), His Excellency the new Governor-General arrived at Umballa (on his way up to Simla), and there held the famous durbar, to meet Shere Ali, the ruling Ameer of Afghanistan. I was present at the durbar, and was, as all were, much impressed with the regal bearing of Lord Mayo. One would have thought that he was quite familiar with Eastern life and ceremonials instead of acting his part for the first time in a very important one. Shere Ali was calm and dignified in his deportment, and, though dressed simply and according to the fashion of his own wild country, looked every inch a warrior and a prince.

In the autumn of the year, my old enemy cholera appeared amongst the troops in the Division, and I had to proceed to Subathu, to make arrangements with the Assistant-Quartermaster-General to send the 41st, stationed there, into camp.

In 1870, Lord Napier of Magdala succeeded Sir W. Mansfield as Commander-in-Chief, and General Fordyce succeeded General Beatson in the command of the Sirhind Division, with Colonel Cafe as Acting-Adjutant-General, and Captain Collett as Assistant-Quartermaster-General, vice Knollys ordered home with the 93rd.

Lord Napier was indefatigable in his efforts to improve the condition of the European soldier; took great interest in hospital management; and was more constant and minute in his inspections than any of his predecessors under whom I had served, evidently with a view to add to the comfort of the sick. Several times he visited the hospitals under my supervision, and always expressed only qualified approbation. I am constrained to admit, however, that His Excellency found fault, and justly, with several things for which I was in no way to blame, such as inferior articles of equipment. But I explained to him that they were strictly in accordance with the orders of Government, and that two years previously I had myself, at the desire of Dr. G. Beatson, drawn up and submitted to him a complete new scale of hospital equipment, and that I had no doubt, if His Excellency caused inquiry

to be made, it would be found. I heard afterwards that it was found—in a pigeon-hole in an official desk. Further, I think His Lordship was under the impression—in fact, told me so in the presence of Lord Chelmsford, then Adjutant-General—that I was unwilling to comply promptly with his wishes on certain points; but I endeavoured to explain that this was not the case, and that His Lordship had never communicated his wish on any point to me. My difficulty in India always was that I never had any direct communication with Lord Napier, and that he only knew me and of me through others; and, though most anxious to obtain his approbation, I was not successful. Many years after, however, I was stationed at Gibraltar as the Surgeon-General when Lord Napier was Governor of the colony and General commanding the garrison. Then I was in constant personal communication with His Excellency, and succeeded where I had failed before. It was a great pleasure to me to serve, and do my utmost to give him satisfaction, and, when I left Gibraltar to return to England, I received an official letter from His Excellency as Governor, of which the following is an extract:

‘I consider the Governor of this command and colony much indebted to Dr. Munro.

(Signed) ‘NAPIER OF MAGDALA,
General and Governor, Gibraltar.’

My last interview with His Excellency at Gibraltar

was most gratifying to me, as he expressed his approbation of what I had been enabled to do during the short time that I was there. But before I took my leave His Lordship remarked,

‘Don’t you think that your character is much changed since you were in India?’

‘No, my Lord,’ I replied, ‘I was always a good fellow, but I know you did not think so, and I only hope your opinion of me has changed.’

‘It has, and——’ but I cannot allow myself to put into writing the further kind remarks he made, though I remember them faithfully, as the last kind words that were spoken to me at the close of my long service in the army.

In 1871 General Beatson resumed the command of the Division, but owing to failing health did not retain it long, and was succeeded by General Fraser Tytler, C.B. In the early part of the year 1872 all India, the European and Native communities alike, were shocked at the assassination of Lord Mayo, while on a visit of inspection at the Andaman Islands. I have always heard him spoken of as an able and very popular Governor-General. He was certainly a royal-looking man.

In 1872 I was ordered to return to England, where I arrived at the end of April, after an absence of fifteen years all but a few weeks. Altogether, from May 1850 to May 1872, I had been on foreign and active service *twenty-one* years.

CHAPTER XVII.

Experiences of Indian Service and Life—Gentlemanly Style of Campaigning—Comforts of Indian Tent Life—The Cold Season—Favourable Impressions—Hot Season—Its Discomforts—Who Should and Should Not go to India—How to Live—Monotony of Sunshine—Advent of the Rains—Reptile Life—Snakes—Violent Exercise Hurtful in Hot Season—A Peg—What to Eat and Drink—The Bath—Precautions on Going up to the Hills—Danger Attending the Sudden Change—Imminent Dangers to Life from Disease—Government and the Troops—Hill-Stations for Regiments and for the Sick—Suggestions Thereon.

IN this chapter I propose to give a summary of my experience of service and life in India. That experience commenced during the Mutiny in 1857, and extended over a period of nearly fifteen years. I, who previously had seen active service only at the Cape, and in the Crimea, and who knew nothing beyond the limited comfort of a *bell-tent*, shared with one and often two brother-officers, who had often suffered from short rations, and from the difficulty and uncertainty connected with the transport of equipment and baggage, was surprised to see the efficient manner and gentlemanly style in which campaigning was conducted in our Eastern empire. The luxury of a spacious tent for each officer, the number of personal servants allowed to follow us, the unfailing supply of food, the certainty and regularity of

transport of stores and private baggage by means of elephants and camels, were all new to me. The commodious tents supplied for staff-sergeants and for the men, and the native servants ready to minister to their wants and comforts, explained to me that here at least the life and health of the British soldier were considered valuable. And lastly, the excellent arrangements for the conveyance and care of sick and wounded, the number of hospital attendants (apothecaries, stewards, compounders, dressers, &c.), and the abundance of suitable nourishment and even delicacies for the use of men in hospital during a campaign, were to me (the Surgeon of the regiment) matters of deep interest and thankfulness.

I confess also that I was both astonished and pleased at the liberal income which I found I was to enjoy, for, from being in a constant state of *tension* with regard to means, I suddenly experienced the pleasure of being comparatively rich. Altogether, I felt that I was in a new world and that my lot had at last been cast in pleasant quarters.

It was the cold season, never spoken of in India as winter, and in fact there is nothing in the season to remind one of that dreary period of the year in England. The climate was so pleasant and invigorating, the temperature so cool and equable, the country so green and spring-like under its covering of young wheat and other sprouting crops, that I began to think what I had heard and read of Indian heat and

withered herbage was all exaggeration. And the bright sunshine and cloudless skies of each succeeding day were so different to what I had been accustomed in England and other temperate regions in which I had served, that with the Eastern poet I felt inclined to exclaim, 'If there is a Paradise on earth it is this.'

Thus favourably impressed, I ventured on one occasion to remark to an old officer of the Indian Army, who had spent nearly thirty years in the country, that 'if the climate were always so agreeable there could be no great hardship in serving in India.' My new friend smiled at my enthusiasm as he replied, sarcastically, that 'the cold season was certainly pleasant enough, but that if the campaign should extend into the months of May and June, or be prolonged into the rainy season, I might not continue to think the climate "*so agreeable*"'—here using my own word—'and that I might then learn that there were not only discomforts but uncertainties and even dangers from climatic influences surrounding the lives of Europeans in India, which had not come within the scope of my experience elsewhere.'

In time I learned the truth of his remarks. Nevertheless, my first favourable impressions of the climate of India, though slightly shaken during my first and second hot seasons of service, gradually revived and increased as year succeeded year, until at the end of fifteen hot seasons, thirteen of which were passed in the plains, I turned my face homewards with reluct-

ance, and bade 'Adieu' to the sunny East with regret, and, I fear, for ever.

If a man is compelled by necessity—the '*res augusta domi*'—or induced by inclination and ambition to serve in India for a number of years, and will make up his mind to endure patiently the discomforts (and there *are* discomforts) of the first and second hot seasons, and will learn from the advice and example of others how to take care of himself, he will find the climate not unfriendly, and will be able to live not only in comfort but in luxury, on means that would not afford him more than subsistence in England and many other parts of the world.

Amongst the discomforts experienced by all new arrivals during the first two years of service in the East, are the uninterrupted continuance of bright sunshine and the unvarying cloudless skies which so surprise and delight at first; for as the cold season passes almost imperceptible—too fast, indeed—and the hot season approaches, one becomes sensible that the temperature rises day by day, until at last, in the months of May and June, the sun, moving almost directly overhead in a clear grey sky, unsoftened by even a trace of blue or white fleecy cloud, shines fiercely down upon the wide open plains, and if on active service at the time, as was my case, compels him to remain within his tent in camp, or drives him to seek the temporary shelter of every tree or shrub while on the march.

One also becomes painfully aware that the cool crisp air through which he had moved with elastic step at the beginning of and during the cold season is being gradually replaced by a glowing heat, at first frequently agitated into little puffs of hot wind which raise the dust in whirlwinds on the plain, but which eventually, stirred into rapid motion, blows as a strong and steady wind hot as a blast from a furnace, under the influence of whose fiery breath the earth becomes hot, hard, and cracked, vegetation withers and dies, and Nature animate and inanimate droops.

To myself and comrades, who were in tents during the hot season of 1858, the heat was almost unbearable. But our native servants came to our assistance, and by throwing water on the cotton roof and walls of our tents, by fitting grass *tatties* into the doors and keeping these constantly wet, the great heat of the fiery wind was tempered e'er it reached us sitting still within, bathed in profuse perspiration, and with damp towels round our heads.

Wearied by the perpetual sameness, and exhausted by the intense heat of the sun, and of the fiery hot wind during the day, and by the still more oppressive heat by night, my thoughts often wandered back to the old home, with its grey, humid skies, its cold, bracing east winds, and chilly nights, and I longed with intense desire for the appearance of even a passing cloud. Often, indeed, during my first hot

season, did I turn to every quarter and look wistfully towards the horizon, hoping to see a little cloud, even if 'no bigger than a man's hand,' and believing, or trying to believe that it was there, would watch expectantly and impatiently to see it increase, until spreading over the heavens it might obscure the dazzling sunshine, throw its shadow over me for a time, send a grateful shower to cool the fervid air, moisten the parched earth, and refresh exhausted Nature.

But there was only disappointment day after day, for in India relief from the overpowering sunshine, and from the dry, fiery heat, rarely comes before the end of June or beginning of July; and *then* all eyes turn eagerly to gaze, with feelings of thankfulness, on the great white clouds as they roll up from the south, from whence, rising rapidly towards the zenith, they spread out into enormous, dense, white, fan-shaped masses, from which, in different quarters at the same time, the lightning darts forth in quick, succeeding flashes, each flash followed by a loud roll of thunder, so that the heavens seem ablaze, and the air resounds with one continuous roar. Then follows the rain in torrents, cooling the thirsty ground, lowering the temperature quickly, and bringing relief to those exhausted by the hot winds, and weary of the awful monotony of unclouded sunshine.

But, alas! this is only temporary relief, for, as soon as the Rains are regularly set in, discomforts quite as

great in degree, though different in kind, accompany them. During the period of dazzling sunshine, cloudless skies, and hot winds, the air, though dry and fiery, was in constant agitation, and kept the surface of the body comparatively cool by rapid evaporation. But in the Rains the air is still and stagnant, and loaded with moisture, so that the cotton clothing is never dry, but clings, limp and wet, to the body, which, covered with constant, profuse perspiration, smarts and tingles under the least exertion from the dreadful irritation of *prickly heat*. This is said to be a healthful eruption, and I believe it is; but it is, nevertheless, a terrible irritation, and one of the discomforts which all have to submit to during their first years of service. Other discomforts are—repeated attacks of sun, or chill fever, short and never fatal, but distressing while they last, and depressing for several days afterwards. The liver, too, is constantly going wrong, and abscess is a common result of its irregularities; and one is frequently reminded of the frail tenure of life, by seeing comrades struck down, sometimes at his very side, suddenly and fatally by heat apoplexy, and often without the least warning.

Many a time during the hot season of 1858, when weary of the sunshine and the heat, suffering from unquenchable thirst, restless and irritable from prickly heat; when called on to see comrades ill with fever and other diseases, and to attend those stricken down by heat apoplexy, did the warning of my friend recur

to my memory, and force the acknowledgment from me, that 'there were indeed discomforts, uncertainties, and dangers from climatic influences, surrounding the lives of Europeans in India, which had not come within the scope of my experience elsewhere.'

By the middle of September of that year (1858), I was, to use a common expression, perfectly washed out; was pale, thin, limp, listless, and hardly able to drag one leg after the other, for I had passed through a year of great labour, anxiety, exposure, and danger; but a short visit to the hills towards the end of September quite set me up again, and, on my return to the plains at the beginning of October, I found that the sun had lost its terrible heat, that the nights were cool, almost cold; so forgot the weariness and misery of the previous six months, thanked God for a breath of cool air, and for the certainty that, during the next six months, there would be no fiery sunshine, no withering hot winds, no burning thirst, no prickly heat, no fever, and no heat apoplexy. Much to be thankful for indeed!

The abundance of reptile and insect life is another discomfort, though this is less felt in camp than in quarters. It is remarkable, however, what very little inconvenience Europeans suffer from reptiles, and especially from snakes. I never knew of a case of snake-bite amongst soldiers, and, though I spent so many years in India, I did not see a dozen snakes during that time. I have, however, seen and

known of one or two narrow escapes from the cobra.

During the rainy season, snakes often enter bathrooms in pursuit of frogs, or they take refuge therein during heavy rain, or during the hot season in search of water, and stretch themselves at full length on the damp floor, or coil themselves round the cool water-jars; and it is prudent to glance round before commencing one's ablutions. Natives suffer terribly from the bite of the cobra and other venomous snakes, and statistics tell us that thousands die annually from this cause. They are bitten as they walk, with naked feet and limbs, through the long grass, or the dense jungle during the day, or while sleeping on the ground at night, both in the open air and in their huts, into which snakes often find their way. But no snake in India, or elsewhere, I believe, will attack, if it can escape from your presence, and will bite only in self-defence, or if trodden on or suddenly alarmed. If it see or hear you approaching, it will hurry out of your way, and take refuge in the nearest hole, or in any covert where it may be concealed; and, if there be a hiding-place of any kind near, you must be quick indeed in your movements, if you wish to overtake a frightened snake. No antidote has yet been discovered for the poison of the snake, though many experiments with this object in view have been made, and especially by Sir Joseph Fayrer, whose remarkable book on the '*Thanatophidia of India*' is well worth referring to by those interested in the subject.

There are other venomous creatures which are a cause of annoyance to the new-comer, such as scorpions and centipedes. Both are constantly found in houses, especially those that have been unoccupied for even a short time, and in which straw matting has been left upon the floors. The sting of the scorpion is followed by immediate acute pain and afterwards by swelling and much irritation, but seldom by serious and never by fatal consequences. The minor personal annoyances are the common house-fly, the mosquito and the sand-fly, the flea and the bug. The white ant is an agent of destruction to your property, but not an annoyance to your person, from whose silent attack it is necessary to protect all wooden articles and leather boxes or portmanteaus, or they may be destroyed in a single night. In the hills, leeches abound in the streams and on the hill-sides, and it is not uncommon to find several fastened to your legs after a walk through grass or dead leaves. Dogs suffer much from these leeches, which get up their nostrils, and it is often difficult to dislodge them. These annoyances which I have enumerated are not imaginary, they are real, but, after the first year or two, are borne in a spirit of tranquil submission, or cease to be annoyances.

My long experience of the northern provinces of India taught me that there are certain rules which must be observed if one would retain health and enjoy life while in the *Golden East*, and leave it eventually

with an undamaged constitution. In the first place, no man should elect to serve in India who is not of mature physique and in good health. He who has any tendency to tubercular disease of lungs (consumption) is not fitted for service there, for the exhausting influence of the climate will cause the disease to develop and run a rapid course. I never knew a consumptive soldier live long in India; one must begin his career with a strong body and sound health. He should be a man, not a weedy or immature lad; and even such an one, if he wishes to live, enjoy his life, and leave the country, at the end of his service, with fairly good health, must during his whole career be prudent. No man, however robust, can take the same liberties with himself in India that he can in England, or in any other cold or temperate climate. He must maintain a strict regularity and moderation in all his habits, and especially in eating and drinking—not that he is to starve himself or drink nothing but water; but he must eat, regularly and at certain hours, of the very best food he can get, and drink the best light wines. He cannot keep late hours, for he must be early astir whether he be soldier or civilian. All military parades and duties are performed in the early morning, and those who have no public duty to do at that time of day, have the private and personal duty of taking exercise, either on foot or horseback, the latter preferable in the hot weather.

Sleep is the great restorative to exhausted mind or body, and he who sleeps soundly will awaken in the

early morning strong and fresh, and fit for the day's heat and work. But if the heat within the bungalow is so great as to prevent sleep, even with the assistance of the punkah, one may move his charpoy (bed) into the open air and sleep under the canopy of heaven safely during the hot, dry season, but not during the Rains. Many persons lie tossing restlessly during the night, and only sink into slumber towards morning—these are generally ladies. For *such*, early rising is hardly possible, indeed not advisable. They should be allowed to sleep on until they awake refreshed. Before going out in the early morning, a cup of tea or coffee with a couple of biscuits or some bread-and-butter is necessary. This is quite sufficient to sustain one during the performance of duty or during a walk or ride, though some take a more substantial Chota Hazri (or little breakfast). In most regiments a cup of coffee is supplied for the men at a trifling cost. I have often seen young officers ride from parade to the mess, at seven o'clock, a.m., and call for a 'peg' (brandy and soda-water), but those who did so were generally thirsty all day afterwards, and too often required to repeat the 'peg' until, in many cases, it became a permanent habit and eventually led to intemperance or brought on disease. An iced 'peg' is, no doubt, very seductive, but a wise man will avoid it and drink iced water or mango-fool,* if he can get the latter. By eight or nine

* Made with mangoes and milk, and very similar in appearance and taste to gooseberry-fool.

o'clock at furthest, in the hot season, every man should be at home, and, after a tepid bath, sit down to breakfast, with tea—good, refreshing tea that 'cheers but not inebriates.' Claret, hock, beer, and brandy should be avoided. After breakfast there should be no idleness, but employment of some kind, as reading, writing, or sketching. Heavy tiffins, with beer, claret-cup, &c., are ruinous to health, for all who indulge in them generally lie down immediately after, sleep heavily, waste a whole day, and get up in the afternoon feeling unrefreshed until roused by another bath and perhaps *another peg*, preparatory to a ride or drive before dinner. The man who has been employed all day with his book, or his pen or pencil, and partaken of a very light lunch, will be much fresher and more able to enjoy his afternoon and his dinner, and be more ready for his bed at night, than he who has eaten a heavy tiffin and slept for hours after it.

Dinner should always be in the evening, after sunset. In this we should follow the example of the natives, who never eat until after the sun has set. At dinner only the best food procurable should be eaten, such as grain-fed beef or mutton, or well-fed fowls, and game if possible. Regiments should keep and feed their own cattle and sheep, and private individuals and staff-officers should endeavour to join a mutton-club, as it is called. It is not safe to eat bazaar-fed beef or mutton, and it is positively unsafe to eat the flesh of country-fed pigs, even after careful

feeding for some time, though the flesh of the wild pig is excellent, and perfectly safe as food. To explain what I have said as to the danger of eating the flesh of the country-fed pig, I may mention the following fact, viz.: two British regiments were quartered in the same cantonment; one was English cavalry, the other a Highland regiment. The former established a regimental piggery, bought several pairs of village pigs, fed them carefully, and bred from them, and used the flesh of the young pigs as food. The result was that almost every man in the regiment suffered from tape-worm. The Highlanders disliked pork in any shape, and none of them suffered from the horrible parasite.

One need never be at a loss for game in India during the proper season. There are several varieties of antelope, wild geese, duck, teal, partridge of three varieties, bustard, sand-grouse, peafowl, and quail, all to be shot in the plains during the cold season, when a man may be, and should be, in the open air all day; and in the hills there are ravine deer, ibex, and several other large animals, also chicore, jungle-fowl, and at least three varieties of pheasant.

Few men can stand violent exertion during the hot and rainy seasons. The climate is then taking as much out of a man as his physique can stand; and yet, strange to say, fives and racquets are then the great games; but I never knew a constant racquet-player who did not suffer sooner or later. The game

requires great exertion, causes profuse perspiration and exhaustion, and intense thirst. Men leave the court after a game perfectly done up, call for a peg (again a peg), and then stretch themselves on benches or charpoys outside to cool and rest, and *congest their liver*. Gentle exercise is refreshing, nay, necessary, but violent labour, when the physical power is already reduced by climatic exhaustion, is most injurious, and often brings on disease which is attributed to the climate only, the sufferer forgetting that he defied the climate.

The bath is a necessity as well as a luxury, and may be indulged in twice a day in the hot season. Cold water, of course, is most grateful to the heated body, but it is always safer to take the bath tepid. The sudden application of cold to the body is apt to chill, and cause congestion of the liver, or bring on bowel complaint. For many years after arrival in India I used the cold douche, even in the cold weather, when in the field, but I had to give it up eventually, and take to tepid bathing.

One should be careful in exposing himself to the sun, but, if it be unavoidable, a thick pith helmet should be worn, with something to protect the upper part of the spine, and an umbrella should be carried; and, if the heat be great, it is a good plan to keep a wet pocket-handkerchief on the head under the helmet. In the cold weather the sun is harmless, and the climate such that one may be out all day, walk-

ing, riding, or shooting. Indeed, those who value their lives and their comfort will take advantage of this season to lay in a stock of health and strength for the next hot season. The healthiest men in a regiment invariably are the sportsmen, who, besides being constantly in the open air, are always temperate. Of course, there are some few who can eat, drink, sleep, play racquets, take cold baths, expose themselves to the sun, and even defy the malaria of the Terai for a time, but these are the fortunate few, and the day comes sooner or later when even *they* have to be more prudent, and, after all, to go home on sick leave, perhaps to die, and to be included in the death-rate of England instead of India.

No man should ever expose himself to the night air in the jungle, or sleep on the ground anywhere, for the consequences are bowel complaints and fever—fever which may end fatally in a few days, or another form of fever, which may cling to one for years, perhaps never be quite got rid of. I have known several cases of jungle fever which ended with fatal rapidity. One was a medical officer, a strong, robust man, the very picture of health, who, knowing, but laughing at the danger, was carried through the Terai at night asleep in a dhooly. Within twenty-four hours afterwards, he arrived at Subathu, where I was stationed, and came to my house. I saw that he was ill, but did not know the cause, and, though I tried to detain him, he insisted on go-

ing on at once to Simla, where he died a few hours after arrival. Before leaving my house, he told me what he had done, but, though he knew what was the matter, he appeared to have no fear.

No man should ever lose an opportunity of spending the whole of the hot season, or as much of it as he can, in the hills; but there is one point on which many persons are not sufficiently careful: it is that they go suddenly from the plains to the hills, and neglect to adapt their clothing immediately on arrival to the altered temperature. The sudden change from great heat to comparative cold checks the action of the skin, and the result may be an attack of acute rheumatism, or of congested liver, often accompanied by an irritable state of the bowels (called hill diarrhoea), which is attended by much discomfort and suffering, and which might have been avoided had light woollen clothing been taken into wear on arrival in the hills. The best remedy for this congested state of liver with hill diarrhoea appearing under the circumstances described, is to descend to some sheltered locality lower down in the hills, or to return to the plains. But if persons ignorantly or wilfully neglect these symptoms, and remain in the hills, especially during the rainy season, the end may be the more or less rapid formation of abscess of the liver; or, after repeated attacks of congestion and prolonged hill diarrhoea, the result may be atrophy of the organ, followed by years of misery with constant suffering, only to end in death.

The most imminent dangers which surround the life of the European in India are cholera and heat apoplexy ; the less imminent, but which often prove fatal, or, if not, so undermine the health as to render it necessary for the sufferer to leave India for a time, are the different climatic fevers ; and, besides, there are small-pox, measles, whooping-cough—in fact, all the ills that flesh is heir to in any other part of the world, with the exception of yellow fever, which I believe has never been seen in India.

The Government of India always has been, and is, careful of the European troops. They are located generally in the most salubrious stations (as far as strategic arrangements admit) in the plains, where magnificent barracks have been built for them, and have their personal wants attended to by native servants ; and in the hot seasons punkahs and grass tatties, with coolies to pull the former, and water-carriers to look after the latter, are supplied so as to keep their rooms cool and comfortable. Their food is good and abundant, and is cooked for them, and they are supplied with beer and rum at a trifling charge.

There are a certain number of stations in the hills, whither regiments that have suffered in health are sent to remain generally for two years, and there are also convalescent depôts to which weakly men, specially selected, are sent for one hot season only. These however were, in my opinion, not made sufficient use of ; indeed, after having served in India twelve years,

I came to the conclusion that the system upon which European regiments were sent to hill-stations, and weakly men to convalescent depôts was a mistake, and submitted my opinions on the subject to the Inspector-General of Hospitals, who after making inquiry as to the reliability of several statements made by me, addressed the Government of India by letter.

I advocated, and still advocate, the advisability of sending regiments on first arrival in India to hill-stations, and at the end of two years bringing them down to the plains for two years, then to the hills again for two years, and back again to the plains, and so on. By such a system regiments would spend half of their tour of service in the hills and half in the plains. The necessity for convalescent depôts would be avoided (the depôts being converted into stations for regiments); invaliding would be much diminished, and the saving to Government would be considerable. Another opinion which I formed from long and careful observation was that convalescent depôts were not utilised to the extent they might be, that too few men benefited by them. Men were sent up there to remain the whole season, that is, six months, many of whom were quite restored to health and strength and fit for duty at their regiments long before the end of the season, but yet were kept there doing nothing but *idle* and amuse themselves, while many of their comrades who were in the plains were quite ex-

hausted and unfit for duty, but, there being no room for them at any dépôt, were obliged to remain in the plains dragging through the rest of the season, half the time in hospital and the other half convalescent in barracks.

I represented this to the general of my Division, and suggested that I should be allowed to visit the dépôt three times during the season—at the end of June, July, and August—select the men who were quite recovered and fit for duty, send them to their regiments, and replace them by other selected men. Lord Napier approving, or perhaps I should say consenting, I was allowed to carry out my plan during two years, and at the end of each year was able to send in a favourable report, supported by figures, copies of which are now before me.

I must acknowledge, however, that there is nothing, not even residence in the hills, that for the time so improves the health of a European regiment, as a long march during the cold season, in the upper provinces of India. I could write much more on these subjects, but space does not admit of my doing so, and the general reader would not probably be much interested.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The 91st in India—Original Title Restored—Highland Dress Restored—Returns to England—The Marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Louise—Guard of Honour of 91st—The Regiment styled the Princess Louise Argyllshire Highlanders—Regiment ordered to South Africa—91st and Napoleon Family—The 93rd ordered Home—Stationed in Edinburgh—Relieved by 91st—Radical Changes in the Army—Linked Battalions, 91st and 72nd, 93rd and 92nd—Medical Officers—Arrive in England myself in 1872—Stationed at Plymouth—Ordered to London—Duties in London—Changes in 93rd—Territorial Regiments—91st and 93rd styled the Princess Louise Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

WHEN I last mentioned the 91st, the regiment had received orders to proceed to India from the Ionian Islands, where it had been stationed since the conclusion of the Crimean war. The regiment arrived at Bombay early in October, 1858, and was sent on to Poona, and while there Colonel Campbell, C.B., was appointed to the command of a Brigade in Burmah, and Major Patterson assumed the command of the regiment. On the 3rd of November, 1858, the regiment commenced its march to Kamptee, where the head-quarters arrived on the 11th of the following month, having, while en route, detached the left wing, under Major Savage, to Jaulnah. This wing, however, rejoined head-quarters in February, 1859,

after having been employed for a short time (during January) in the field against a body of insurgent Rohillas in the southern district of Jaulnah. In March, 1859, Lieutenant-Colonel Bertie Gordon arrived from England and assumed command of the regiment, and shortly after Major Patterson was appointed to the command of a field force, to co-operate with other columns in pursuit of a rebel leader in the valley of the Nerbudda.

In January, 1863, the regiment was removed to Jubbulpore, and while there (in January, 1864), Her Majesty the Queen was graciously pleased, at the request of His Grace the Duke of Argyll, to restore to the 91st its original title of 'Argyllshire Highlanders,' and to approve of the regiment resuming the Highland dress; but instead of the kilt, feather bonnet, and belted plaid, which had really been the original dress, trews and shoulder-plaid of Campbell tartan, diced chako, and Highland appointments were supplied to the regiment—similar to the 71st. In 1866 the regiment proceeded from Jubbulpore to Dum Dum, from thence to Hazaareebagh, and from thence in 1858 again to Kamptee. Towards the end of 1868, the 91st returned to England, after having passed fourteen years on foreign service, and was stationed at Dover. Almost immediately after the arrival of the regiment in England, Colonel Patterson, being the junior Lieutenant-Colonel, was placed on half-pay.

No man, except one who has experienced it, can understand the feelings of regret and sorrow of him who is suddenly, and on his own part involuntarily, removed from a regiment in which he has passed youth and manhood ; or the pain of parting with old comrades with whom he had lived in friendship and brotherhood for long years. I know that my friend and old brother-officer General Patterson felt keenly his removal from the 91st after a service in the regiment of nearly thirty years ; but I know also that he still retains an affectionate remembrance of, and a kindly interest in, his old corps, for I see him often, and on all occasions we recall to each other's memory scenes and incidents in which we were associated, and old friends who still are with us, and those who have passed away. I have to thank him for having been patient enough to read over this M.S., and kind enough to say that it has interested him, and brought back to his memory scenes and occurrences that he had forgotten.

In August, 1869, new colours were presented to the regiment by Mrs. Bertie Gordon, and, in November of the same year, Colonel Gordon retired from the service. In June, 1870, the 91st proceeded to Aldershot, and while there (in March, 1871), by Her Majesty's order, one hundred men of the regiment, with a full complement of officers, and with the band, pipers and drums, proceeded to Windsor, and formed the Guard of Honour at the marriage of Her Royal

Highness the Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne; and from that time Her Majesty was pleased to order that the 91st should be styled the 'Princess Louise Argyllshire Highlanders.'

On the occasion of her marriage, the Princess graciously accepted as marriage-presents a gold brooch, the fac-simile of that worn by the officers of the regiment on the shoulder-plaid, and a miniature regimental dirk to be used as a shawl-pin, from the officers; and a silver biscuit-box in the form of a drum supported by the regimental colours, from the soldiers.

From 1869 to 1879, the 91st remained at home, during which time it was quartered in various stations in the United Kingdom—once in the Scottish capital where it relieved the 93rd. In 1879, during the Zulu war, the regiment was despatched to South Africa as one of the corps selected to augment the force under Lord Chelmsford. It formed part of the column that relieved the small force under Colonel Pearson, shut up in Ekowe by a large body of the enemy. During the advance to Ekowe, the column was attacked by the Zulus in force, but the enemy was repulsed with heavy loss, and after severe fighting. Subsequently the regiment formed part of General Crealock's Division; and later still was employed in various minor operations until the capture of the celebrated Zulu king. On the termination of the war, the regiment was removed to Capetown, from whence three companies were detached to the Mauritius, and one

company to St. Helena. This company had the honour of receiving the Empress Eugenie when Her Majesty, on her voyage to the Cape, landed at St. Helena to visit Longwood, the first place of interment of the body of the Great Emperor.

It is remarkable how often the 91st has been associated with events in the history of the Napoleon family. In 1815 the regiment was present at the battle of Waterloo, in the subsequent pursuit of the French army, and at the investment of Paris. In 1840, three companies were in St. Helena, and lined the road along which the remains of the Great Emperor were carried, to be taken on board the French war-ship, for conveyance to France. On the 9th of June, 1879, at Durban, South Africa, one officer with a small detachment and the band of the regiment attended the funeral procession of the late Prince Imperial; and in July, 1880, when the Empress Eugenie landed at St. Helena, the company of the regiment, stationed there at the time, acted as a Guard of Honour on Her Majesty landing and re-embarking. From the Cape the battalion proceeded to Ceylon, where at the present date (January, 1887,) it is still stationed.

During 1867—68—69, the 93rd remained at Jhansi, sending detachments to Sepree during the hot seasons. The hot season of 1869 proved an intensely hot and unhealthy one. In August of that year, cholera broke out in the regiment, and a little later in the year the men were completely prostrated

by a peculiar form of fever which was prevalent throughout India ; so that when Brigadier General Vaughan, C.B., who succeeded General Tombs in the command of the district, made his half-yearly inspection, there were only one hundred and fifty-seven privates on parade.

Towards the end of December, 1869, the 93rd left Jhansi and marched to Cawnpore en route for home ; proceeded from thence to Allahabad by rail, thence to Jubbulpore also by rail, thence to Nagpore by bullock-train, and from Nagpore by rail to Deolali, the depôt for all troops arriving and departing. On the 14th of February the regiment proceeded by rail to Bombay, and on the evening of the same day embarked in H.M.'s Indian troop-ship *Jumna*, which sailed on the 15th for Suez. There the regiment disembarked, and was sent by rail to Alexandria, where it embarked in H.M.'s troop-ship, *Himalayah*, and arrived at Portsmouth on the 21st of March, 1870, having been on foreign service nearly thirteen years. From Portsmouth the regiment was conveyed in the same ship to Leith, and distributed by detachments between Sterling, Perth, and Aberdeen. In 1871, the 93rd was ordered to Edinburgh, where the regiment met with a most demonstrative welcome ; and where, during the whole period of their stay, they were fêted and made much of by the civic authorities, and by the inhabitants generally. In August of that year, new colours were presented to the regiment by Her

Grace the Duchess of Sutherland, to whom the old colours which had been presented by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, in 1857, and had been carried with honour through all the battles and engagements at which the regiment had been during the Indian Mutiny, were offered to and accepted by Her Grace, and are now in Dunrobin Castle.

During the period between 1871 and 1881, some radical changes were introduced into the Army, and its Departments, which were, and I fear still are, unacceptable to the service generally. Promotion by purchase was abolished. Short service with the colours introduced with a view to the formation of a reserve; and the first steps were taken towards the Territorial Distribution of the Army by linking battalions. The 91st was linked with the 72nd, and the 93rd with the 92nd, each regiment retaining its number, title, and dress. And, what affected myself, a complete change was commenced in the Medical Department, by the appearance of a Royal Warrant in April, 1873, removing Assistant-Surgeons from regiments, and leaving the Surgeons still attached to the corps, but for a limited period of five years; also abolishing regimental, and establishing station-hospitals, each with a special staff of Surgeons, and of Army Hospital Corps attendants. All this was done with a view to consolidate the Medical Department into a unified body; and further substituting the titles Surgeon-General and Deputy-Surgeon-Generals, for

those of Inspector and Deputy-Inspectors-General. These changes roused a perfect storm of discontent in the Department, especially amongst the Regimental Medical Officers.

Immediately on my arrival in England, after my long Indian service, I was posted to the South-Western District, the head-quarters of which is Plymouth. Sir Charles Staveley, K.C.B., was the General in command; an old friend, Colonel (now General) Burton, C.B., was Assistant-Adjutant-General; and another old friend Mr. (now Sir Edward) Strickland was the Deputy Controller. This system of control was a new creation, which fortunately had not a long existence.

In the summer of 1873, I was the Principal Medical Officer at the Dartmoor manoeuvres, and had the pleasure of spending a very inclement month in a tent up amongst the tors of the famous moor. The 93rd (and I think the 42nd) formed a portion of the infantry of the force assembled. I am afraid very little was done, or learned, at these manoeuvres, for between rain and mist, and difficulties connected with transport, few movements could be effected.

In 1874, after having been twenty months in Plymouth, I was appointed Head of the Medical Branch of the Army Medical Department, and ordered to London, whither I proceeded in May (1874), to take up the appointment, and which I held till August, 1880, during the Director-Generalship of Sir W. Muir,

K.C.B. It would have been well for me if I had never accepted this appointment, or if I had resigned it when promoted to the rank of Surgeon-General in 1876. My having accepted and retained it, injured my pocket and my health, and ruined my prospects in the service. From this it will be seen that I have a grievance, but I do not intend to ventilate it here, further than is necessary to explain how and why my career in the public service came to a close.

My duties as head of the Medical Branch of the Army Medical Department were, the management of all purely medical matters connected with the service, and the supervision of the Army Hospital Corps; the Director-General keeping in his own hands, assisted by the chief clerk in the office, the management of all matters connected with the medical officers—such as correspondence, admission to the service, appointments, distribution, promotion, leave, &c.—all which matters had been conducted by former Director-Generals, through and with the assistance of the head of the Medical Branch.

In 1876, and considerable part of 1877, in consequence of the illness of the Director-General, all these duties devolved upon me, and that I performed them satisfactorily I have the written testimony of the Director-General himself, conveyed to me in his letter * of June 14th, 1877, when he was absent

* I have in my possession every letter that the Director-General wrote to me, in which there is any reference to duty.

through illness, and which is now before me : 'I cannot tell you what a comfort it is to me to feel that I have in you not only a most competent, but a loyal and reliable coadjutor.' But this appreciation of my competence and reliability was of no use to me eventually.

The Royal Warrant of 1873 (to which I have referred on page 406) continued to give great dissatisfaction to medical officers, and prevented candidates coming forward to fill vacancies in the Department; and it was found necessary to cancel it by the issue of another Royal Warrant in 1876. By this warrant (1876) the absolute *unification* of the Department was announced, and a new element of limited service introduced—that is to say, young medical men were invited to enter the service for a period of ten years, at the end of which time they might be retained in the Department, or be informed that their services would be no longer required. This warrant further limited the period of service for executive officers to fifty-five, and of administrative officers to sixty years of age. In consequence of this limit as to age, several Surgeon-Generals were retired, and the Senior Deputy-Surgeon-Generals promoted. I was one of the latter promoted.

But this Warrant of 1876 gave even greater dissatisfaction than that of 1873 to medical officers; and was so little appreciated by the profession that candidates ceased to present themselves, and the Depart-

ment threatened to become inefficient through paucity of numbers.

I am aware that the credit or discredit (as some said) of breaking up the medical regimental system, introducing unification, and even the limited service, was by many attributed in a great measure to me; but this was not the case, for I was in India when unification (that is, the breaking up of the regimental system and forming the Department into one unified body) was proposed and decided on, and had no knowledge of the matter until the promulgation of the Royal Warrant of 1873. With regard to the Royal Warrant of 1876, I had nothing to do with its preparation, and never saw it until it was in print, just before it was issued, and then only by asking the Director-General to allow me to see it. Who proposed the limited service of ten years for medical officers, I do not know. Individually, I was always opposed to it.

Unfortunately for me, I was the officer selected to carry out the details connected with unification—such as the establishment of station-hospitals; the distribution of the medical staff to districts; the reorganization of the Army Hospital Corps; the preparation of entirely new codes of regulations for the Department and for the Army Hospital Corps; and all this I completed within four years.

I would be ungrateful and unjust if I did not acknowledge the valuable and willing assistance I

received in compiling the new medical code from the following officers, viz. : Sir A. D. Home, K.C.B., and Surgeon-Major Collins, of the Statistical Branch ; and Dr. Irvine, Head of the Sanitary Branch of the Army Medical Department ; from my special assistants, Surgeon-Majors Snell and McNalty ; from Mr. Apothecary Sampson, and from my head clerk, Mr. Rudd. In re-organizing the Army Hospital Corps, and in compiling a code of regulations for the corps, I was assisted—nay, often guided, by the Staff-Officer of the corps, Captain (now Major) Pringle, and by my friend, Surgeon-Major Sandford Moore, whose services in command of the Depôt of the corps at Aldershot, and in training the men for duty in the field were invaluable. From the Director-General I received, in all I did, only the assistance of approval.

Towards the end of my period of service in the Army Medical Department in London, I was ably and loyally assisted by my friend Surgeon-Major Don, now a retired Deputy-Surgeon-General. As I have already said, I was not the destroyer of the regimental system, or the promoter and advocate of unification, for I did not know what was being, or had been, done in the matter, until the Royal Warrant of 1873 appeared ; but when appointed (in 1874) to carry out, under the Director-General, the orders of Government, I did so to the best of my ability, and without one word of opposition or dissent ; thereby falling into disfavour with a large portion of the Medi-

cal Department, with commanding and other regimental officers, and very seriously under the displeasure of the Military Authorities. But, though I was only in a subordinate position, I had frequently to bear blame and abuse *in silence* which I did not deserve. Only once had I an opportunity of showing my affection for the old regimental system, and that was when the position of the Medical Officers of the Guards, and the management of the Guards' hospitals, came to be considered by a committee of Military Officers and War Office Officials, assembled by order of Colonel Stanley, Secretary of State for War, and of which committee I was appointed a member by the special desire of Colonel Stanley—his letter is in my possession—and to the alarm, as I understood, of the Medical Officers of the Guards.

In a memorandum which I submitted to the committee, and on which they acted, I advocated the retention of the Medical Officers of the Guards as regimental officers; but the necessity of assimilating their regimental hospitals to the station hospitals of the general service. These recommendations were adopted, and embodied in a special Royal Warrant; but whether or not any change has been made since I am not aware. I believe the Medical Officers of the Guards were satisfied, as one of their number called on me afterwards to express the satisfaction of all. I am not certain, however, that the action

taken by me on that occasion did not injure myself.

I shall not enter further into the details connected with this period of my service, as they are not suitable for a book of this description ; but should I ever write the history of the Medical Service of the Army, and it is my present intention to do so, I shall enter fully into them. But I may just allude to my connection with the Volunteers. During my service in London, a 'Volunteer Ambulance Association' was set on foot, chiefly by the exertions of Mr. Maclure, an officer of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers. I was asked to become president of the Association, of which H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-chief had consented to become patron. This movement made considerable progress, and several Bearer Companies, with full compliment of Medical Officers and men, were trained for field-work, and received certificates of proficiency. One of these Companies went through its drill in the Guildhall before the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress. At the conclusion of the drill, His Lordship addressed the Company in complimentary language, and, on sitting down, requested me to address the Company also. I was quite unprepared for this, but did speak, pointing out the necessity of extending the Association, and of its members aiming at efficiency ; and was just coming to the end of my speech, when the Lord Mayor nudged me with his elbow, and said, 'Don't forget to thank me.' I was grateful for the hint, and concluded with an expres-

sion of thanks, in the name of the Association, to both Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress; to the former for his promise to take the Association under his patronage, and to the latter for her presence.

On another occasion, in the Guildhall, Lady Burdett-Coutts was present at a Company drill, and presented the certificates of proficiency to the men. On that occasion I addressed the Company, but, not being very well at the time, did not trust myself to speak extemporarily, but went with a written speech, and read it. Next day, my speech appeared in several of the morning papers, but, not being correctly reported, gave offence, and I was called on for explanation. Fortunately, I was able to produce my *manuscript*, which, I believe, proved satisfactory.

As President of this Volunteer Ambulance Association, I had hoped to make the movement useful, and, by permission, had succeeded to a certain extent, when suddenly I felt that a *cold shade* was passing over my efforts in this, and in everything else that I attempted. From whence this arose I am uncertain, but there could be no doubt as to the fact.

On my retirement from active life, I resigned the Presidency of the Association, feeling that, as a retired officer, I could be of little or no use to it.

In March, 1873, the 93rd was ordered from Edinburgh to Aldershot, on relief by the 91st, and arrived at its destination on the 15th of the month. In June of that year, the regiment took part in the review

held before Her Majesty and the Shah of Persia ; and in July was at the manoeuvres at Dartmoor, at the conclusion of which it returned to Aldershot. In October of the same year, Colonel Burroughs, C.B., retired, and was succeeded in the command by Lieutenant-Colonel W. McBean, V.C.

In 1874, the regiment was stationed at Woolwich ; in 1875, at Shorncliffe ; in Dublin in 1876 ; and at the Curragh in 1877. In 1878, Colonel McBean retired, with the rank of Major-General, and was succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel W. Wallingford Knollys. In the early part of this year, in consequence of the threatening aspect of affairs in the East of Europe, during the Russo-Turkish war, the 93rd was included in the First Army Corps for active service, and raised to a war-strength of one thousand one hundred and seventy-five, by volunteers from other regiments, and by men from the Army Reserve ; but, as the war-scare passed over, was reduced to the ordinary peace establishment again. In January, 1879, Lieutenant-Colonel Knollys retired on half-pay, and was succeeded by Lieutenant-colonel Ewen Macpherson, and very shortly afterwards the regiment was ordered to Gibraltar.

In 1881, by the Territorial Organisation for the Army, the 91st and 93rd became first and second battalions of the Princess Louise (Argyll and Sutherland) Highlanders, and as the first battalion (91st) had but recently been sent on foreign service, the

second battalion (93rd) was ordered from Gibraltar back to England.

At present the first battalion is serving in Ceylon, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel G. Forbes-Robertson, an old 93rd officer, and the second battalion in Ireland, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Nightingale, whose whole service has been passed in the regiment.

CHAPTER XIX.

Visits from Old Brother-Officers—Letter from a Death-bed—Effect on the Recipient—Christian Soldiers—Colonel McBean 93rd—His Death—His Last Words to Myself—Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. T. Gordon, 93rd—I am Ordered to Gibraltar—Serve under Lord Napier of Magdala—His Excellency's Courtesy and Kindness—In February, 1881, have Unpleasant News—Return to England—Retire from the Service—Close my Records of Service and Campaigning in Many Lands.

WHILE in the Army Medical Office in London, I often was visited by old brother-officers of both regiments. Those of the 91st I had not met for upwards of twenty years, while those of the 93rd I had met frequently and recently when the regiment was stationed in Woolwich, with a detachment in the Tower of London; also in Dublin. One old 93rd friend came to see me who, as my Indian experience told me, was evidently suffering from liver, but he said that he was quite well, and had that day seen a London Physician, who pronounced him *sound*. Not many weeks after his visit I heard that he was ill, then that he was worse, then that he was very ill, and then, after an interval of a few days, that he was dead. He had been a great favourite in the 93rd—in fact, a universal favourite. There was one of his brother-officers for whom he had a special affection, and who

reciprocated that affection, and, when the dying man felt that the end was near, he asked for paper and pencil, and, though weak and failing fast, wrote with trembling hand the following letter to his friend, which I have permission to publish :

‘MY DEAR ———,

‘The sentence has gone forth, and I am to die. My dearest old friend, I feel that you will mourn for me a little. In my present state I am not fit to write. Farewell, and may God in Heaven bless you. I look forward to forgiveness, and trust implicitly in my beloved Saviour. Say farewell to ———, and to all other old and dear friends who may care to mourn my loss.

‘Again good-bye, and God bless you, and oh, dear old fellow, think sometimes of yourself.

‘Your dying and ever affectionate

‘FRIEND.’

Could aught be more pathetic, more touching, than this letter—written, too, under such circumstances? It has had a permanent influence for good upon the life of the friend to whom it was written, and been the means of inducing him to think seriously, according to the last prayer of his dying comrade.

I am aware that it is generally supposed that there is little or no religious feeling in the Army; but this is not the case, for I have known some true Christian soldiers, and some of the brave men in the ranks

of the 93rd, who were humble, consistent, faithful followers of the GREAT MASTER. Many a time in the darkness of a wintry night, out on the bare hillside in the Crimea, and many a time, too, under the starlit sky when we were encamped on the plains of India, have I heard the song of praise and the still low voice of prayer ascend from a little group of Christian soldiers, led and encouraged both by the precepts and example of our good and worthy chaplain, whose name I have already mentioned.

When my old friend Colonel McBean retired from the command of the 93rd, he lived chiefly in London, and I often had the pleasure of meeting him. Some few days after we had taken a walk in the park, when he appeared to be full of life, I heard from Dunlop Hay (another 93rd officer) that he (McBean) was lying ill at his lodgings in Duke Street. Thither I repaired at once, and found him in bed in a little room not ten feet square at the very top of the house. To my question, 'What ails you, man?' he replied, 'There's something gane wrang wi' ma futt, an' I've had a doctor in to see it.' Then I gently upbraided him for not having sent for me, saying, 'Was I not your doctor for thirteen years? Did I ever fail you during all those years, and did you think that I would fail you now?' 'Man,' said he, 'I did think o' sending for ye, but just felt shy like.' 'Well, never mind,' said I. 'Shall I see your doctor now, tell him of the tie between us, and say that, with his permission,

I'll attend you?' 'Yes, I'll be glad and thankful to ye.'

On looking at his foot (the right) I was surprised to see that the small toe and the one next to it showed every appearance of commencing mortification, and on asking how this had begun, he told me that in paring a corn on the small toe, the knife had slipped and cut deeply into the flesh, but that, regardless of the cut, he had taken a long walk in a pair of tight boots which had given him considerable pain, and caused the toe to swell and throb during the whole night and following day, and at last became so bad and looked '*that angry*,' as he said, that he 'had to send for a doctor.' This had been going on for four days before I saw him. I at once wrote a note to the doctor, and asked him to meet me, explained my former connection with McBean, and offered to take charge of the case, saying that 'I could have him removed to the Herbert hospital, where he would have good accommodation, constant medical supervision, and careful nursing.' But the doctor did not, I presume, look so gravely on the symptoms as I did, and said that he thought the patient was doing and would continue to do well where he was. Certainly nothing could have been better than the professional treatment, but I did not like my poor friend being boxed up in such a small room, and with no nursing but what the busy members of a lodging-house could afford to give, and therefore telegraphed to Colonel Knollys, with McBean's per-

mission, to send his old 93rd servant to look after him. His request, I need hardly say, was complied with immediately.

Well, every day I went to see him and to meet the doctor, but every day I saw that he was getting worse, that the disease was extending up his leg, and that the closeness and oppressive odour in the little room were becoming unbearable, nay, acting as a poison on the sick man ; so again urged his removal, even if it were only to let him breathe pure, fresh air, or let him die in comfort, for by that time I feared his illness would prove fatal, and at last the doctor consented if McBean desired it. This I told my sick friend, and asked him if he would come with me, and do just what I wanted him to do. 'Ay, man,' said he, looking bright for a moment, 'I'll go onywhere wi' you, and do onything ye bid me, jist like in old times.'

Immediately I telegraphed to Woolwich for an ambulance with four Army Hospital Corps attendants to be sent up, and to have a room ready for a sick officer ; and, for this proceeding on my part, obtained the sanction of the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War. Within three hours I found the ambulance and attendants waiting at the lodging-house door : had my sick friend placed comfortably in it, and started him for Woolwich, following myself by train later in the afternoon. On arrival at the Herbert hospital, and entering the room, a spacious, lofty one, in which

the air was pure and sweet, I approached the comfortable cot on which the sick man lay, with closed eyes, recovering from the fatigue of the journey, on one side of which stood the kind and able medical officer who had charge of the case, and on the other the 93rd soldier. On hearing the slight noise I made on approaching his bedside, McBean opened his eyes, and seeing me, stretched out his hand, and grasping mine, said, 'God bless ye—this is comfort—and, man, I'm glad to hae some o' our ain folk round me too—I'm jist in heaven.' These were the last words I ever heard him speak, for before I could get down to Woolwich next day my old comrade had gone to his rest.

And thus passed away a brave man—none braver—a good soldier—none better—and though as a commanding officer he may have had some little faults and deficiencies—and what commanding officer ever lived who was perfectly without faults?—he was of a generous nature. During our last walk he told me this: that on the night before he left the regiment he sat up to a late hour looking over letters and memoranda, which he kept in a private box, and tearing up *all* that he thought might in any way tend to injure any officer in the regiment.

Since then another of my old 93rd brother-officers, Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. T. Gordon, has passed away, deeply regretted by the regiment, and by all who knew him. He had seen a good deal of service, the Umbeylah campaign in India with the 93rd, the

Ashantee and Egyptian campaigns on the staff, and had otherwise distinguished himself. He died in Egypt. We may truly say of him that he was a gallant, enthusiastic, and accomplished soldier, gentle, unassuming, and chivalrous.

In August, 1880, I had become the senior Surgeon-General in the army, and with my long foreign and active service, the experience I had acquired in many parts of the world, and the still greater experience gained and the amount of new work accomplished by me as Head of the medical branch of the Army Medical Department; and the favourable opinion of me expressed by the Director-General himself, and by General Officers under whom I had served, all led me to hope that I might succeed to the Director-Generalship, which was about to become vacant. But in the middle of August the Director-General intimated to me in a private note that I should be required to proceed immediately to Gibraltar. On receipt of this note I took several days to consider whether it would not be advisable to request permission to retire from the service instead of going abroad again, as the fact of being ordered on foreign service within six months of the date on which the Director-Generalship was expected to become vacant indicated, as I thought, an intention on the part of the authorities that I should not succeed to the vacancy.

On advice, however, I went to Gibraltar, where I arrived at the beginning of October, 1880, and where

I had the honour and pleasure to serve under Lord Napier of Magdala, and to be in constant and direct communication with him as Governor of the colony and Commander of the garrison. I say *pleasure*, because in all my long service I never experienced greater courtesy and kindness than from Lord Napier during my service under him in Gibraltar. In return, I endeavoured to serve him to the best of my ability and to His Excellency's satisfaction, as he told me.

On my arrival in Gibraltar, I found my old regiment, the 93rd, in garrison, so that I felt at home at once, for on leaving the regiment in 1867 I had been made an honorary member of the mess for life. The 79th also was there, with which regiment I had been often associated in the Crimea and in India. In both regiments there were still officers whom I knew and could call friends.

In February, 1881, I received a private note, though from a high official, informing me that the Secretary of State for War had decided that I should *not* succeed the then Director-General, whose tenure of office had been extended for another year; and that, at the end of that extension, an officer junior to me had been nominated as his successor.

On receipt of this information, and at a loss to understand why I should be so treated, I applied for leave of absence, returned to England, and respectfully asked for interviews with the Secretary of State for War and with H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Com-

manding-in-Chief, in order to ascertain if the information I had received were correct, and, if so, the reason of my supersession.

The Secretary of State *refused* to see me (I have the letter in which his refusal was conveyed to me); but I was permitted to attend H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief's levée, by whom the fact of my supersession was confirmed.

In his letter refusing an interview, the Secretary of State informed me that I was at liberty to state in writing the object I had in view in asking for an interview. Accordingly I submitted a respectful appeal against my supersession. In reply to which I received a letter written by order of the Secretary of State, from which it was evident that it had been finally decided that I was not to succeed to the Director-Generalship when it became vacant; but in the last paragraph of this letter I was informed as follows: 'The Right Honourable the Secretary of State has a high opinion of your public services, and has noted your name for consideration when a suitable vacancy occurs in the higher Order of the Bath.'

The letter in question decided me to request permission to retire from the active list, as I did not feel inclined to submit to the humiliation of being publicly superseded, and within a month I was placed on the retired list.

Thus, under disappointment and seeming failure, though not without a consciousness that I had done

my duty, and, as has been acknowledged by the authorities, with distinction, ended my long, arduous, and often troubled service in the Army, the happiest and most useful portion of which was passed as a regimental medical officer with the 91st and 93rd; and here close my 'Records of Service and Campaigning in many Lands.'

THE END.

